OAN CRAWFORD'S SECRETS—A Candid Success Story by Katherine Albert

APR. 30,
1938

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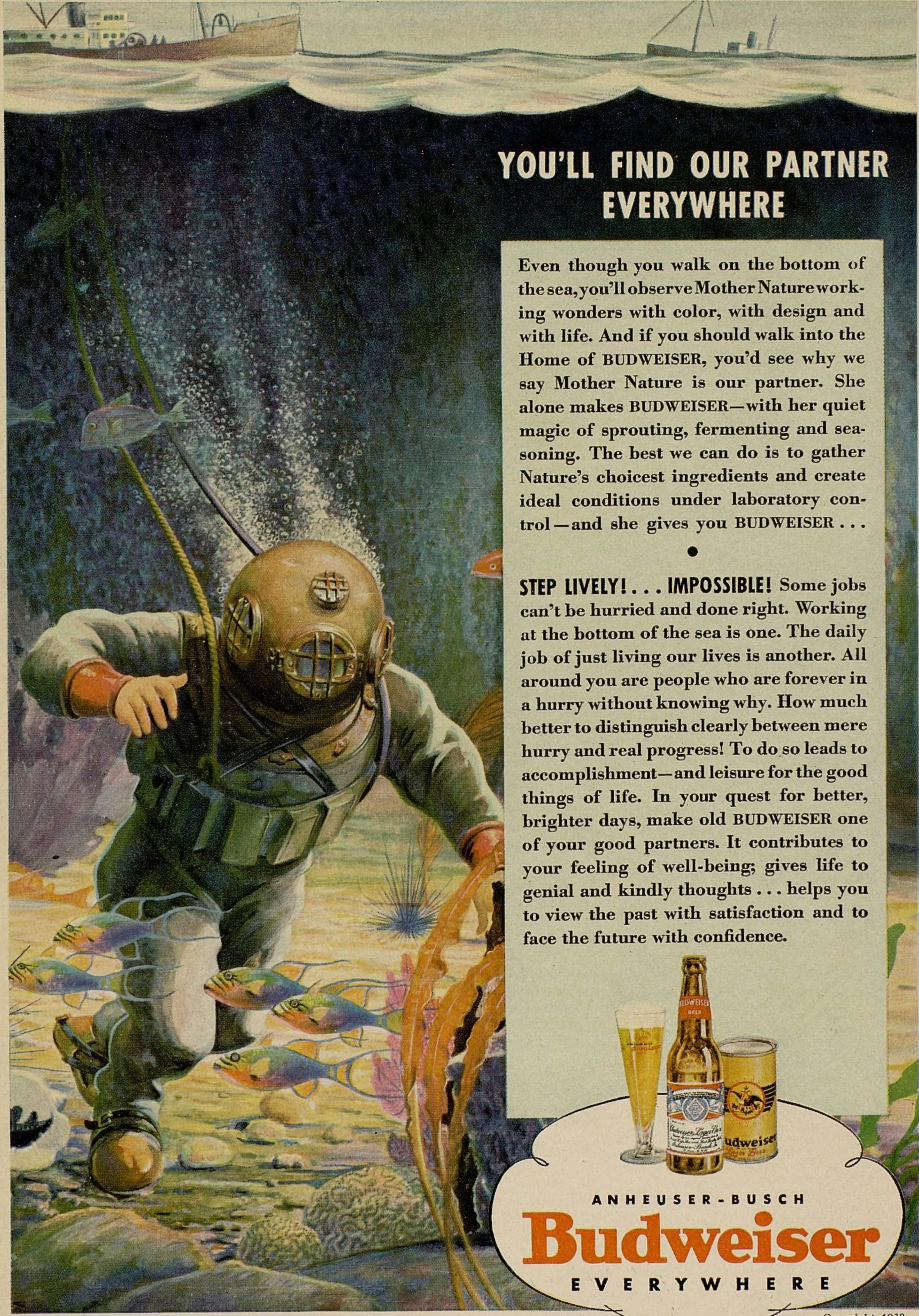

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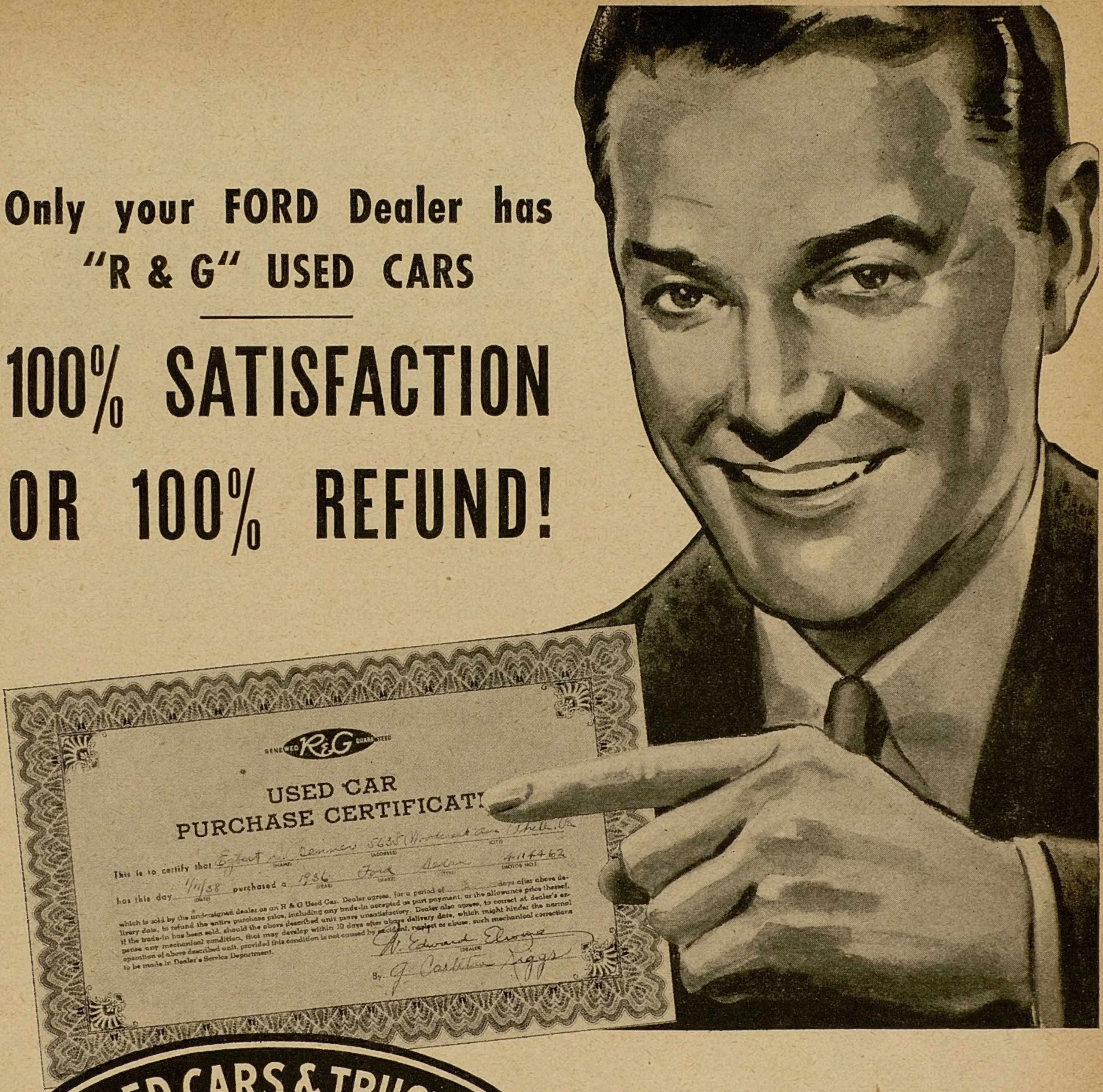

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By G. Carleton Riggs

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY

APRIL 30, 1938

Liberty

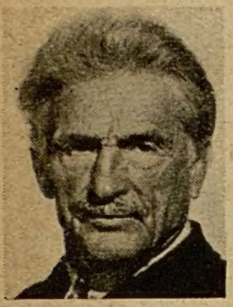
VOL. 15, NO. 18

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

MAYBE THIS WOULD BE A GOOD PLATFORM FOR THE REPUBLICANS



BERNARR MACFADDEN

What shall the Republican platform be for 1940? That is a very much discussed subject at this time by New Deal opponents.

Party platforms are important . . . before election!

But thereafter they are frequently dumped into the scrap heap.

For example, the 1932 Democratic platform states, " We believe that a party platform is a covenant with the people to be faithfully kept by the party when entrusted with power. . . .

" We advocate an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of Federal Government; and we call upon the Democratic party in the States to make a zealous effort to achieve a proportionate result. . . .

" We advocate the extension of Federal credit to the States to provide unemployment relief . . .

" We advocate unemployment and old-age insurance, under State laws."

But all these promises were swept aside as empty and meaningless.

However, the Democratic platform for 1932 should be ideal to oppose the present administration. But, first and foremost, the party leaders, whoever they be, must have a reputation for honesty and dependability that will be above question. They should take to heart their promises and emphatically endorse the sentiment that "a party platform is a covenant with the people to be faithfully kept by the party when entrusted with power." The acceptance of that principle should be obligatory and it ought to be framed and hung on the wall of every leader's office.

There may be a few minor changes required in applying the Democratic platform to the Republican Party, but President Roosevelt in 1932 stood for constitutional government first, last, and all the time. He advocated the principles that every intelligent, conservative American commends at this time. He was absolutely in harmony with the demands of Big Business and Little Business that were so well represented in Washington in the two recent conferences.

In these Washington conferences, Big Business and Little Business demanded a balanced budget. They severely criticized the attitude of the present administration toward business. They maintained that the government cannot attack the source of jobs and expect to help the unemployment situation, and the main planks of the Democratic platform of 1932 harmonize most thoroughly with these sentiments.

And, furthermore, we should like again to reiterate that for the first five months of the Democratic administration, the officials apparently started to carry out their promises. Business improved more during that time than in any similar period of our country's history.

There were no WPA or AAA handouts to promote votes in the 1932 election, and, furthermore, we will have to admit many Republican voters wanted a change in administration. And the Democratic platform of 1932 was apparently what the people wanted at that time, and the need for a similar platform, with the election of officials who are capable and honest enough to carry out their promises cannot be emphasized too vigorously.

The average voter rarely reads the platform of his party. Most of his information is secured from the headlines of the daily newspapers. But the major principles contained in the 1932 Democratic platform are made to order for the Republican Party in the next national election. It is a platform that has proved its value beyond question. It is the platform that won President Roosevelt his first great victory, and the majority of the intelligent voters, regardless of their politics at this time, would undoubtedly be willing to make heavy sacrifices if the governmental principles presented in that platform could be again securely established in Washington.

Bernarr Macfadden

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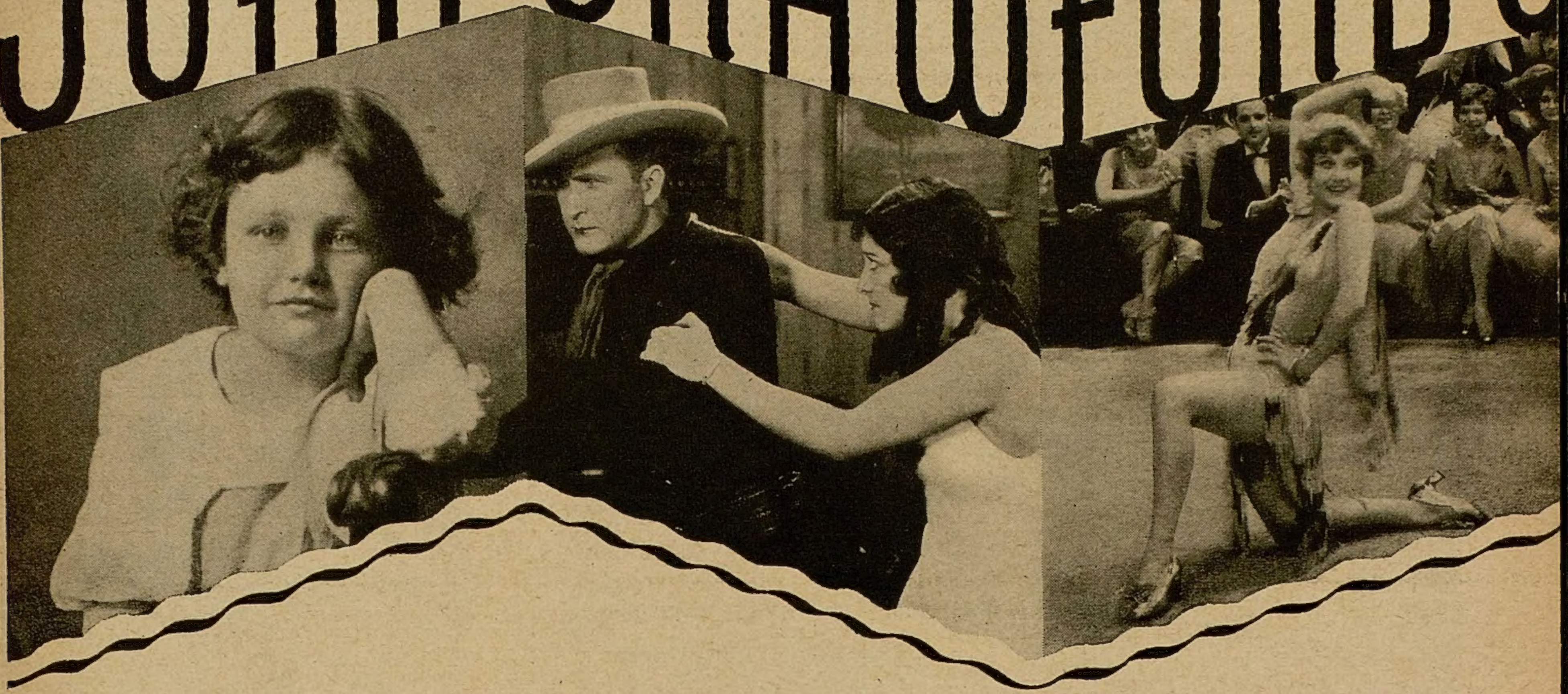
JOAN CRAWFORD'S



A breath-takingly candid chronicle of her fight for success—the revealing story of a brave and foolish woman

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THREE motion-picture executives, two secretaries, a lawyer, and Joan Crawford's manager had been locked for hours in an oak-paneled, gray-carpeted office. Spread before them on the gleaming bevel-edged desk were neatly typed papers which showed signs of innumerable thumbings. The room was pregnant with violent debate. At some time during the conference every one present had been called a cheat or a swindler—in a nice way.

Finally one of the executives suddenly cut the tense atmosphere with what is known in the profession as a belly laugh.

The others stared at him, mouths open. One asked, "What's that for?"

He chuckled. "I was just thinking how funny it is that you"—motioning to the star's manager—"have the right to ask a million dollars for the services of a cow-eyed little chorus girl who, just a few years ago, wept with joy when I gave her a twenty-five-buck raise. Joan Crawford—once Lucille LeSueur, once Billie Cassin—that gauche, plump, scared kid who never went beyond the sixth grade at school. And you're talking about a million-dollar contract."

The manager imitated the executive's laugh. "It is funny," he said—"very funny—that *you* are able to pay a million dollars to that cow-eyed chorus girl when, not so many years before you gave her that twenty-five-buck raise, you were tickled silly to get a job as—what was it?—buttonhole maker, necktie salesman, drummer for stylish stouts. Remember?"

There was an uneasy stir in the room. The lawyer cleared his throat.

"Now about clause 5-A giving Miss Crawford the right to choose . . ."

No one in Hollywood cares to remember his past, yet the billion-dollar industry is built against just such backgrounds. Every scenarist knows that the most successful formula is the Cinderella plot; but instead of searching his imagination for variations, he need only study the lives of the glorified, glamorized stars and mold the episodes into close-ups and fade-ins.

As the million-dollar contract is being debated, the Cinderella under discussion has just been called off the badminton court to meet her hairdresser. Joan Crawford is wearing white tailored shorts and a beige pull-over costing as much as the average evening gown. Her physical trainer—paid by the star to keep her slim hips slim—has just played three hard sets with her. He calls good-by as she runs past her emerald swimming pool, glittering in the California sun, and disappears inside her expensive home.

In the mirrored dressing room the hairdresser waits. As expert fingers arrange the crisp chestnut curls, Joan reads the more important fan mail, sent from the studio by the secretary assigned to her.

A maid appears at the dressing-room door, asking madame to put her final approval on the menu for the dinner party tonight—clear soup, stuffed lobster, duck and wild rice, endive-and-chive salad, hot cherries in ice ring—white wine with the fish, champagne with the fowl, coffee, and Napoleon brandy.

"O. K.," says Joan.

The butler knocks softly. Will madame select the program for tonight's film showing? Joan checks from the paper he hands her on a silver tray—a newsreel, a Mickey Mouse comedy, an unreleased feature. These will unfold after dinner as she and her guests sit in her private theater beyond the swimming pool.

Her coiffeur rolls the chromium-plated hair dryer forward and adjusts it over Joan's curls. While her nails are being manicured the star picks up a script her supervisor has asked her to consider and wonders what she will wear tonight.

SECRETS

From left: the star to be at five; in an early silent with Tim McCoy; in Dancing Daughters (1929); two years later, opposite Gable in Dance, Fools, Dance; with Gary Cooper in Today We Live (1933); and, at right, as she is now.

The choice is a shimmering blue satin gown. It will look well with her diamond-and-star-sapphire bracelet, the diamond-and-star-sapphire clip, the sapphire ring.

One last look in the maze of mirrors tells her she is perfect, the dress revealing every curve of a lovely body, her hair combed out to frame a vivid, unreal, beautiful face. On her dressing table is a nosegay of lilies of the valley and pale pink roses. These she holds in one carmine-tipped hand. She walks down the white-carpeted stairs, pausing for a moment on the landing. Her husband, Franchot Tone, goes to her, touching the hand free of flowers.

"How nice you look, Joan," he says.

Joan Crawford, million-dollar-contract box-office star, has arrived in her own drawing room.

Fabulous Cinderella, product of Kansas City slums and cheap night clubs, without friends in high places, without (in the beginning) talent or obvious beauty. This girl, who started with less in her favor than the average salesgirl, is wealthy and famous, an important figure in a large industry, married to a charming young man of good family, acquainted with the great in art, music, literature. Joan Crawford—an American phenomenon. Joan Crawford—success story.

How much of her career has been luck? How much ambition? How much courage? Could another accomplish what she has? And what, during this transition, has happened to Cinderella herself?

From what source Joan inherited the vitality to push herself onward will remain a mystery. When she arrived in Hollywood twelve years ago she had, it is true, a six-months contract at a small salary. That same year dozens of girls, now forgotten, signed similar contracts with various studios. The first contract does not make a star. Success depends on what she does after she signs. What were Joan's assets?

She was in her teens, plump and freckled. Her education had stopped when she finished the sixth grade. She had never read Alice in Wonderland nor Grimm's Fairy

Tales. She had not seen more than three movies. But she had sung in night clubs. She was unaware of ethics that the average child learns at ten. And whatever critics say of her as an actress, it must be admitted that she has since achieved something for which thousands of girls would trade their chances of heaven.

Her mother, three times married, was born Anna Johnson. Joan remembers nothing about her grandparents and saw her father for the first time four years ago.

At six, a long-legged, freckled-faced kid with a mop of tangled hair (she refused to keep it braided in pigtails), Joan stood in the wings of a claptrap vaudeville theater in Lawton, Oklahoma, watching a group of tenth-rate hoofers in faded costumes go through their routines. She was admitted to this paradise by her mother's husband, Henry Cassin, who owned the theater.

Joan thought Henry was her father and her memory of him is colored by her love for him and his kindness to her. There was a barn back of the Lawton house where Henry had stored old scenery and costumes. Here he allowed Joan to play, and he did not laugh when she told him she was going to be the greatest dancer in the world.

At eight Joan received her first emotional shock when her older brother, Hal, told her Henry was not her real father, that she was the daughter of Tom LeSueur, who lived in San Antonio, Texas, where Joan had been born. (She was taken to Lawton when she was three months old.)

When Joan was nine, the family moved to Kansas City, where Anna and Henry leased a hotel in the shabbier downtown section. Joan was sent to St. Agnes Convent as a day pupil. A few months later Henry left Anna. She could not manage the hotel alone, so the lease was broken and she took over the laundry agency next door, out of which she made a bare living.

Until then Joan's life had been average enough. She was a tomboy (that's how she acquired the nickname Billie), "played show" in the barn, skinned her shins climbing trees, walked to a big school every day, rebelled at having her hair combed. Except for her emotional reaction to her childhood—and she was obviously born believing that she felt emotion more deeply than others—those nine years were completely middle-class American, undistinguished.

BUT after Henry's departure Joan's existence changed. If she were to continue at St. Agnes, her mother pointed out, she would have to work her way through.

The laundry agency consisted of a large room where business was conducted, and back of this three dark shabby rooms where Joan, Hal, and Anna lived. Joan spent her week-ends here. The rest of the time she lived at the convent.

It was in the serene Catholic atmosphere of St. Agnes that she learned bitterness. While her tuition was being paid the other little girls accepted her as one of them, giggled with her over their secrets. When she became their servant, this relationship ended.

Young as Joan was, she realized that she was the same girl, whether she served the others their meals or ate with them; but the experience left her reticent about asking personal questions of even her most intimate friends. She prides herself on the fact that she is willing to listen to troubles; but she does not pry. Joan is still afraid that you may not want to tell her your secret.

At the convent she arose at six to set the long bare tables for breakfast. While the other children were having a play hour, Joan helped with the dishes. She left the last morning class early to prepare the tables for luncheon. These duties divorced her from her contemporaries. The nuns were kind, but their gentleness did not compensate for loneliness and isolation.

When Joan had finished the sixth grade, Anna found a place for her daughter as helper in a fashionable private school in Kansas City—board and tuition in exchange for "a reasonable amount of work."

She stayed there for a time, how long she does not remember. But very vivid in her mind is her next change of schools. She was sent to a near-by city to another private school. The treatment she received there affected her entire life.

Joan's description of this place leaves no doubt that it was a curious establishment. Mrs. ———, a huge lumbering woman with gray eyes and hair, was in charge. Her husband taught some classes, but he spent more time poring over books. He was small, meek, and, knowing the quality of his wife's wrath, silent. There were two children—a son who played golf and occasionally flirted with the pretty girl students, and a daughter with her mother's will to power.

There were seventy or eighty boarders.

Shortly after she arrived, Mrs. ——— showed Joan to her attic room and, placing a hard hand upon her shoulder, declared, "I'm sure we're going to get along, Billie, but I demand strict obedience."

Whether this woman was a sadist or merely a bully it is difficult to say. A child is scarcely capable of making the distinction. But when Joan Crawford is called upon to portray terror on the screen, she visualizes the head mistress' face.

For the three years that Joan remained at the school she was the only working pupil. She cleaned the fourteen-room house. She prepared the vegetables and helped cook the meals. She took care of the little children, with whom she shared a common fear of Mrs. ———. She was treated like the slavey in some sob cinema.

Once Mrs. ——— struck a little boy not four years old. Joan ran to comfort him. The woman beat Joan with a broom. One day a little girl was holding the dustpan while Joan swept. Mrs. ——— snatched the pan from her hand and knocked Joan down the stairs. It sounds unbelievable, yet others besides Joan vouch for the authenticity of the entire private-school episode.

EDUCATION? She had none. With the amount of work expected of her, there was no time for classes. When, for appearance' sake, Mrs. ——— occasionally ushered her into a lecture room, her body was so weary, her mind so fearful, that she could not digest what was being taught.

At this age the average girl is attending Friday-night movies, reading, joining the Camp Fire Girls, having a friend home for a week-end. Joan knew nothing but pots and pans to be scrubbed, beds to be made, floors to be mopped. Perhaps the first Cinderella looked as untidy and miserable as Joan did then. Yet Cinderella's success was an accident.

Joan had no fairy godmother, no Prince Charming. By her own frightened, stubborn efforts, she found the slipper and made it fit her foot.

Upon the few occasions when she went home to the laundry agency in Kansas City, she told her mother everything was well with her. Anna was about to take a third husband, a man named Hough. He did not like Joan, thought her sullen and shy.

During vacations Joan either worked on a boarding farm or helped her mother in the laundry. She grew more and more uncommunicative, not daring to utter a word against Mrs. ———.

She had but one pleasant duty at the school. Mrs. ———'s daughter often went to parties and used to have Joan help her dress. She was a pretty girl in a hard sort of way, and she had lovely clothes. Joan, her hands calloused from scrubbing floors, would lay out one of these ravishing dresses, then search in the bureau for underwear. The feel of the soft silk excited her, for by now she was old enough to want pretty clothes and admiration.

When the daughter had gone downstairs to meet some handsome beau, Joan would go up to her room and lie awake trying to imagine what it would be like to have such gorgeous clothes. She would say to the pillow, "Some day . . . some day I'm going to have nice things like that. Some day I'm going to have beautiful silk underwear and lovely dresses."

In Joan's Brentwood Heights home are row after row of cabinets filled with imported lingerie. There are box upon box of sheerest fragile silk stockings. There are dozens of dresses and suits and shoes and hats.

Her determination that she would some day have nice things may have helped her to get them, but plenty of other girls press their noses against shop windows and yearn for the clothes displayed there without ever getting them. Joan Crawford has been a top-ranking star for seven years, which is a lifetime in motion-picture history, and her background is partly responsible for her continued success. Half her fan mail reads, "I am a poor girl like you were once. If you can become rich, famous, and beautiful, why can't I?"

Motion-picture executives are wise enough to capitalize on this and Joan has played her own life story in various forms on the screen. In that story her fans see the crystallization of their dreams.

Only once while Joan was at Mrs. ———'s did she rebel. Mentally she had been stifled. Physically she had developed. At thirteen she was as mature in body as she is today. And this change did not go unnoticed.

KATHERINE ALBERT

at sixteen got a job in silent movies with Griffith. When the studio moved East, she abandoned acting for writing. She has reviewed books, publicized films, and was once on the staff of Photoplay. Now she contributes articles about Hollywood to magazines. She is married, has one daughter, and lives in Connecticut when she is not on the West Coast.

One night when she tiptoed downstairs to get a book, she became aware that some one was in the room with her. Thinking it was Mrs. ———, she jumped, terrified. But a masculine voice said, "Don't be afraid," and she realized it was the son. "You know," he went on, "I like you, and I think mama has given you a raw deal."

Tears of gratitude sprang to Joan's eyes. She thanked him for his sympathy and started to leave. But he insisted that she stay. Ten minutes later she was fighting her way out of the room, his threats in her ears. He would report her for being downstairs at that hour.

Shaking with a new sort of fear, she crawled into bed, and the next morning, before the household had stirred, she ran away. She walked for miles along the dismal streets, trying to form some plan. But it was no use. She had nowhere to go. Even if she had been able to reach Kansas City, she would not have dared to turn up at the laundry agency, for she knew how busy her mother was with her own work, and Joan's troubles would only be an added burden. So, when night came, she returned to the school. Mrs. ———'s son had not made good his threat, but running away was enough to merit a thrashing, which she got.

Joan Crawford lives in the present, and when she talks about her past, it is from an emotional angle only. She does not remember places and dates, but she can recall vividly and often painfully how she felt when certain things were happening. In speaking of her exploited "hot-cha" days in Hollywood when she won dancing cups and had a new and more ardent beau every night, she says, "I don't regret a moment of it. I had a swell time." Yet she knows that she was severely criticized then.

Joan regrets nothing in her past. Her only fault as a narrator is that she cannot paint an impersonal picture of the various phases through which she has passed.

How did Joan Crawford get into the movies? The strange events that led to her big chance—a show that flopped, a night-club number, a broken glass—will be revealed in another intimate article in an early issue.

Better, then, to go to those who knew her. As she developed the older boys at Mrs. ———'s school began to notice her, and one day one of them asked her to go to a dance with him. When Joan hesitated, he assured her he could get Mrs. ———'s permission.

Joan prepared for the dance by brushing her mouse-colored hair until it actually glistened, ironing her Sunday dress, and sewing on fresh collars and cuffs.

Lon, the lad who escorted her, belonged to a fraternity which had rented the Jack o' Lantern, a large barnlike place, for the dance. Joan had never danced with a partner before, but she discovered that all she had to do was to relax and let the rhythm of the music pour through her. All she remembers is that it was the most exciting event of her life that far.

What the chaperons thought of her is easy to surmise, but Joan was unaware of chaperons and of the other girls. It seemed to her that she was the only girl in the hall. She had a wonderful time.

Lon liked her. She was a "cute kid" and a "hot number." He asked her to other dances, and Mrs. ——— had to let her go, since he was the wealthiest boy in the school. She also stopped beating Joan, probably because she was afraid Joan might tell Lon about it. At the end of the term, however, Mrs. ——— told Joan that she had learned as much as the school had to offer and that she would be given high-school credits on the strength of which she could get a job. Actually Joan had learned nothing.

After leaving the school she got a job at the notion counter of a department store. It paid twelve dollars a week. She moved back to the laundry agency. Since store employees were allowed discounts, Joan could buy a few clothes. The dresses she chose were in the worst possible taste. She wore too much make-up. Her new freedom went to her head. The meek little girl who had taken beatings silently became a cheap, noisy, wild kid.

It was during this time that she met Ray Sterling, a tall blond earnest lad who was attending college in the city and studying law three nights a week. He now lives in Chicago. He is unmarried.

"When Billie came into a room," Ray Sterling told me, "every boy sat up and took notice. She weighed too much and her face was freckled. Her clothes were terrible. But there was something electric about her. I loved her with all the devotion of a puppy; but being in love with Billie was trying, because I had to defend her reputation so often. She was running wild and I understood why. What the other boys saw was a good-time kid. But I could see that Billie's vitality, properly directed, would make her great.

"She said she was in love with me, but she was in love with everybody else too. There was a trumpet player in a band at one of the vaudeville theaters. She used to sit in the front row and heave asthmatic sighs when he glanced in her direction. There was another kid—a very rich boy—with whom she promised to elope. Regretting the decision the minute she had made it, she got me to tell him that her mother had locked her in and wouldn't let her out.

"She hated girls because they snubbed her. You see, Billie went to nice parties and behaved like a street kid. The other girls resented her and showed it. So Billie defied them while she secretly envied them."

Joan's mother was baffled. Anna could not understand the change in her daughter.

This was Joan Crawford, or Billie Cassin, at fourteen —an ignorant, emotional kid, expending on dancing the energy that was to make her a box-office star, with only one friend wise enough to see in her the potentialities which would one day permit a great musician to enjoy her society and cause a famous writer to inscribe a book, "To the greatest lady I have ever known."

Ray Sterling, after a dance, would drive with her down by the muddy Missouri River. He might say, as they looked back at the lights of the city, "Beautiful isn't it?"

"Beautiful? That place? Listen, Ray. Some day I'm going to get out of here. Some day I'm going to be somebody. I'm going to be a great dancer."

Ray believed her, but he was the only person who did. The boys thought she was swell, but they weren't interested in her future. The girls hated her.

Ray encouraged her, but he also said, "Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder . . . be nicer to the girls . . . don't laugh so loud when you're out . . ."

One hot summer evening Joan told Ray, "The grandest woman came into notions today. She was gentle and lovely and—kind; yet I felt like two cents because she made me realize that I don't *know* anything. If I want to be somebody, I've got to learn; and I wonder if, with my high-school credits, I can work my way through college."

Ray put his arms around her and together they made plans for the girl who was to become Joan Crawford.

THE END

Angels
MORE OR LESS

Gay, sparkling as champagne! A lively tale of love in spring and an eventful day that followed a misspent night

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HE was home anyway. That was something. His head ached and his tongue felt like a lamb's tongue, pickled; not like his own tongue. In fact, he felt terrible. Groaning, he raised himself on one elbow and looked around. Yes, it was his own bedroom in his own little apartment in Bank Street. Those clothes tumbling from a chair to the floor, they were his, too.

The sunshine from outside was attacking brilliantly the Venetian blinds, thrusting through their interstices spears of light so dazzling they hurt his eyes. Well, he'd had sense enough to get home, thank heavens! He had, he judged, displayed little or no sense in any other way last night.

Presently he realized he'd have to go to his office. Telephone anyway. But, with another tremendous mental effort, he figured this must be Saturday morning. It was, wasn't it? Yes, it was. Then he didn't have to go to the office. The advertising agency which paid him a very decent salary for his ideas—normally, he was full of fairly bright ideas—was closed Saturday. And deciding the blessed truth was that it was really Saturday, Banco Jones sank back into his pillows with a sigh of gratitude.

But rest was not to be granted him.

To his intense amazement, a girl entered his bedroom. She was carrying a tray. On the tray was a napkin. On the napkin a cup and saucer. Steam rose from the cup.

"It's coffee," she said; "black. It'll do you good. I heard you groan, so I judged you were awake."

He covered himself so completely with the blanket that only his eyes blinked at her and his voice was muffled.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Where did you come from?"

"I'm your good angel," she answered. "At least, last night you said I was. I brought you home."

"But you didn't stay here all night?"

"Yes, I did. I slept on the couch in your living room. It was very comfortable. I've had a nice hot bath and coffee and toast. Would you like some toast?"

"I'd loathe some toast," he said vehemently.

"Well, take this. You have to—" She thrust the cup of coffee at him, and almost in self-defense he had to take it.

"I feel as fresh now as a sprig of mint," she said.

He looked at her with a little more interest. She did look cool and fresh and lovely. She was a pretty girl. But she had dark hair, parted sedately in the middle, and he didn't like girls with dark hair. He liked blondes. Connie was blonde. It was Connie who had destroyed his faith in women, dynamited his hopes, laughed at his love, thrown him to the gutter. Nevertheless, he still preferred blondes to tranquil, dark-haired, dark-eyed girls like this one.

"From where did you bring me home?" he asked.

"From Tullio's. You spent the last part of the evening at Tullio's, brooding."

"What were you doing at Tullio's?"

"I was brooding, too."

"Tullio's isn't a very nice place. Even in speak-easy days it wasn't a very nice place."

"It hasn't changed," the girl said.

"What time is it?"

She consulted a tiny diamond watch on her wrist. "It's half past twelve."

"What! Already?"

"Well, it was one o'clock once," she said, "but that was almost twelve hours ago, when we got home."

He glanced at the watch. His eyes surveyed her again. A white silk blouse, a dark skirt of artful cut and simplicity, silk stockings of the sheerest, black suède pumps. An artful simplicity, a very, very expensive simplicity.

"You don't look like the sort of girl who brings men home," he said.

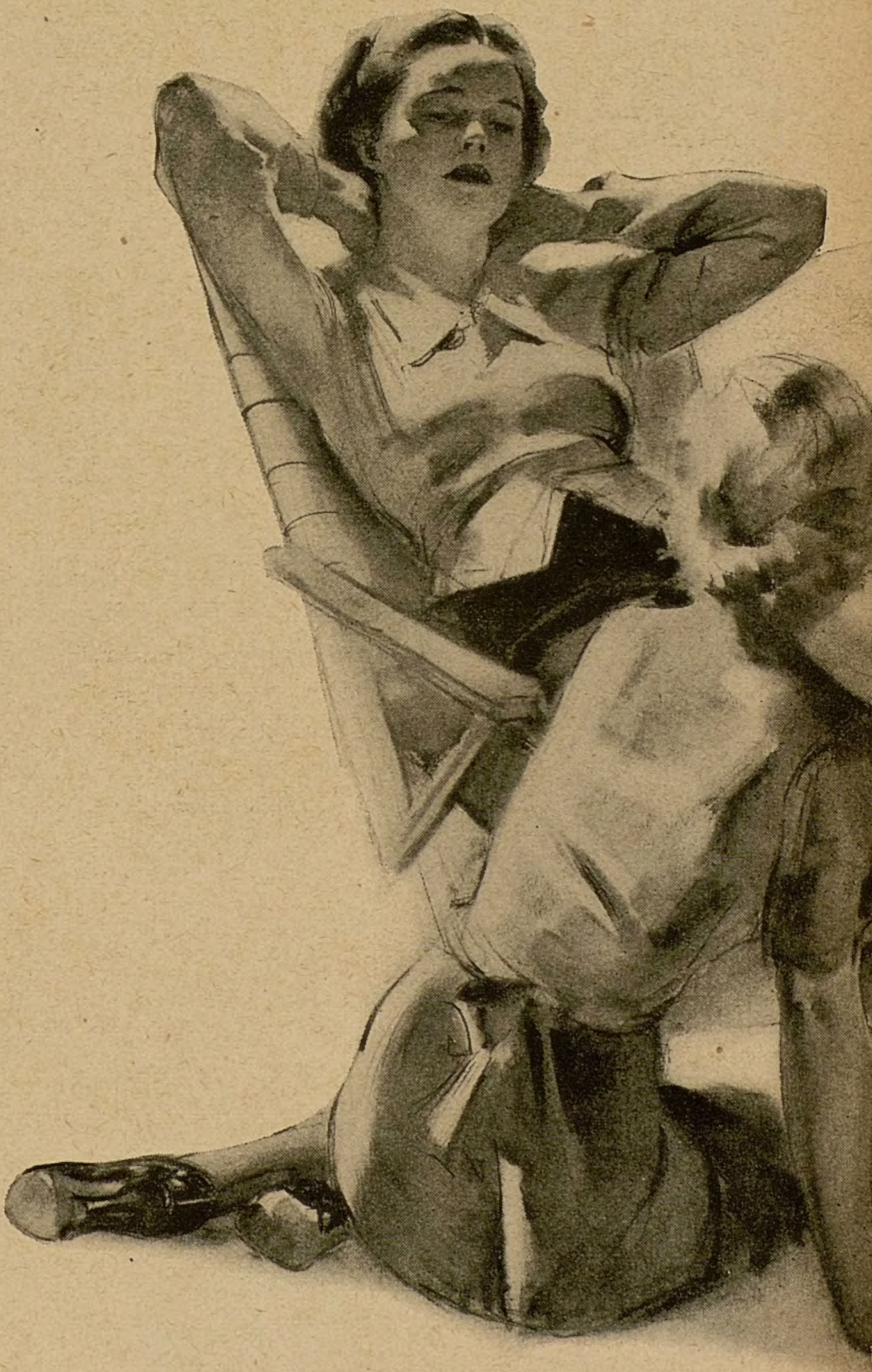
"I'm not," she said, and sat on the arm of a chair, swinging one leg. "It's a new experience, but I rather enjoyed it. And what about you? Do you do this often?"

"Never!" he exclaimed angrily.

She smiled. "Well, hardly ever," she amended it.

"I had a reason for doing it last night," he said. "A reason, if not an excuse. But I can't tell you the reason. It—it isn't the sort of thing one talks about," he finished a little smugly.

She laughed aloud at that. "Oh, isn't it? Well, you



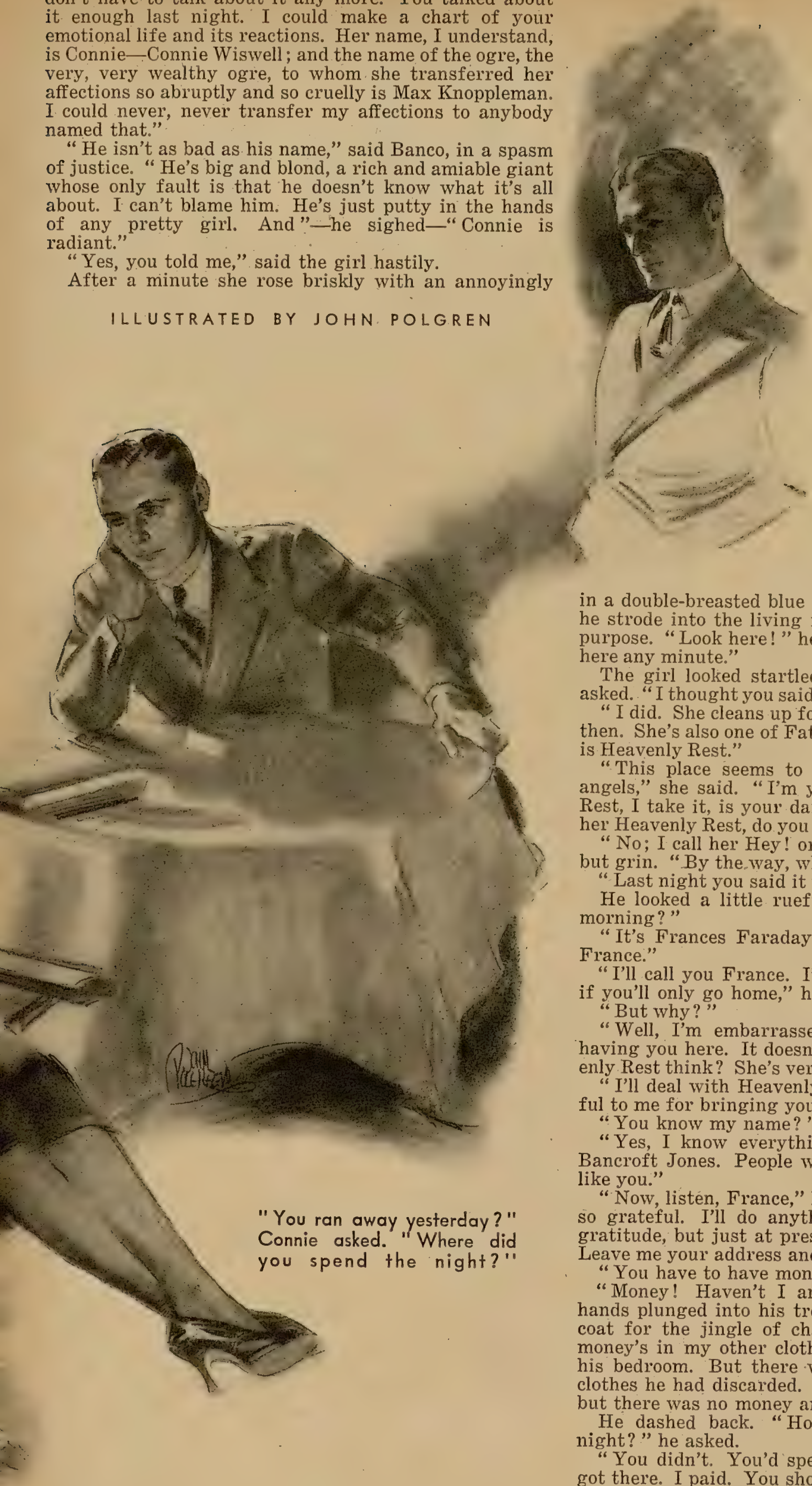
don't have to talk about it any more. You talked about it enough last night. I could make a chart of your emotional life and its reactions. Her name, I understand, is Connie—Connie Wiswell; and the name of the ogre, the very, very wealthy ogre, to whom she transferred her affections so abruptly and so cruelly is Max Knoppleman. I could never, never transfer my affections to anybody named that."

"He isn't as bad as his name," said Banco, in a spasm of justice. "He's big and blond, a rich and amiable giant whose only fault is that he doesn't know what it's all about. I can't blame him. He's just putty in the hands of any pretty girl. And"—he sighed—"Connie is radiant."

"Yes, you told me," said the girl hastily.

After a minute she rose briskly with an annoyingly energetic air, and said, "Now you'd better get up. You'll feel better after you're up. A cold shower. A shave. Another cup of black coffee when you're dressed."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREN



"You ran away yesterday?" Connie asked. "Where did you spend the night?"

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm just going to stay here. I'll tuck myself in the seat of the window that looks out on the garden in back. It's pretty, isn't it? Imagine a pink dogwood blooming in a New York back yard! I like it here. I'll stay. Besides, I have no other place to go. Don't bother about me."

Don't bother about her! Banco screwed up one eye at her and regarded her balefully. Why didn't she have any other place to go? Had she no home of her own? She must have. She looked as if she had a home. She was crazy, that's all. But, crazy or not, she couldn't stay here. Not for long anyway. The very thought of it sobered him.

He bathed. He shaved. He dressed. He looked very nice in a double-breasted blue suit and a polka-dot tie. Then he strode into the living room refreshed and fiery with purpose. "Look here!" he said. "Heavenly Rest will be here any minute."

The girl looked startled. "What did you say?" she asked. "I thought you said Heavenly Rest would be here."

"I did. She cleans up for me. Gets my dinner now and then. She's also one of Father Divine's angels. Her name is Heavenly Rest."

"This place seems to be getting cluttered up with angels," she said. "I'm your good angel and Heavenly Rest, I take it, is your dark angel. You don't really call her Heavenly Rest, do you?"

"No; I call her Hey! or Hey, You!" He couldn't help but grin. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Last night you said it was a lovely name."

He looked a little rueful. "Yes, but what is it this morning?"

"It's Frances Faraday. People who like me call me France."

"I'll call you France. I'll call you anything you wish, if you'll only go home," he said pleadingly.

"But why?"

"Well, I'm embarrassed. It's really very awkward having you here. It doesn't look right. What will Heavenly Rest think? She's very sanctimonious."

"I'll deal with Heavenly Rest. You're not very grateful to me for bringing you home, Banco."

"You know my name?"

"Yes, I know everything about you. Your name is Bancroft Jones. People who like you call you Banco. I like you."

"Now, listen, France," he said. "I am grateful—ever so grateful. I'll do anything—*anything*—to prove my gratitude, but just at present I do wish you'd clear out. Leave me your address and I'll send you a million roses."

"You have to have money to buy even a dozen roses."

"Money! Haven't I any money?" Desperately his hands plunged into his trousers pockets, then shook his coat for the jingle of change. There was none. "My money's in my other clothes," he said, and dashed into his bedroom. But there was no money in the rumpled clothes he had discarded. His keys were on the dresser, but there was no money anywhere.

He dashed back. "How did I pay at Tullio's last night?" he asked.

"You didn't. You'd spent all your money before you got there. I paid. You should be grateful to me, Banco."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, lots of it. Hand me my bag"—she pointed to her black suède bag with the initials F. F. on it in silver. Banco handed it to her. France opened it and drew forth a grotesque roll of bills, fat but tumbled. "Look!" she said.

"I can get a check cashed," he said musingly, "but it's Saturday afternoon now. Where can I get a check cashed on Saturday afternoon? I know. At Tullio's, of course."

"I wouldn't," she said.

"Wouldn't what?"

"I wouldn't go back to Tullio's if I were you. Not right away. Tullio's a little angry with you."

"Why?"

"Tullio doesn't like a black eye any better than the next man."

"I didn't give him a black eye!"

"You did. Some man spoke to me in quite a spicy manner and you resented it. Very properly, too. I appreciated it. You knocked the man down; but when Tullio came forward to intercede, you knocked him down too. That was hardly necessary. So I grabbed you and brought you home. You came with me like a lamb. You were a lamb, rather. That is, when you weren't a lion."

He plumped down into a chair disconsolately and dropped his head into his hands.

"Buck up, Banco!" France said. "It's all over now. I'll cash the check for you. Let's have some lunch. I'm hungry. We'll feel better after a bite of lunch."

"But where are we going to get lunch?"

"I've been surveying the situation while you were dressing. There's a table in the garden. It would be heavenly to eat luncheon in the garden today. It's a lovely day. Can't we have luncheon in the garden?"

"It's been done," he said. "That's why the table's there."

"Well, when Heavenly Rest comes, I'll send her out for some lamb chops and things for a salad. I make elegant salad. And after luncheon, Banco darling, I'll leave you. Forever and ever. We'll call it a day. Also a night. Does that satisfy you?"

"What can I say?" he asked.

"You can say yes, my pet, and say it gracefully and gratefully."

He smiled at her then. And it was a warm and engaging smile because he could not resist smiling at her.

"You're a good sport, France," he said.

"Yes, I am. I put up with things."

"You're a nice girl, a swell girl."

"I wonder."

"You're a mystery, too," he remarked.

"Yes, I know where the heart of Banco Jones lies buried," France said. "I wish I didn't."

THERE was the click of a key in the lock, the door opened, and Heavenly Rest entered. Or, rather she waddled in. She was a mountain of Heavenly Rest; she was a puffy feather mattress of Heavenly Rest. She regarded France and Banco dubiously, but "Peace!" she boomed at them in a stertorous voice.

France sprang up lightly. "Oh, Heavenly Rest, how do you do?" she asked. "I—I just dropped in to see Mr. Jones. We thought it would be so jolly if you'd get some lunch for us and serve it in the garden."

"Yes, ma'am," said the mountain, still dubious.

"Mr. Jones has been saying such lovely things about you."

"Yes, ma'am," said the dark angel. There was a slight flash of white teeth in her dusky face.

"Take this money and run out and get us some lamb chops and some very tender young lettuce"—France handed her a bill. "There's oil and vinegar in the kitchenette. I looked. But get an onion and just a smidge of garlic."

"No garlic!" Banco grumbled.

"Yes, you need just a breath of garlic," France insisted.

"Well, maybe it's preferable," said Banco.

"Also some bacon and English muffins, and if you see an alluring strawberry tart or two somewhere, grab them."

"Yes, ma'am," said the angel.

"And you can keep the change," said France.

"*Yes, ma'am!*" said Heavenly Rest, grinning broadly now.

As soon as that bulging back was turned, France grimaced at Banco, raised her shoulders, and made a gesture with her hands which said plainly, "See how easy it was!"

Then France threw herself into a chair and said, "Give me a cigarette, Banco."

Banco brought her a partitioned box from the table which contained four varieties of cigarettes. France picked them over in distaste. "Oh, I do want a mentholated cigarette!" she said petulantly. "I'm aching for one. Be a dear, Banco, and run out and get me some. Here's the money."

"I'm fed up living on your money," said Mr. Jones.

"Don't be silly. I'll cash a check for you as soon as you get back and, if you insist, you can pay me."

Banco tossed on his hat and left.

As soon as she was sure he had gone, France rushed to the telephone. Feverishly she leafed through the telephone book. Fiercely she dialed a number.

IT was a delicious luncheon. France and Banco sat at the little table shaded by the pronged forks of an ailanthus tree. Before them the dogwood glowed like a dream in its pink glory. The tiny patch of grass at their feet was as green as Ireland.

Banco felt fine now. Last night was like a nightmare forgotten. But his troubles were not over. Not quite.

"Connie's coming after lunch," France announced, licking her fingers after devouring a strawberry tart.

"How do you know?" Banco gasped.

"She said so. On the telephone."

"While I was out getting your cigarettes?"

"Yes. She's bringing Max, too."

"What for?"

"I don't know. You'll find out."

"What time are they coming?"

"About five."

"What time is it now?"

France looked at her watch. "Why, it's almost half past three! How time flies the day after the night before!"

"Look here, France," he said urgently. "You will have to clear out now."

"No," said France. "I'm going to stay. I want to see Connie. I've often wondered what girls are like who can make men so desperately unhappy they want to drink themselves into oblivion. I've never seen one. I want to see what they're like. Maybe I'll try to be one."

Banco studied her gravely. "No, not you," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because—well, let's jump that. But, France, you did promise you'd leave right after lunch."

"That was before I knew Connie and Max were coming. You'll need a fourth."

"We're not going to play bridge."

"No, we're going to play a more interesting game."

"But don't you see I don't want Connie to know you're here"—he stammered a little as he added, "especially I don't want—want her to know you spent the night here."

"She knows I'm here. I talked to her over the telephone."

"She doesn't know you were here all night?"

"No, of course not. She doesn't have to know that. Even Heavenly Rest doesn't suspect that."

"Won't you please go, France? For my sake?"

"I'd do a lot for your sake, Banco. But I won't go. Remember, I'm your spiritual guide and adviser. I'm your good angel."

"You're a fine angel!" he said grumpily.

Nevertheless France would not go.

"If you were a man I'd throw you out," Banco said.

"But I'm not a man," said France complacently. "Far from it."

She picked up a magazine and settled herself in a steamer chair under the ailanthus tree. Presently she called, "Heavenly! Oh, I say, Heavenly! You can clear away the luncheon things. We've finished."

When Heavenly appeared, France said, "That was the best luncheon I ever ate, Heavenly."

Heavenly beamed. "Yes, ma'am," she said. "Peace!"

"We need a little peace—peace, kind thoughts, sweetness, and light," said France. Over the top of her magazine she smiled brightly at Banco, who sat on the steps glowering.

They were still in the garden when Connie and Max arrived. Heavenly Rest let them in. Connie tumbled down the steps and fell into Banco's arms. "Darling!" she cried. "It's all been a mistake, a terrible mistake!"

Max, who looked like a viking, descended the steps ponderously. He looked sulky.

But it was Banco who looked completely bewildered and really not nearly as ecstatic as he should have looked. He crushed Connie to him almost automatically, but then he held her off at arm's length and regarded her with perplexity. She was a delectable girl, all white and gold. She was a glamour girl, created by nature, not by Hollywood's art.

"I don't understand this sudden change," Banco said.

"I've told you, darling. We made a mistake, that's all," Connie explained patiently. "Max and I talked it over and we decided that I'd be a very silly girl to marry him, even though he is so rich, when all the time it was you I loved. Money counts, but it isn't everything."

Well, they like them that way, France thought; they like them that way when they're as pretty as that. She sighed and said aloud:

"You see, it was all unnecessary. Last night was, I mean. I told Connie how badly you felt; that she'd driven you to the breaking point."

Heavenly beamed. "Yes, ma'm" she said.

Connie became aware of France then and crossed over to her and sat on the grass beside France's low chair. "So you're Frances Faraday," she said. "I've heard so much about you. My mother was your father's second cousin, wasn't she?"

"Something like that," France said. "It's funny we've never met before. I think relatives should stick together. If money isn't everything, blood at least should be thicker than water."

"But, France—I may call you France, mayn't I?—I thought you were going to be married today. I saw it in the papers."

"I was," said France, "but I wasn't—that is, I'm not."

"Married today!" cried the bewildered Banco. It was too fantastic. Everything was muddled and perplexed, including his own feelings.

"What happened?" Connie asked.

"I ran away."

"Poor dear, you must have suffered frightfully—I mean suffered mentally—to have to come to such a decision at the last moment."

"I'm like you. Changeable," said France. "But maybe I should have suffered more than I did. You see, my parents had always taken it for granted I'd marry Gladstone Martin, and, after a while, I took it for granted too. I just let things drift. It wasn't until yesterday morning that I realized I didn't want to marry Gladstone. I didn't want to marry him at all. So I just lit out, leaving a note—"

"Pinned to the pincushion," Banco put in.

France glinted at him. "Oh, Banco," she said, "I do like you! It's too bad, really, you're in love with Connie. I almost wish I hadn't telephoned her."

"Oh! It was you who telephoned?"

"Yes."

"I apologize for a lot of the things I said to you, France. You are my good angel."

"I wonder!" she said. "Oh, well, we're all angels more or less. Only we don't know the way to heaven sometimes."

"You ran away yesterday, France?" Connie asked.

"Yes."

"Where did you pick up Banco? Where did you spend last night?"

France glanced at Max's sullen face, at Connie's suspicious eyes, at Banco's suddenly amused and indifferent smile. Maybe her Good Deed for the day had returned to bite her. Maybe it wasn't such a Good Deed after all. She hesitated. Then she said, with the coolest calculation, "I spent it here."

"You spent it here? Right here, in Banco's apartment?" Connie asked, aghast.

"Yes."

"You deliberately brought your bag with you and spent the night here?"

"No, I didn't bring my bag. I didn't have a bag. Not when I came here. I checked my bag at the Grand Central Station."

"You mean you just flopped here all night?"

"Flopped is the word," said France.

Connie turned on Banco furiously. "This—this is incredible, Banco!" she cried. "And you pretend to love me! Why did you let her stay?"

"Banco didn't have a word to say about it," said France. "In fact, I can't recall that he said a word about it, pro or con."

"It's disgusting," declared Connie.

"It isn't at all disgusting," said Banco hotly. "You've got it all wrong, Connie. France is a nice girl—one of the nicest girls I've ever met."

"You would defend her!" Connie exclaimed. "You'd have to defend her. I know a man's code."

"You're a fool, Connie," said Banco.

Connie rose. "Yes, it's obvious that I've been a fool," she said icily, "and that I've made another terrible mistake. No, Banco! Don't try to explain any further. Come, Max. I think that we had better go."

Connie, followed by the doleful but jubilant Max, swept out and left France and Banco staring at each other.

Presently France rose and said in a tired voice, "I suppose I'd better go, too. I imagine that most of the fuss will be over at home by now. I have to go back and face the Klieg lights sometime. Why not get it over with?"

"At least you have a home," said Banco. "I'm glad to know that. Where is your home?"

"In Greenwich."

France stepped over to Banco and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't go back to Tullio's, partner. Don't go anywhere. It—it isn't worth it."

"I know it isn't. I know it now. I have no idea of going back to Tullio's. Or anything like that," said Banco brusquely. "Come on inside, France. I'll make out a check. You said you'd cash it for me."

"All right," said France listlessly.

"Then I'll take you out to dinner," said Banco.

"We always seem to be eating," said France.

"We have fun eating together, don't we?"

"Yes, we do. But it might become a habit, Banco."

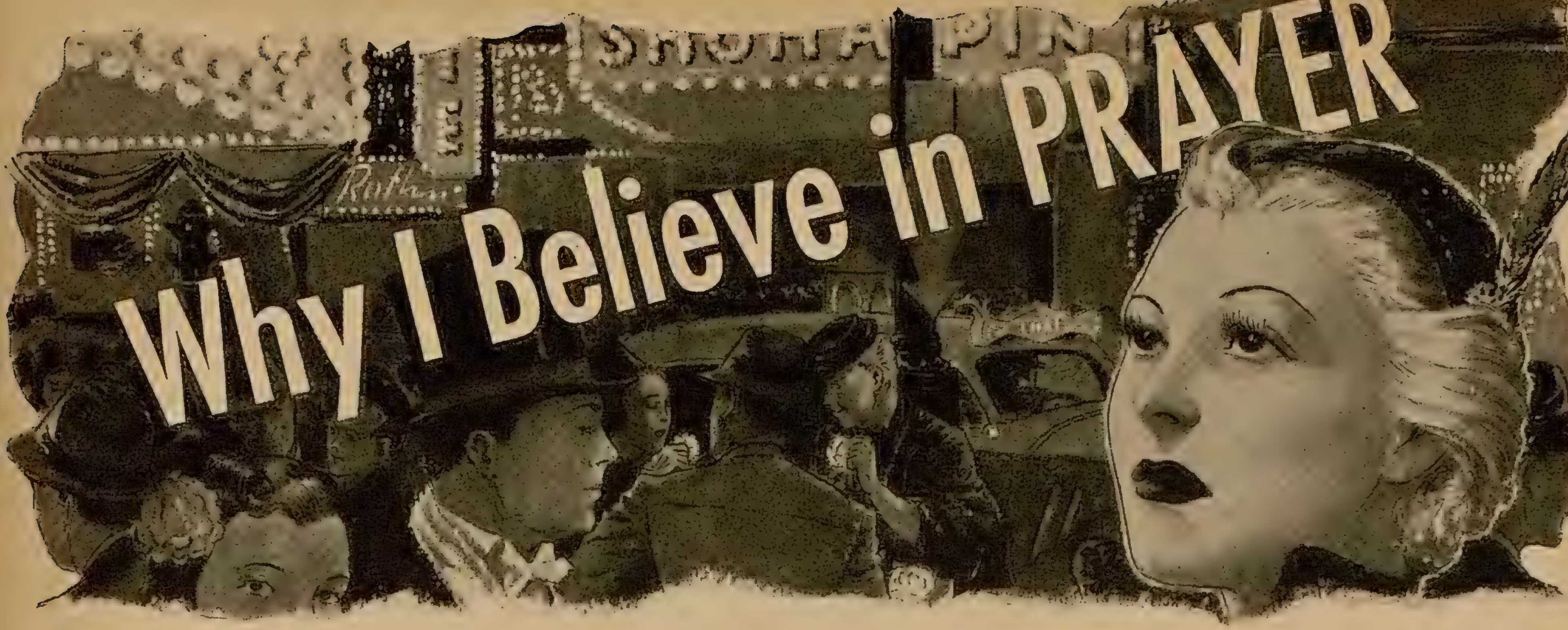
"What if it does?" he asked. "And then, after dinner, I'll get my car and drive you back to Greenwich."

"They'll think I'm absolutely hopeless, running away from one man and coming back with another."

"It doesn't matter, if you come back with the right man. Isn't there the tiniest possibility that it might be the right man this time, France?"

"Well, I always seem to be bringing you home," said France, "one way or another."

THE END



Why I Believe in PRAYER

The strange true story of what befell a girl who talked to God on Broadway

BY MARY WILLIAMS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BEATING across Times Square on a blustery day in January, I was seized with a desire to hear the voices of my family at home in sunny Florida. So I went into one of the crowded drugstores on Broadway and telephoned them.

I was so happy and excited that I did not miss my handbag until I had walked as far as the Strand Theater. I had evidently left it in the telephone booth.

When I finally reached the drugstore again—considerably out of breath—my purse was not to be found, and it had not been turned in at the cashier's counter.

I was stunned when I realized the extent of my loss. That pocketbook contained all the money I had this side of Florida. To make matters worse, I wasn't staying in New York City, but in a small hotel in Newark, New Jersey—and I didn't have the railroad fare to get back to it. I didn't even have a nickel for a subway ticket. And I didn't know a soul in this Northern country.

In a daze, I continued to walk up Broadway. I didn't know what to do. I could hardly appeal to a passer-by. Broadway is not in the habit of accepting hard-luck stories from strange people—especially strange women with tales of lost purses or stolen pocketbooks.

But presently, when my mind began to clear, I found I was muttering to myself: "Please, God—please, God, what shall I do? Please help me, God—please help me!"

Up to that moment I had never been what you would call a religious girl. As a child I had said each night my "Now I lay me," but as I grew older I had departed from the old familiar ways.

Now I realized how almost automatic is our instinct to pray. How quickly we turn, when we are in real trouble, to our Heavenly Father and ask Him to help us.

This was the first time in my life that I was really conscious of actually praying—asking for some definite help. Yet I knew that God would answer my prayer.

And He did!

As the elevated train thundered across Broadway at Fifty-third Street, a dollar bill fluttered through the air and landed right at my feet. I don't know where it came from—the onrushing train above my head, or a window in a near-by building, or just heaven.

Anyway, I had been saved not only from my temporary embarrassment but from a much worse predicament, for if I hadn't got back to Newark that night I might have found myself in a really tragic situation.

When at last I did get there, I took the handful of letters the clerk handed me and went to my room. And as I opened them one by one, I found checks—checks I had written and signed on my account in a Florida bank—and across each one was written in great staring reddish-purple letters: "Bank closed."

Now I *was* in a fix. I was not only without ready cash, but without resources of any kind. That Florida bank held my all.

Of course I thought right away of telephoning my family again; but in my earlier telephone call they had told me they were going away for a week on a motor trip, and I had not asked where I could reach them.

Then, for the second time that day, I prayed.

That evening, while I was sitting, worried and forlorn, in the hotel lobby, I heard a familiar voice beside me. Looking up, I saw one of the dearest of my friends—our family doctor.

"Your mother told me before I left Florida I'd find you here. I had to come North to close a business deal and thought perhaps you'd take pity on a lonely old man."

I welcomed him enthusiastically, but my mind was still on my troubles.

"Where's that smile you used to have?" he asked.

"I guess I'm a little tired," I replied.

"You can't fool your doctor," he insisted, with a smile. "Out with it. There's something wrong. In love?"

I laughed in spite of myself. "No—it's money!"

He sat down. "Tell me all about it," he commanded.

After I had told him, he said: "That's quite a dose in one day. Well, I never thought I'd be an answer to any maiden's prayer, but it seems I am.

"I came North to close a sale of some property up here, and right now my bankbook is full to bursting. I'll make you out a check to cover all those delayed ones of yours, and something extra to keep you going until your bank reopens. Pay me back when you can."

If that dear man's coming to me that night of my despair was not an answer to prayer, I don't know what it was. If the fluttering of that dollar bill to my feet on the Broadway pavement—that money without which I shouldn't have been able to get back to my hotel in time to receive my eleventh-hour savior—was not God's will, I never hope to see it done.

You can't blame me, can you, if I believe in prayer?

THE END

If you recall a specific case in which a prayer of yours has been answered, write us about it. We shall be glad to receive and, if possible, to print your experience.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ARE WE SELLING OUR SUPREMACY IN THE AIR?

By
Lieut. JACK LINCKE, U.S.N.R.

What is left for our young cadets learning to fly; for your son who may have to fight a better plane?

AMERICA has no military aviation secrecy. Virtually every feature of design, construction, and performance of our aerial combat craft has been sold on the international market with our administration's approval. In the past two years we have exported more than eighty-one and three quarters million dollars' worth of planes and munitions. For the sum of more than fifty-five million dollars, at least eighteen of our plane, engine, and accessory producers have delivered our air secrets to Russia, Spain, Japan, Italy, Germany, and eighty-three other foreign governments.

Not only have our manufacturers obtained permission to sell these airplanes to foreign Powers, but in several instances they have also managed to lease patent rights which permit several nations to build our equipment in their own factories.

At present the Navy's student aviators are training in service-type aircraft as many as ten years old. Officials explain that the manufacturers are so far behind on deliveries to fleet squadrons that up-to-date airplanes can't be spared for training purposes. No wonder the manufacturers are slow—they are too busy with export orders to speed production for us. The writer was recently on duty at the Navy flight training school as a flight instructor, and there was not one modern fighting, patrol, observation, or torpedo plane on the entire air station. The students are training in obsolete, antiquated planes whose performance is ridiculous alongside new-production craft.

Should America enter a war in the near future, her pilots would, in many cases, have to fight against improved United States planes and engines, they would be shot at by aerial guns made in America, and our ships and cities would be bombed by projectiles sighted with American bomb sights and released by American bomb racks.

Almost every combat plane the Chinese army is using was built in America. Many of the airplanes in use on the Spanish front were produced here.

On October 7 the Nazi-controlled press Berliner Boersenzeitung commented upon our foreign policy as follows: "It is difficult to reconcile the discrepancy between President Roosevelt's Chicago peace address and the large United States arms sales to Soviet Russia."

A startling survey of how America is arming the rest of the world with its aviation secrets and fighting planes

Mussolini was more specific and outspoken. In his own newspaper, Il Popolo d'Italia, we find the following Associated Press excerpt of October 16: "Referring to President Roosevelt's arraignment of aggressor nations as his 'Chicago sermonette,' Premier Mussolini pointed today to United States arms shipments which, he said, reached Spain through Russia. This was followed by the comment: 'In the month of September the United States exported arms and ammunition totaling more than twenty million dollars, of which nearly ten million dollars was bought by the Soviet Union—which, in turn, sent the materials to Spain. Mr. Roosevelt evidently was mistaken in his figures. At least 10 per cent must have included American arms and munitions manufacturers.' ”

Our own Army and Navy heads are worrying about our foreign sales, and this was brought out forcibly in a recent Universal Service dispatch which stated that several manufacturers had obtained such profitable export contracts that they had ceased bidding on our own military orders. From this same source we learn that Russia has completed an airplane-engine plant equipped to build an American engine. This was made possible by leasing the patent rights from their American holder. Officers here claim that installation of these power plants in the famed Russian Chatos planes established the Spanish Loyalists' command of the skies around Madrid.

The administration has stated that these exports have been permitted to benefit our manufacturers, to permit them to make more money and expand their plants to serve us better in case of war. The manufacturers have certainly made money from the scheme, and it would be interesting to know what political pressure brought on this handy policy. The backlog of unfilled military and commercial orders now on file with Boeing, Douglas, North American, Lockheed, Vultee, and Consolidated totals more than eighty million dollars. These are but six out of eighteen companies.

But—out of this solicitude for the finances of our aviation firms, what has been left for the pilots to fly today, for the young cadets learning to fly tomorrow, for your son who may have to fight a plane better than his because some foreign Power has had the advantage of American research? Of what benefit to the country will be this aviation prosperity if your home is blown up by an American-made bomb dropped from an airplane which your tax dollars have developed?

Let us review a few of these exports, and also a typical case history of one of our leading aviation companies, the political pressure that has been used by our plane manufacturers, the woeful lack of secrecy we now have in our squadrons—and let us also consider what a ridiculous farce our neutrality bills have become.

In 1933, while Bolivia and Paraguay were fighting in the Gran Chaco, the Boeing Airplane Company sold fifteen single-seated Army- and Navy-type fighters to Brazil. These were the same craft then being delivered as the last of a Navy order. Many of the same design are still in service in this country. The machines were equipped with Pratt & Whitney Wasp engines, then in use in our own planes. They were also fitted with instruments, bomb releases, and gun-mount attachments. Please bear in mind that from this point on America had “very stringent” neutrality resolutions and laws.

(The same chronology, with but slight variation, is also true of Curtiss, Douglas, Martin, Vought, Northrop, Grumman, Wright, and Pratt & Whitney. The latter two firms are our major builders of combat engines.)

THE following notes were taken from a Boeing Company letter and are quoted to show how this and most of the other companies owe their existence to military contracts, and how they have been able, with tax money, to produce some of the world's best commercial aircraft by pioneering the type with craft for the Army or Navy and then modifying it for commercial use.

Here is the letter: “In July, 1916, the Boeing Airplane Company had its meager beginning in a one-room shop with thirty employees. In 1917 the plant produced training planes in the hope they might prove acceptable to the U. S. Navy. In 1918 came the first order that definitely set the company on its feet; it was for fifty planes. It was not until 1927 that the company entered the commercial field. In 1929 it produced its P 12 pursuit planes, which became standard military equipment. In 1931 the Boeing twin-engine bomber appeared.”

(This plane, the first bi-engined, all-metal Boeing, was the experimental design, financed and tested in service by the Army, that enabled the company to build its 247 commercial transport used on United Airlines.)

“The Boeing P 26 pursuit plane was built for the Army in 1933. In the same year the 247 transport was put into production.

“The most recent triumph of the company was the introduction during 1936 of the four-engined model 200 bomber. It became the focal point for the eyes of the world when it flew the 2,100-mile distance, without stopping, from Seattle to Dayton at an average speed of 232 miles an hour.” (Thus the company discloses its performance.)

We learn from the above that, from a one-room shop, Boeing grew until this nucleus included United Airlines, Pratt & Whitney, Vought, Boeing School of Aeronautics, Sikorsky, and Hamilton Standard Propeller Company. The entire growth was based on government orders. Yet the following statement recently appeared in a foreign press dispatch: “One of the most useful machines on the Spanish government side is a Boeing pursuit built in Russia under license.”

The Douglas Airplane Company amounted to little as late as 1928. The firm has evolved to perhaps the largest in America, principally through Navy orders for patrol boats and torpedo planes and Army orders for observation and bombing craft.

The present highly successful Douglas DC series of transports are direct descendants of military craft, and the DC embodies most of the structural and material features of these predecessors. These same DC planes, using our Wright and Pratt & Whitney engines, are flying in China, Australia, Germany, Spain, Poland, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Holland, and Japan. Japan is licensed to build them in her own factories. Thus we give her potential bombers. An aviation commentator recently stated that the best bombing craft now in use in Spain is the Douglas transport, converted.

SOME of Douglas' other exports are outlined in the following data. On March 7, 1936, the Los Angeles Examiner printed a news story with the following headline: “Navy's Secret Plane Soars on Test Hop.” The subhead stated: “New Douglas monoplane takes to air on initial flight; details closely guarded.” Excerpts from the text are as follows: “All secrets guarded with utmost care. Photographs were rigidly forbidden and guards kept curious spectators at a distance. The plane is to be delivered to Navy experts for final tests at the North Island (San Diego) air station.”

Eleven months later the Examiner carried the following headline and story: “Soviet Buying Air Fleet in Los Angeles.” The article states: “Red Russia, striving for supremacy in the air, has made a series of purchases here of the speediest and most modern aircraft America has so far produced. This became known last night following the successful test flight of the giant Douglas flying boat, capable of carrying thirty-two passengers (or several thousand pounds of bombs) at 180 miles an hour for 3,300 miles or more.

This is the story of the Navy's “secret” plane:

The Aviation Manufacturing Corporation, sometimes known as Vultee, is at Downey, California. It was one of E. L. Cord's activities. The firm, in addition to commercial aircraft, has built attack bombers equipped with American engines for large-scale export to foreign governments.

At least thirty-five of these swift craft have been sold to China. Russia has bought a number of them. The plant is now building bombers for Turkey.

Referring to the previously quoted Los Angeles Examiner article, we find this data on Vultee planes: “Sokoloff, vice-president of Amtorg, Russia's purchasing organization in the United States, and a commission of Russian engineers and flyers are said to have authorized the construction of a fleet of high-speed Vultee planes, some of which are to be flown to Russia in the next few months equipped with pontoons for water landings.”

The factory's chief engineer personally told the writer that he had sold attack bombers to Russia prior to the publication of the above news item. He showed me a maintenance handbook containing photos of the bomb racks used in the planes and directions for their installation. There were similar data on the machine-gun equipment. At the factory I watched a mechanic install an American bomb sight in the after section of the fuselage of one of the planes that was being prepared for tests.

The Curtiss-Wright Export Corporation has been charged with conspiracy to sell fifteen machine guns to Bolivia. Is it more unlawful than for another firm to sell bomb racks?

That Russia started taking delivery on the Vultee planes mentioned above is substantiated by the following New York press dispatch: "A carefully guarded war plane flown here from the West Coast for export to Russia was damaged at Floyd Bennett Field. Attachés said the accident would prevent shipment of the Vultee attack bomber on the steamship Scanstates, which sails Thursday."

The Northrop Airplane Corporation, of Inglewood, California, has concentrated upon Army and Navy designs. The company has advertised that the new Northrop attack plane, in extensive use by the United States Air Corps, will soon be available for export. Northrop has three models listed for foreign sale.

The Chance Vought Company has specialized in Navy observation and scouting planes for use on battleships and cruisers and on airplane carriers. Navy engineers and Navy pilots have aided greatly in the development of these planes. Voughts have been sold to China, Mexico, England, Siam, and Argentina.

The Consolidated Corporation has built a great many Navy patrol boats. It has completed or is completing an order for 176 of these craft for our air force. Recently parts of two patrol squadrons, using Consolidated craft, made a mass flight to Hawaii. This company recently announced that its PBY-1 patrol plane is available for export. These planes would be our major air weapon in case of a war in the Pacific area.

Grumman has produced one of the world's superior scout and fighting types for our Navy. The latter craft are perhaps the world's fastest planes. Recently this company announced: "The famous Grumman two-seater Fighter, United States Navy standard, and one of the most advanced planes of its type, is available to the world market. It will be built in Canada under rights acquired by the Canadian Car and Foundry Company for export production of Grumman designs."

In addition, the firm has announced that the Grumman F2F-1 fighter, used by Fighting Squadron Three of the U. S. S. Ranger, is also available for export.

A demonstration tour of the Canadian-built Grumman was recently announced, to cover Central and South America. The Argentina Navy is using a model of the firm's amphibian, which is also used in our Navy.

THE Curtiss-Wright Corporation has supplied many of China's pursuit planes, notably the Goshawk model and its variations. The writer was at the Nationalist airdrome at Hangchow when the first of these craft were received and test-flown.

The following Army- and Navy-type Curtiss planes are listed for export: Shrike, Hawk 75, Hawk III, Hawk IV, and Seagull; also two bi-engined military models.

According to a Curtiss statement, the Y1A-18, a twin-engined model, is under quantity production for the American Army, and in addition they have orders from the same source for their Y1P-36 pursuit plane. The company is building scout bombers for our Navy and has just completed 175 observation planes for the latter.

In other terms, potential enemies may be serviced by Curtiss at the same time our own craft are being built.

North American Aviation Company has supplied 300 or more craft to our Army Air Corps. This company has five military models listed for foreign purchase.

The Navy is at present using a number of Stearman training planes at its flight school in Pensacola. This item recently appeared in print: "Orders for a total of thirty Stearman advanced trainers, all to be powered with Wright Whirlwind engines of 420 horsepower, have been received by the company from the Brazilian aviation department." This company has three military models listed for the foreign market.

There is a curious feature in connection with these Stearman trainers. After our Navy had purchased a number of these splendid craft, it undertook to produce its own primary training planes. Eventually the Navy-designed- and -built N3N appeared at our flight school. One of the first things the instructors learned was that the ships had dangerous spinning characteristics. In one case, a student flying solo had to bail out because he was unable to get an N3N out of a spin.

SUBSEQUENT use of the planes disclosed a decided tendency to shed their tails. So all of them were grounded until minor changes had been made—but it was found necessary as a safety measure to restrict all N3Ns from acrobatics. Two training squadrons at the school have dozens of these craft on the flight line, and at the time the writer was on duty there all of them were restricted from stunts. This training was given in the Stearmans. Most of the flight instructors regard the N3N as an extremely poor and undesirable training plane.

Thus the Stearman trainer, developed for the Navy, is not available for us, but our political arrangements make it available for Brazil.

The Seversky Aircraft Corporation is completing, or has completed, an order for seventy-seven pursuit craft for our Army. At a recent New York air show one of these planes was exhibited, with its wheels retracted and covered and the cockpit cover frosted so no one could look inside. Recently N. E. A. photo service syndicated a photograph of a Seversky combat plane with the following caption: "Out of the factory of Major de Seversky has emerged a new mystery plane, abristle with machine guns and as swift as a bullet. When tests are concluded, it is reported, the plane will be shipped abroad to swell the armament of a foreign power."

The Hall Aluminum Aircraft Corporation, which has built patrol planes for the Navy, has its PH-1 military flying boat listed for sale abroad.

The Glenn L. Martin Company produced an exceptionally superior twin-engine bomber for our Air Corps in 1932. It has been in use in all of the bombardment squadrons of the General Headquarters Air Force. It has won the Collier trophy award, and in 1934 Brigadier General H. H. Arnold won the coveted Mackey trophy as a result of a squadron flight to Alaska and return. An excerpt from Trade Winds, a Wright Aeronautical Corporation publication, states in part: "Combining extremely high performance with long range, the Martin bomber far surpasses the bombing planes of the rest of the world. . . . It is now available to all the world."

A recent announcement discloses that a contract for thirty-five of these machines has been awarded the Martin Company by the Argentine government, and another contract has been received from the Netherlands.

An interesting side light on Lockheed's export efforts came to light last December when one Edward C. Crimmins, international agent who maintains offices in San Francisco, filed a suit against the firm for $285,000. Crimmins alleges this sum is due him for services to the aircraft firm in connection with the projected sale of thirty twin-engine, all-metal Lockheeds to Japan. Twenty of these were military planes valued at two million dollars. Ten planes were for individuals in Japan. Probably these latter craft were to be converted there to military use.

We have finished with the airplane exports. This record is by no means complete, because the information is hard to get; but we do know that virtually every one of our principal producers of American fighting craft has been permitted by the administration to sell the best results of our research, materials, and design—and our air secrecy and supremacy. Since this is openly permitted by the government, no stigma can attach to the producers, since they are not violating any laws; but it is a situation that is in drastic need of remedy.

THE END

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Liberalism Tomorrow —

An eminent historian looks at the U. S. A.—Will we lead in creating a new world?

IF Liberalism, the assertion of individual freedom and dignity, is to become again a dominant influence in human affairs, it will have to adjust itself to the enormous changes that have occurred in the conditions of human life. The Old Liberalism was essentially release from confining restrictions; the New Liberalism faces a world in which the protection of freedom from private adventure and disorderly violence is an urgent necessity.

The political and social mentality of the United States, Republican and Democrat alike, being in effect an embodiment of eighteenth-century Liberalism, successfully released from church, monarchy, aristocratic privilege, and every vestige of medievalism, gives us the problem of Liberalism in its purest form. The United States constitutes not only a greater but a much simpler and more straightforward social structure than Great Britain or any European country. If we want to know the way Liberalism is going, therefore, it is the American situation that first demands attention.

Now within two decades we have seen an amazing change in public opinion in America. We have seen the American mind pass over from a sturdy individualism of the most ruthless pattern toward a progressive socialization on the Fabian pattern. The Liberalism of Cain has repented and Everyman is now his brother's keeper.

In America just as in Great Britain and France but with far less complexity, liberal democracy is taking up the long-neglected challenge of economic and educational inequality. It is in revolt against the freedom of its financial and economic adventurers who have entangled the common man in a network of debt and hopeless disadvantages, left him ignorant, and laid waste his inheritance. The New Deal is the first thrust of the New Liberalism against its earlier and narrower phase. It is not a movement to the left, it is not an attack on the right; it is an effort to make a belated advance. Liberalism, which is the spirit of America, is trying to make up for lost time; it has come back deliberately to the meeting of the ways and it is now following its much more natural bent toward liberal Socialism.

With this change of direction there appears also the possibility of a much closer understanding and co-operation with the progressive Liberalism of Britain and France, saturated as they are with constructive Socialism, than has ever been possible before. The Liberal communities on either side of the Atlantic are aware of each other and react upon each other to an extent that no one could have anticipated at the beginning of the century. One can imagine now a Liberalism common to the English- and French-speaking and Scandinavian worlds on either side of the water which would go as far toward Socialism as, let us say, the socialization of banking, land, transport, and staple production, which would have a common currency and very considerable freedom of trade, which would form a bloc for the maintenance of peace throughout the world and carry education up to the level of understanding citizenship.

The Old Liberalism could almost take education for granted. The New Liberalism needs to be cosmopolitan and socialist, and on that account alone it has to be educational and informative beyond all precedent. Its citizens must know and keep up their knowledge. Its cosmopolitanism, its foreign policy as we used to call it, must concentrate upon the idea of a close cultural and political synthesis of all the surviving states which inherit and embody the better traditions of the old nineteenth-century Liberalism. Upon these lines, I believe, a return of Liberalism to the political and intellectual leadership of the world and a general resumption of social progress all round the world would be quite conceivable.

Now here I think I am stating ideas that have been gathering in the minds of very many people both in America and the Empire. The extreme danger to all the democratic communities of the world, due to the fact that at every challenge they are found to be out of step with each other, becomes more and more apparent, and it is only through a conscious restatement and a conscious reinvigoration of Liberalism as a dominating intellectual and political force that any hope of bringing them into unison can be found. Every other way spells separation. But at present this revival of political Liberalism is no more than a wish struggling against the political fatalism into which so many of us are sinking.

How far is the realization of this dream of a "*reliberalized*" world possible? And how far is it probable? Let us consider the chief obstacles that would stand in the way. Are any of them insurmountable?

First we have the evil traditions of the European Foreign Offices. To this day they preserve the ideals and methods of the eighteenth century. The idea of furtive or violent national aggrandizement infects their procedure, and by their very nature they contrive secret understandings and sudden surprises that baffle the good intentions of American, French, and British Liberalism alike. The modernization of international dealings will need to be an essential objective on the European side of a new Liberalism.

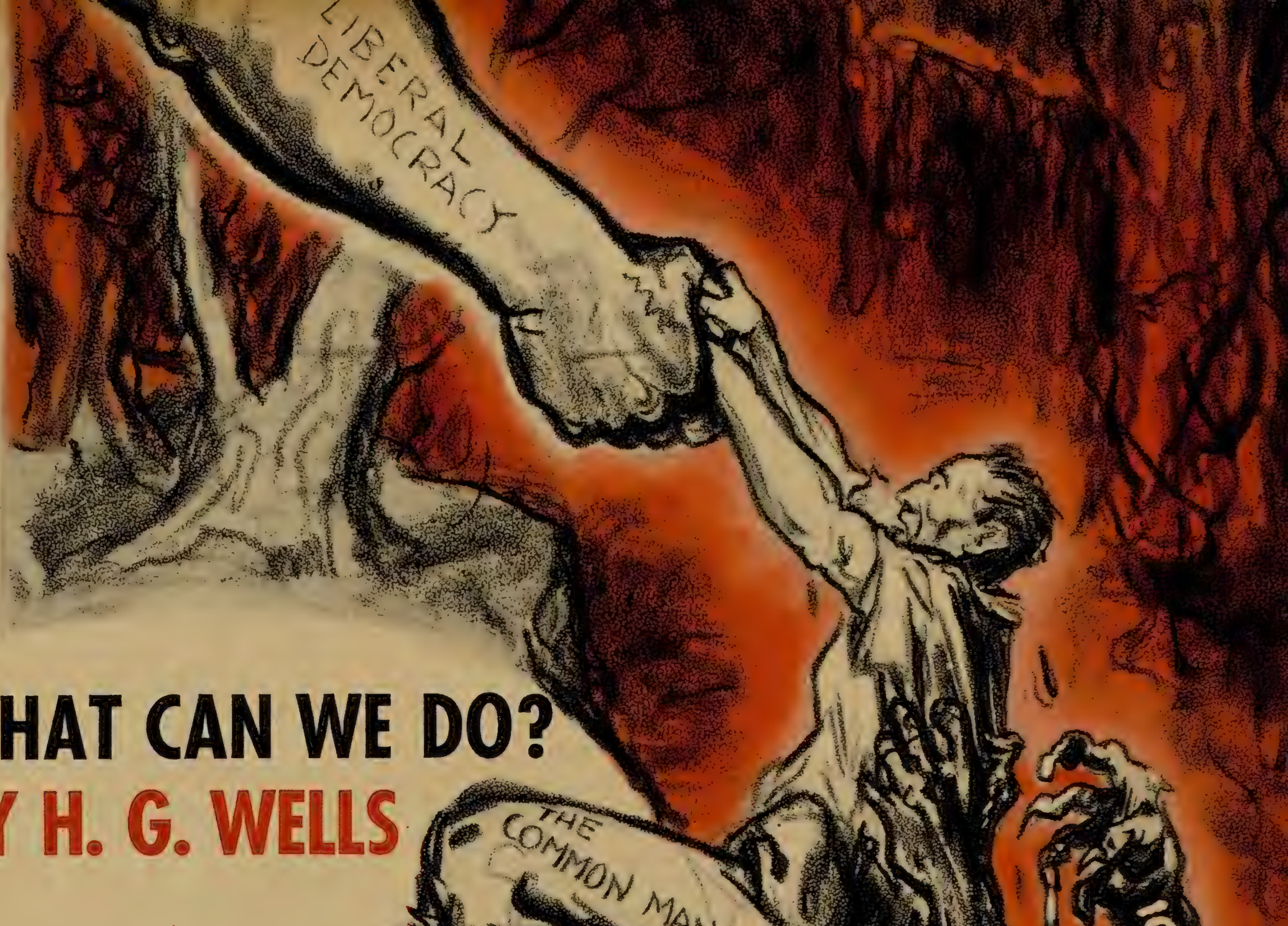
A second cause of distrust and separation between European and American Liberalism lies in the vast responsibilities of the empires with which Great Britain, France, and Holland are entangled. Obviously the British Empire is undergoing reconstruction and is destined to still profounder readjustments in which it is undesirable that America should take an active part. But the average American is very badly informed about Empire affairs. He should think more about the Constitution of South Africa, for example, or the economics of Nigeria, and less about the Duchess of Windsor and the Princess Elizabeth. He is ill informed or altogether ignorant about these readjustments of the imperial system, and he does not realize the way in which the English-speaking parts of the Empire have already ceased to be "dependencies" and have become completely self-governing allies. India, for every liberal Englishman, is a problem in pacific detachment. There is no need for America to entangle herself in that. The raw-material possessions of the Empire without free trade are a provocation and a challenge to the rest of the world.

In 1918 it was suggested that there should be a consortium of the European governments for the control of the uncolonized raw-material regions of Africa and elsewhere on free-trade lines; but Britain and France, flushed with the greed of victory, would not hear of this. Things have altered since then. They would be very ready to listen to such a proposal now.

A getting together of English-speaking Liberalism would, of course, mean an Americanization of England in many respects, and that will encounter an obstinate resistance from the very powerful conservative forces that still dominate the English universities and English official life. England has been called a crowned republic, and the disposition of Liberalism has always been in the direction of reducing the Crown to a functionless symbol and breaking the dominant oligarchy of wealth and tra-

WHAT CAN WE DO?

BY H. G. WELLS



dition embodied in the House of Lords. Undermined by a meaningless Labour Party, Liberalism has made but a poor showing. Still, in form at least, it sets its face—as the new American Liberalism now sets its face—against its press lords, its financial and industrial barons.

Secret foreign policy, the entanglements of the Empire, the monarchy, the established church, the financial oligarchy—are any of these obstacles to a liberal synthesis of the English-speaking peoples insurmountable? I put that question. But to answer it would need an estimate of those three incalculable factors, purposefulness, dissension, and apathy.

Where can we look for purposefulness? Among the bright and ambitious young, disillusioned now with their left dogmatisms? Among the professional classes? Among parents who want further hope for their children than the brooding shadows of social conflict and war present? Among school and university teachers? Among every sort of people capable of grasping the plain fact that, without a resurrection of the liberal spirit, life will soon be not worth the living? I do not think that an explicit revival of progressive Liberalism will fail to find initial support among all these classes.

But, to use the idiom of Hollywood, the New Liberalism has to be put over big. Little hole-and-corner appearances of self-styled Liberal candidates in the British elections will have no significance at all. From its very beginning the New Liberalism must admit that it is the propaganda of a new world.

THE END

the "TOUCH"

by ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

A heart-warming story of wisdom that looked from the eyes of a child, and a rich man's faith lost and found

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

DR. NILES lay on a cot on the south terrace, naked except for a pair of bathing trunks. He was getting a fair tan even under the winter sun. Filling out a little, too, he observed, raising his bony knees. He wished he could say the same for his patient.

He heard Burke speaking to Juan, the houseboy, in the living room. So he was up at last. Must have spent another sleepless night.

"Come on out here, Burke," he called. "Nice sun."

Slow steps approached the terrace. A tall man, shrunken in his gray suit, paused in the open doorway to polish his sunglasses. His weary brown eyes rested briefly on the recumbent figure, eyes that until recently had been quick and alive, instinct with power. He hid them behind the impenetrable goggles.

Dr. Niles noticed the gray film over the gaunt cheeks and massive chin—evidence that he had not let Juan shave him again this morning. No wonder he looked more ill than when he left home.

"Why the business suit?" the doctor inquired caustically. "Haven't I prescribed sun baths?"

"What's the use?" Burke said, and moved slowly toward his basket chair. Juan darted past him and nested a rug in the chair.

Burke halted, staring down into the sloping garden. "Hang it!" he shouted with sudden energy. "Who told Harris to cut that hedge down?"

Dr. Niles had been waiting rather uneasily for him to discover it.

"We can see the ocean now," he offered placatingly.

"Who wants to see it?" demanded Burke. Then he caught sight of a wizened little man dragging a hose around the east side of the house. "Harris! You're fired! I rented this house just because of that hedge."

The gardener glared toward him through puckered-up eyes, his scraggly mustache working. "It ain't my doin', Mr. Burke. The hedge belongs to that outfit next door."

Burke sank into the waiting chair. "Very well," he said exhaustedly. "You stay on the pay roll. But see if anything can be done about it."

Harris dropped the hose and tramped off indignantly.

"Look at that view!" Burke fumed.

Dr. Niles murmured "Um-m" appreciatively. He was gazing dreamily out over the gray-blue sea, streaked with ultramarine, which stretched sleepily to where Santa Catalina Island crouched on the horizon, its cliffs rosy in the morning sun of a crystal-clear day.

"They didn't even clean up the mess," Burke said bitterly.

Dr. Niles shifted his gaze down to where the hedge had been. The view disclosed was of a small yard littered with the dusty cobwebby branches of slain cypress trees. The house was a square plain box, flat-roofed, with an excrescence built on by inexperienced hands. This lean-to was adorned by two galvanized washtubs, and beneath them stood a bench supporting garbage cans and stray boxes hoarded, presumably, for firewood.

"We can see how the other half lives," Dr. Niles said meditatively, thinking how quaint this California beach town was: self-respecting houses cheek by jowl with shacks.

Burke said grimly: "A parade of poverty to touch my pity. I know all their tricks, Niles."

"I'll bet you do, at that," the doctor agreed. Burke was one of the greatest philanthropists of the day. He knew personally of beds in the hospital back home . . .

The kitchen door slammed below them and a small figure came flying around the lean-to. A young woman in an apron, wiping her hands on a towel. She hurried across the fallen branches, Harris plodding behind her, and stopped at the yawning holes where the trees had stood. She looked up at the men sitting on the terrace above. They got an impression of tangled gold surmounting a small and anxious face.

"Oh, didn't you want the hedge cut down?" she called.

Dr. Niles drew a bathrobe around him and stood up, answering civilly: "We rather wanted the privacy the hedge gave us."

She twisted the towel in her hands. Harris went past her, disdainfully gathering up branches which had fallen on his garden and heaving them back on her lot.

"I'm so *sorry!*" the young woman said painfully. "You see, I thought it spoiled your view of the sea. I got permission from the landlady and made Mr. Forrester cut it down before he went to work this morning. It's been worrying me ever since you rented this place."

Burke spoke for the first time: "Please don't disturb yourself." It was the tone of polite but firm dismissal executives use in their offices.

"Well . . ." She hesitated. "I'm sorry." She turned and made her way back toward her kitchen.

Burke, grunting something about a nuisance, settled back tiredly, closing his eyes.

Dr. Niles studied his patient from beneath lowered lashes. The weight of responsibility for G. J. Burke's progress was heavy on his young shoulders. The specialists had diagnosed the case correctly—no organic heart trouble, a question of depleted nerve force and indigestion which rest and a proper diet would cure. But the stage of his remaining a vegetable, as they had ordered, was past. The old fighter was hopeless and discouraged by something mental.

That an "economic royalist" could pull at your heartstrings was a funny thought. Dr. Niles smiled over it. But that was just what Burke did to him. He was like a great tree which had pushed its way upward through stony soil, had been buffeted by storms and struck by lightning, but had continued to grow straight and tall toward the sun. Then you saw it begin to wither at the top in its very prime. . . .

Dr. Niles had looked upon this job as a godsend. Just as he finished his interneship with the threat of a breakdown from overwork, the great steel industrialist had been brought to the hospital. When the question of a long rest came up—for both Burke and Niles—the superintendent of the hospital had suggested this arrangement. Particularly as Burke had balked at any sanitarium. He selected for the rest cure this farthest outpost on the continent, and retired behind the hedge with the doctor and Juan.

Niles, searching his patient's face, wondered if he worried about his family. It did not seem likely. Niles had seen Mrs. Burke; a plain woman, stanch appearing, occupied with her children, her charities. She had been grateful to Niles for taking "G. J." off her hands.

The children sent infrequent letters, and Burke's sole reference to them had been a cryptic remark: "I feel sorry for my kids. . . . Everything is done for them."

Dr. Niles pondered Burke's irritation about the hedge.

"Now she's got to do *that* under our eyes," Burke was muttering.

Mrs. Forrester had cleared the bench of garbage cans and boxes and was lifting the washtubs down. She turned on the water and clouds of steam rose, almost obscuring her bright head. Her pathetically slender form staggered under armfuls of clothing which she dumped into the tub.

"You'd think her husband could make enough so she wouldn't have to do that," Burke said, deeply annoyed. "All right for a peasant but not a woman of her build."

Harris' sly face rose from behind the low wall at the edge of the terrace where he had been weeding.

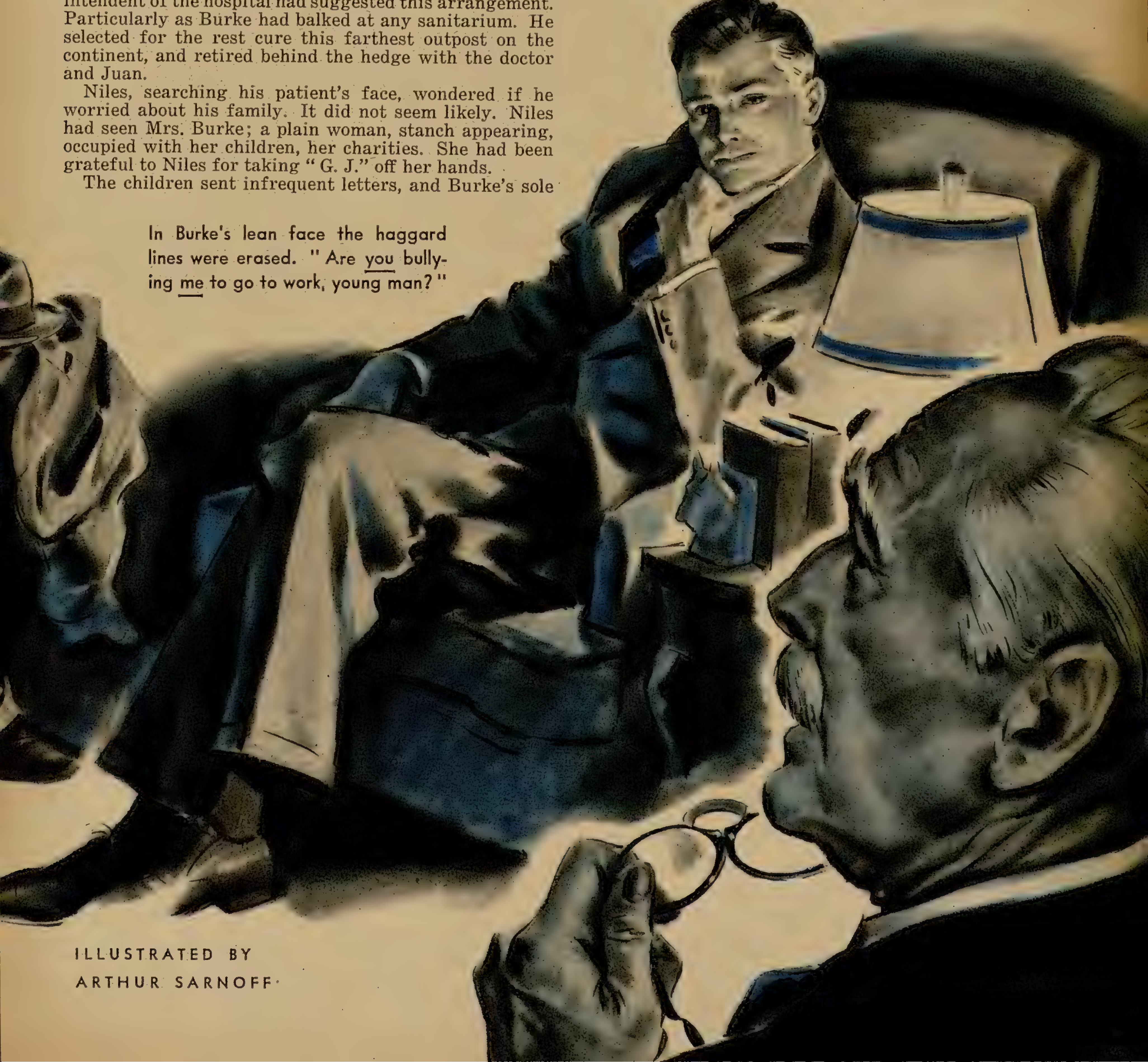
"He ain't much account, Forrester ain't," he mumbled. "Since he lost that Federal Works job he's been chiselin' in on us regular fellers, gardenin', paintin' houses—"

Burke stared at him, and Harris departed with what dignity he could muster.

Burke said suddenly: "Niles, are we never to get away from the spectacle of shiftlessness—dependence—the helplessness of the masses?"

"I don't follow you," Niles said.

"Federal Works—Relief—it's getting to be a nation of



In Burke's lean face the haggard lines were erased. "Are *you* bullying *me* to go to work, young man?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR SARNOFF

'gimmes'! 'Gimme' this and 'gimme' that. And no man is worth his salt who has everything given to him. They've got to fight for it—sweat blood for it . . ."

"As you did." Dr Niles reached over and put slender fingers on the older man's pulse.

Burke sank back. "I'm all right. . . . How soon do you bet he'll be up to make a touch?"

"Forrester? What's the line of your reasoning?"

"The hedge down—poverty exposed—worker on government relief—job lost, probably for some very good reason—Easy-Mark Burke handy."

"I see." Niles watched the tiny Mrs. Forrester belabor the washboard. He smiled suddenly and stood up. "Well, I'll bet you right now—a week's salary—that the Foresters won't ask for money. Come on, I'll drive you down to the beach for our constitutional."

"What makes you think they won't?" Burke asked, an odd hopefulness in his tone as he unwound the rug.

"Just the way the little woman is beating the tar out of those clothes, I guess," Niles said, laughing.

"But you haven't seen the husband," Burke pointed out.

"That's right! Maybe I was a little hasty. Well, let the bet stand."

They stayed on the beach several hours, and when Niles was driving the handsome car slowly back toward home, he had to draw up as the school bus stopped to let out a little girl at their corner. She popped around the bus, and halted to stare at them curiously as Niles shoved the gear into low, preparing to start up the steep hill. Even Burke was compelled to notice her. She had a mop of hair almost silver in color, shining, thick, well kept. Her features were delicately shaped, but it was her eyes which arrested attention. Niles thought they were black till the sun glinted in them and revealed the darkest, most velvety blue he had ever seen.

SHE scampered across the road and up the hill ahead of them, carrying a diminutive lunch kit, her starched dress kicking up behind over sturdy little thighs. She disappeared into the Forresters' yard, and when next Dr. Niles saw her she was picking her way over the ruined hedge as he settled Burke for a rest on the terrace. Behind her on lines flapped long sheets and intimate garments.

"Hello," she called tentatively. "Nice and sociable to have the hedge down. My mama isn't home."

Dr. Niles said: "Well, she's not here."

"Mind if I come up?" she asked, coming right along.

Dr. Niles glanced at Burke. "The Forrester offspring," he explained.

Burke roused up when the child's remarkable eyes looked into his at close range.

"I'm awf'ly sorry you're sick," she said, patting his arm. "Daddy says it's tough having a bum heart. We'd have been to call before, only daddy says the Haves always think the Have-Nots are asking for something if they act friendly."

Dr. Niles raised his eyebrows at the older man.

"How old are you?" Burke asked abruptly.

"Nine. Have you got any little girls?"

"A big one. In college. What do you understand by 'Haves' and 'Have-Nots'?"

She thought it over. "I wouldn't know exactly," she admitted. She swung her tanned little legs over the wall. "Wait! There's something you need!" and disappeared from their view.

"She was told to say that as an opening wedge," Burke observed dryly.

"I wonder?" Dr. Niles considered it. "Or was it simply—"

Burke broke in: "Precociousness doesn't augur well for the coming generation. I'd rather see a hint of sturdy independence and not so much calculated brightness."

Mrs. Forrester was calling from behind the sheets: "Ernestine!"

"Coming!" the child called back. But she scrambled up to Burke first and squeezed a damp blue pansy into his buttonhole. "For thoughts," she said. "Good thoughts for you to get well."

She was off, shouting to her mother, and Burke looked down at the flower. "*That's* the color of her eyes," he said.

Dr. Niles grinned at him. "Beauty was ever the way to a man's—pocketbook."

Burke was fingering the velvety pansy. "It's not," he said painfully, "that I grudge the money—"

"No. I understand. The good old bromide of the principle of the thing."

This business of the chiseling neighbors was going to be worth the sacrifice of a week's salary if it just stirred Burke out of his lethargy.

"You've got a lot more pep today," he observed hopefully. "How would you like to begin working in the garden tomorrow? You know, at first I had Harris dig up a spot and I put in the seeds. Darned if I'm not strong enough now to do my own spading!"

Burke looked at him quizzically. "Gardening your hobby?"

Niles laughed. "To a fellow born and brought up on the fifteenth floor? I didn't even know a seed has intelligence."

"Has it?" Burke asked without interest.

"It knows enough to shoot up from black depths into the warm sunlight."

A faint smile played over Burke's gray lips. "Not meaning a parable or anything? You're doing your darnedest for me, Niles. Don't think I fail to appreciate it."

"Then help pull the load!" the young doctor said wrathfully. "Stewing about things poisons your whole system. . . . Here comes that child again."

The little girl was darting up the slope.

"If I'm a nuisance," she panted, "send me home." She sat down at Burke's feet and observed him gravely. "I just wanted to tell you that Dr. Billings, here in town, can cure a sick heart. He's just wonderful!"

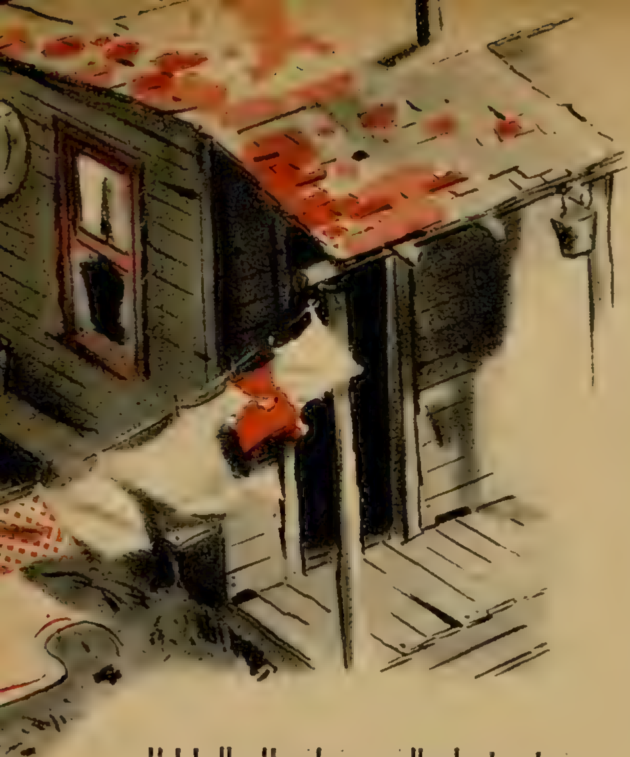
"Now you mustn't drum up trade for the native talent," Niles told her. "Because I happen to be Mr. Burke's doctor."

"Oh." She looked around at him. "Well, are you curing him?"

"Check!" said Dr. Niles. "Burke, you must help—to save my reputation!"

"What do you know about sick hearts?" Burke asked the child, his hand straying toward her bright hair.

"Daddy was in bed for a year with one. He said a little girl helped the most of anything. That's



"Hello," she called tentatively. "Nice and sociable to have the hedge down."

why I come to see you."

Burke's hand paused in mid-air and he glanced at Niles.

"It was pretty awful," the child went on. "Mama had to take in washing. We didn't have much good to eat. And the worst was, I got a new coat just before daddy took sick."

Burke took off his glasses and peered at the child from melancholy haunted brown eyes.

"You shouldn't have been told the significance of that," he said slowly. "Trouble comes soon enough without children being taught to worry."

Ernestine was studying his face, not taking in his words. "You look just like daddy did when he was in bed." She turned and looked down the hill. "I'd better be getting back home. I didn't want to 'sturb mama. She had her hand over her eyes, thinking hard. So I slipped out for a minute. I just wanted to tell you about Dr. Billings."

"Thinking hard?" Burke asked as she got to her feet.

"Yes. She makes pictures that way. She wants five dollars awful bad, and she doesn't want to take it out of daddy's wages, 'cause there isn't enough. Oh, there's daddy coming now!"

She was off without saying good-by. They heard a small truck chug up the hill and turn into Forrester's garage.

"What did I tell you?" Burke asked needlessly.

THE next day was overcast and chilly, threatening rain. The two convalescents were forced to stay indoors for the first time in their sojourn in the land of the advertised sun. Juan kept a big fire going in the fireplace at the end of the huge somber living room. Burke and Dr. Niles hovered near it, as the house had no furnace.

"Harris tells me," Niles remarked, "there's a saying that this is the only place on earth where you can sit under an orange tree in full bloom and freeze."

There was no response, and the doctor got down to a campaign he had thought out in the night. He was pretty inexperienced to disregard orders from the specialists to avoid certain topics, but a fellow had to take a chance! He opened the newspaper. Burke never looked at it.

"Hah! Congress is in session again," he announced. "Now we'll see more taxes levied on you plutocrats to take care of the Mr. Forresters of the country."

"Of course," Burke agreed indifferently. "Industry puts thousands of people to work—and from that pay roll you doctors, lawyers, clerks, retailers—everybody—can live. But apparently the people want it stopped."

Dr. Niles drew his bow daringly. "The popular idea is that you capitalists are hoarding your pile, living magnificently, and letting the people go hang."

That brought a wintry smile from Burke. "I know it. Insidious ideas creeping like mustard gas. Socialism. Getting something for nothing. Protection from government against a man doing his own fighting upward."

Dr. Niles shot his arrow: "Why don't you fight it?"

"What's the use? I could fight something tangible, like a trust. But this is a point of view that's seeped into the people. America is doomed."

There must be some argument against that. Dr. Niles shook the paper impatiently and his eye caught a headline.

"The Labor Board is sitting on the question of unionizing your steel mills."

"I know it," Burke said again. "The last stronghold of independence will fall. It's inevitable."

"Well, I give up," Dr. Niles said. He threw the paper down. Then he saw a small nose pressed white against the window overlooking the terrace. "Now what?" he asked, beckoning to the child.

She came in with a rush of damp fresh air, saying, "It's going to rain any minute!" She ran to Burke's chair, and looked at him with her grave air of a professional nurse, putting a small cold finger on his thin cheek. "You aren't so gray today. That's a good sign."

"He's had a shave," Niles put in. "Did your mother get her five dollars?"

"No, she's still conce'tratin'. But my daddy's coming up to see you tonight!" She looked at Burke as if she waited for a burst of gratitude for such a shining gift. He's been dying to see you ever since he found out you're *the* Mr. Burke."

"What do you mean by '*the* Mr. Burke'?"

"Why, I don't know." She puzzled over it while Burke looked into the rich blue of her eyes. "I guess you're important some way. . . . I know! The kids at school say you're the richest man in the world—'cept for the old man that gave away dimes. What was his name?"

"Humph!" said Burke.

Dr. Niles was making a swift calculation. He would put off sending for certain expensive medical books he coveted, since he would be lacking one week's salary. . . .

The two men were lingering over their coffee after dinner that night when Juan came back from the front door to announce that Mr. Forrester was calling.

BURKE and Niles exchanged glances and Burke said curtly: "Have him wait in the living room."

Their footsteps made no sound when they crossed the heavily carpeted hall to the living room. They stopped in the archway as they saw their visitor standing, back turned, gazing up at something over the mantel. His shabby raincoat glistened with drops of the rain which had begun falling with the dark. His moist gabardine hat was clutched in one bare hand. His hair was sandy, nondescript, his figure of average height.

He was staring at the seascape over the mantel, a thing which Burke avoided as he would a pestilence.

"It . . . stinks!" they heard him say.

Burke gave a short laugh and the young man whirled. As ordinary of front view as he was of rear, yet, as he advanced toward them, they both saw only a pair of eyes as amazingly dark blue as were his child's.

He was saying: "Sorry you caught me at it. But do you know, Mr. Burke, you don't have to put up with these horrors. Nobody has to! You can take out gorgeous prints at the Los Angeles Library as you would a book—free—keep 'em a month—all on our Uncle Sam!"

Burke said: "Our paternal government again! Sit down, Mr. Forrester. Cigar?"

"No, thanks." The visitor dropped his overcoat on a chair and drew out his own flattened pack of ten-cent cigarettes. He stood carefully straightening one of them, looking down at Burke, who had sunk into a big chair. "It's tough to be laid up, isn't it? My wife wants me to apologize for the hedge—"

Burke waved the subject away. "You're a house painter, aren't you?"

"Yes—or a digger or anything else I can get to do."

"But of course, in an art colony such as this," Burke said, amused, "everybody has opinions on art."

Forrester sat down, his even teeth flashing in a smile under his small sandy mustache. "It happens," he said, lighting his cigarette, "that I'm a perpetrator of art—more or less good—myself." He blew out the match. "Nice work when you can get it."

"Oils?" Burke asked.

"Murals."

"Oh, that's where the Federal Works came in," Dr. Niles said, remembering Harris' gossip.

"The job I didn't get," Forrester assented. "It took me too long to get well. Some other needy artist got it. But the *ideas* it gave me were swell—and that's where you come in, Mr. Burke."

Burke's jaw set. "I'm not decorating my mills—"

"Oh, I'm not asking for a job," Forrester broke in.

Dr. Niles had hoped that he was. The bet was whether or not the Forresters would ask for money outright. Burke said haltingly, almost to himself:

"The great American public doesn't want work—it wants to be taken care of—"

"Say, wait a minute!" Forrester said equably. "I took the family in the truck—all over this country—with a camping outfit when I got able to pick up jobs enough to feed us but not enough to pay rent. The people are hungry for work!"

"Yes?" Burke said sardonically. "And going on strike not for higher wages but for the right to dictate?"

Forrester laughed unexpectedly. "You must be proud of your steelworkers, then."

"Why?" Burke demanded.

"Surely you know! The majority voted the union out. Satisfied with their arrangement with you. They say they get the highest wages paid in industry and a square deal—and they won't be dictated to by outsiders!"

Dr. Niles saw the color flow into Burke's face and his eyes begin to glow. Why hadn't he had sense enough to read that newspaper article to him today?

THAT'S America for you!" crowed Forrester. "The *real* America. And that brings me back to what I want to say to you, Mr. Burke. About that Federal Art Project, you know. It was a mural to glorify industry. Blast furnaces, well muscled and mighty steelworkers, and all that. I did a lot of research, flat on my back, and out of it all came a vision—of *you.*"

"Me?" Burke said, rousing himself.

"I wanted to paint the man behind it all. The man of guts. Without him there would be no blast furnaces, no well muscled workers. The man who fought the big fight against the trust in the early 1900s—and boy, what courage that took!—and came out on top, and held his position, and brought an army of ten thousand well fed families up with him!" He fell back and shrugged, a grin breaking over his face. "But I couldn't sell the idea. You aren't picturesque enough to paint."

Burke was looking at the young man with an alert intensity.

Forrester jumped to his feet and tramped up and down, his hands jammed in the pockets of his threadbare suit. "I'd like to smear it on walls all over the country for every workingman—and a lot of smug capitalists—to see!" He stopped in front of Burke and looked him severely in the eye. "What can government or unions do—without the co-operation of the men who *make* industry?"

Burke looked startled. "They don't want us—"

"Why, they can't do without you! But most of 'em—not you, you're sick—most of 'em are sitting back, mad because they're not running the show in their own way. Look—every so often, out here, Mother Earth turns over and kicks up a rumpus on the coverlet. Then we're all scared to death, forgetting the long period of progress before the earthquake, not looking forward to anything ahead. But here and there is a guy like you—with a window frame around his neck, maybe, and a few bricks in his hair—already planning on rebuilding the town. See? And the rest of us ants depend on him, because he has the vision."

In Burke's lean face the haggard lines were erased as by magic.

"Are *you* bullying *me* to go to work, young man?"

"Huh?" Forrester pulled himself up sharply, and then grinned apologetically. "I get excited—thinking I see things other people don't. Painters are goofy that way." He sat down and dug out another cigarette.

"Tell me," Burke said. "Don't you all want to be taken care of—by the government?"

"Oh, sure," Forrester returned easily. "Security and all that."

Both Burke and Dr. Niles stared at him. They had not expected him to admit it.

"But . . . I'd like to see a better balance—understand? Men like you working *with* government to stabilize things. Not too far to the left—with the Socialists. Not too far to the right—with the Big Pigs."

"You interest me," Burke said. "I've thought of nothing else for weeks but just this thing. How to keep Americans from becoming a race of moochers—"

"Moochers!" Forrester said indignantly. He thought about it, tapping his cigarette. "Well, there always are some—and I suppose you're in a position to know it better than most. But look—even so—you wouldn't have people starve, would you, while you industrialists make up your minds what you're going to do?"

It was Burke's turn to get up and begin to pace the long room. Dr. Niles watched his quick firm tread with astonishment. Burke was saying:

"You've given me a lot to think about—a lot!"

Forrester reached for his raincoat and then hesitated. "There's a little matter—a personal thing—I hardly know how to say it—"

Burke stopped in his tracks. Niles wanted to groan. The man was going to spoil everything asking for money.

Forrester was looking down at his work-roughened hands. "I was ill a long time," he began diffidently. "Out of work—in debt—"

"Your little daughter reported all that," Burke said.

Forrester glanced up. "Did she? I've been afraid she took in everything and babbled about it. But my wife thinks she's still a baby. Well, anyway—"

"She paved the way excellently," Burke said grimly.

"I don't get you. Well—that's the time I went under. Lost my grip. Scared. . . . Gosh, I sound like a man in a confessional! Dammit, what I want to say is this—"

Burke was at a desk, opening a large checkbook.

"You've earned it," he said over his shoulder. "How much?"

"Would you mind listening?" Forrester said desperately. "This is a hard thing to say, because it's mushy. But it's something I want you to know. Look—studying your face and your record that time for the mural I didn't paint—well, it gave me back my self-confidence! To know what you'd fought through for thirty years—for your plant and your men and an ideal—and then me with my little ten-cent problems . . . Well, I'll never be afraid of another depression."

Burke closed the checkbook slowly. Then he came back to the young man who was shrugging on his overcoat.

"I'm everlastingly grateful to *you,*" Burke said huskily. He took Forrester's hand in a strong clasp. "I feel right now," he added hesitantly, "like building a Mediterranean house here. Lots of white patio walls for murals. . . . But my wife hates California . . ."

FORRESTER stared, dark-blue eyes widening. Then he laughed. "I see what you mean, but I don't want it to come that way. Thanks just the same. I'll get jobs. When you men of vision get the mess straightened out—there'll be pictures to paint and plenty of buyers."

He saluted Dr. Niles and turned into the hall, but stopped to say over his shoulder: "Get a trailer and tour this country, Mr. Burke. Then you'll find out what the *people* are like!"

After he had gone into the wet night, Burke said to Niles: "I want to get off some telegrams. But first"—he took out his wallet—"I want to send five dollars down to that tiny woman. Anonymously, of course. I'd like to help to keep their faith alive."

Niles said, "I'll write something from 'A Friend' and say he owes it to her for short-changing her once."

"Ah . . . yes," Burke agreed, with a smile that was slightly apologetic. "We'll send Juan to slip it under their door. And what would you like for a nice present? I don't want to call it the settlement of a debt!"

"A certain set of books," Niles returned promptly.

"It shall be a library!" Burke promised.

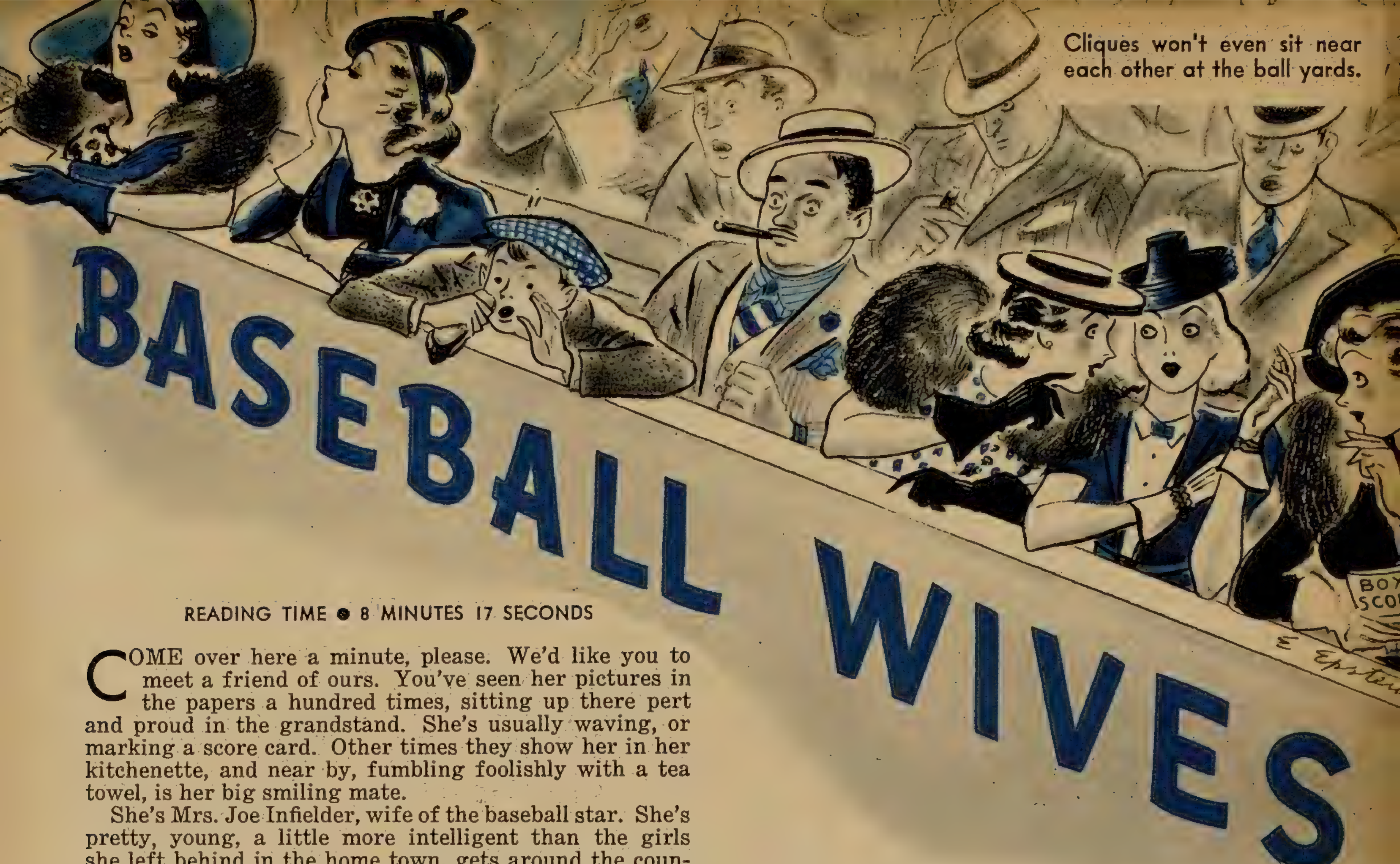
The sun shone with true California gallantry next morning when Burke and Niles emerged on the terrace. Mrs. Forrester was at work where the hedge had stood.

"Good morning!" she called gaily. "The most wonderful thing happened! I'd been wishing for five dollars to replace the hedge—and I got it—out of the blue! These ti plants grow fast," she went on, setting one into a hole. "In no time you'll have your privacy back."

"I don't want it any more," Burke protested whimsically. "Leave an opening to come through, won't you? It may save me a trailer trip across the continent!"

THE END

BASEBALL WIVES



Cliques won't even sit near each other at the ball yards.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

Plain talk! . . . A daring candid camera shot at what the ladies (God bless 'em) do to the game

BY BOB CONSIDINE

COME over here a minute, please. We'd like you to meet a friend of ours. You've seen her pictures in the papers a hundred times, sitting up there pert and proud in the grandstand. She's usually waving, or marking a score card. Other times they show her in her kitchenette, and near by, fumbling foolishly with a tea towel, is her big smiling mate.

She's Mrs. Joe Infielder, wife of the baseball star. She's pretty, young, a little more intelligent than the girls she left behind in the home town, gets around the country nearly as much as her husband, dresses well, bears a minimum of children, likes to play bridge and golf, and knows more inside baseball than the sports writers.

Mrs. Infielder is well-meaning enough. If her destiny had been to accept the bed and board of a mechanic or file clerk, or, at worst, a banker, she would have gone through life in a serene and even housewifely manner, making and holding her coterie of friends, free of her hot bursts of envy and recurrent despair. But her destiny was to become the wife of a big-league ballplayer. And, as such, she can never know the full meaning of peace or permanence, or, in the final summation, do much to help her man. If she has a facility as a helpmeet, it is for hurting him.

In her girlishly guileless way Mrs. Infielder and her chums, Mesdames Pitcher, Catcher, and Outfielder, can raise several assorted grades of trouble with a smooth-working baseball club.

She does it, consciously or otherwise, by forming little cliques among the wives. One clique will begin snubbing the other over some petty difference of opinion, or gang together to put the frost on a third clique. The cliques won't even sit near each other at the ball yards. In time, the wives cannot help but transmit their spat to their husbands. And soon enough the club loses the hyperimportant ingredient of unity. Dissension grows and the owner, desperate to protect his investment, fires the manager or trades away the ringleaders of the warring factions.

The Cleveland Indians' management has gently but firmly told its players to keep their wives away from spring training camp. If the clubs dared, they would take a deep breath some day and issue an edict barring the dear baseball brides from the ball park during the season. A manager or owner will do everything, short of supplying a promising young star with a harem, to keep him from getting married. They're jealous of his interests. And every marriage on a club means one more dainty little package of potential trouble.

Try as they will, baseball wives cannot resist stirring up the dust of trouble. Let us, for example, look in on a friendly little bridge game at the cute apartment of Mrs. Joe Infielder. The players, besides the hostess, are Mrs. Spike Outfielder, Mrs. Butch Catcher, and Mrs. Molly Pitcher. The campaigning, at a twenty-fifth of a cent a point, has come to a momentary armistice.

MRS. INFIELDER: . . . so, my dears, I turned around to this fellow who called my Joe a bum and I gave him a glare he'll never forget.

MRS. OUTFIELDER: Serves him right. But, say, did you notice the way my Spike came in for the ball that Joe let go through his legs today in the ninth? And that peg of Spike's to the plate! He had DiMaggio by ten feet if Butch hadn't dropped the ball. Don't you hate to see a perfect throw like that go to waste?

MRS. CATCHER *(suddenly grinding out her cigarette)*: I don't doubt your eyesight, dearie, but that so-called "strike" which you say your Spike threw from the outfield was—ah—well, lousy. It hit the dirt twice before it dribbled up to the plate. And, as I recall, DiMaggio had already crossed the dish when my Butch finally got the ball.

MRS. OUTFIELDER: Why, my dear, I don't want to press the point, but—

MRS. PITCHER: Just a minute, girls, as long as we're taking our hair down. I think it's a crime the way our fellows have been letting my husband down this season. He had an earned-run average of 2.98 last season, and he's as good this season, if our fellows would give him a break some day, and stop booting them in the field.

MRS. INFIELDER *(after a pregnant pause, and a little defiantly)*: All right, all right. What if my Joe did make a little error today, and it lost the game? It was a hard chance, and should have been scored as a hit, and I'll be darned if I'm going to sit here and hear my Joe ridiculed. He's as good as any man on the team, and anybody who don't think so can—

The girls placate the hostess and each other, bid one another affectionate good nights, and separately go home to tell their husbands, sometimes to the accompaniment of tears, that nobody loves him on the team.

Baffled, he goes to bed; looks around next day for his imaginary enemies.

From her husband a baseball wife can learn the difference between the hit-and-run and the squeeze play. She can learn Lou Gehrig's weakness at the plate, or on which side Arkie Vaughan is defensively weak. She can rattle off the 1937 records of Dizzy Dean, and know what to do when the count on a batter is three balls and one strike.

But what she can never learn, until the Hall of Fame is dust, is the grim code of the game. She can't take the code which makes it permissible for a club to wring the best years out of a man like the juice of an orange, and then drop him without remorse or remuneration. She can't understand why her husband, if he is accidentally chained to a weak and poor-paying club, cannot break away and hire himself out to a better club, just as men do in every other business. So she fights against these things as her instincts dictate.

The Diamond Lils are behind nearly every hold-out. With touching faith in their man's worth, they are convinced that every club is a soulless corporation dedicated to the proposition of gypping their breadwinners. They contrast their financial lot with the lot of other players' wives, and demand, either by tears or expressive silence, that their own husbands get the money they deserve from that penny-pinching owner.

If it were left to the average ballplayer to make up his own mind, there would be few hold-outs—and correspondingly little to keep the sports pages alive during the months between January and April.

There is no more tragic sight in sports than the look of a baseball wife who sits up in the stands watching with frightened eyes the decreasing skill of her husband, and trying not to listen to the vicious bark of the grandstand wolves who want him fired. Like their husbands, who are the last to know, the baseball wives do not realize that midnight is tolling on their Cinderella existence until the bongs are echoing through the sports world. Like their husbands, the older they get the more they tend to blame their husbands' poor performances on umpires, erroring younger players, managers, owners, and bat boys—acquitting only themselves.

No general story about baseball wives can help becoming specific, and when we become specific we come very naturally to that most famous of the interesting sorority—Mrs. Dizzy Dean. Mrs. Dean is attractive, a little on the hefty side, and quite as capable off the diamond as her husband is on it. She is Dizzy's manager, and is overcome by no ladylike desire to shield it. She dictates terms to the owners of the St. Louis Cardinals, stands by her husband through thick and thin, and announces the beginning and end of Dizz's various strikes and sulks.

Dizzy and his Patricia were formally exposed to the holy bonds of matrimony at the home plate of the Houston, Texas, ball yard, between the games of a doubleheader, and there is no reason to doubt that they will live happily ever after.

No prettier group of women live than the guild of baseball wives. Mrs. Lefty Gomez was June O'Dea of musical-comedy fame. Mrs. Lyn Lary was Mary Lawler of the stage. Mrs. Earl Whitehill was an actress, a model. Mrs. Carl Hubbell could pose for one of those Wholesome Women ads. Mrs. Joe Kuhel looks like the stand-in of a top-flight Hollywood actress. Bucky Harris' wife was a Washington, D. C., debutante, known for her beauty and charm. The good-looking Mrs. Joe Medwick, like many other wives, is secretary to her husband, takes care of his fan mail and arranges his speaking and banquet dates during the off season. Before the present Mrs. Ruth took charge of the Babe's household, he was giving away his money to every begging-letter writer, legitimate or not.

Ball clubs are unwilling to play Cupid, but if their married players get into difficulties they will move mountains. The game frowns heavily on divorce.

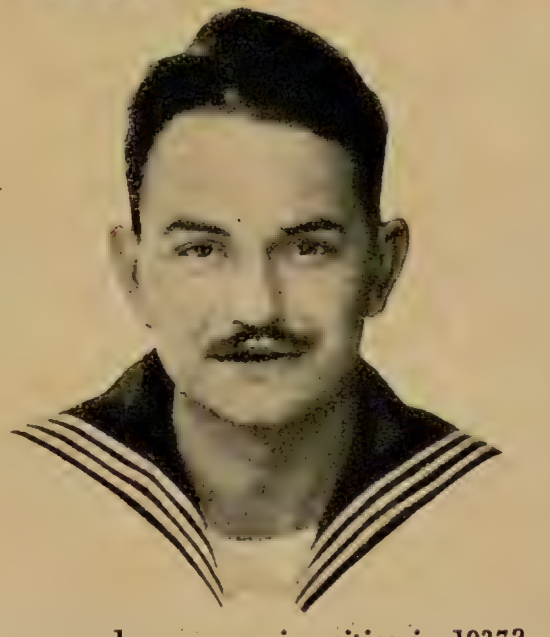
Although he affects a warm surprise, and shouts a hearty endorsement, the big-league owner tends to shudder secretly when he hears that the wife of one of his more important players is about to bless the American scene with a child. In the case of the batting champion of one of the big leagues several seasons back, it knocked 100 points off his stick average and caused him to be benched. Johnny Broaca, well on the way to a fat series check as a member of the pennant-bound New York Yankees of last season, deserted the club in midseason to be nearer his wife. Then left her when the baby was born—prompting the Yanks to give Mrs. Broaca a "cut" of the World Series melon, the only time a baseball wife ever has been thus honored.

The regrettable part of breeding, from an unromantic owner's standpoint, is that usually a clique of the wives is so chummy that when one decides to have a baby, they all do, to keep her company.

And so they go along, most of them living only for the moment, laughing, loving, hating, plotting, and never recognizing the end when finally it comes. It's a mad and merry gallop, riding in the big money of the big leagues and making the eyes of the girls back home pop. And if, at the end, the player winds up with enough to live on for life, or enough to set himself up in business, he can thank only his Diamond Lil who, unlike her sisters, knew that there was something beyond the midnight of her man's short, ecstatic playing career.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is of "Little Caesar" in his thinner, younger navy days. Who?

2—Which May event has been run every year since 1875?

3—Falstaff is a character in which of Shakespeare's plays? Desdemona? Viola?

4—Millions hearken to Benny Kubelsky. Who is he?

5—Which rising religious sect was persecuted during Nero's reign?

6—U. S. S. R. stands for what?

7—Is the Sultan of Swat, the Nizam of Hyderabad, or Henry Ford the world's richest man?

8—Lengthy, painted fingernails once signified what in China?

9—Where in Virginia was George Washington born?

10—Which U. S. city had the lowest crime record among major cities in 1937?

11—What is Europe's largest fresh-water fish?

12—How is "skiing" pronounced in Norway?

13—The Tydings-McDuffie Act provides for the independence of which people in 1946?

14—What is the Geheime Staatspolizei?

15—Who wrote Henry Esmond (probably his greatest novel)?

16—Hellas was the ancient name of what?

17—If spaghetti is about 3/32 of an inch in diameter, what is the approximate diameter of vermicelli?

18—Who discovered the St. Lawrence River in 1536?

19—If the motor fails, what type of plane can serve as its own parachute?

20—Which newscaster preceded Lowell Thomas?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

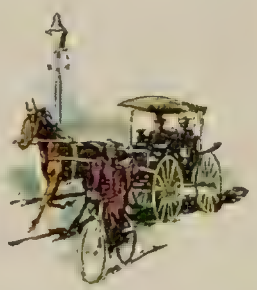
"I'M GLAD I'VE LIVED TO SEE THESE CHANGES IN AMERICAN LIFE..."

A noted statesman, publisher and humanitarian sums up some benefits of the "pay-as-you-live" plan

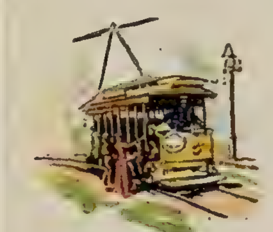
by ARTHUR CAPPER

United States Senator from Kansas

"WHENEVER I hear people talk about the 'good old days' I wonder how many of us really know or remember life as life was lived fifty—or even thirty—years ago.



Automobiles were 'high-falutin'' and expensive. Few families could afford them. Out in Kansas, we traveled by leg, by horse, by streetcar or train—or we stayed at home. Housework was an eternal grind, demanding an expenditure of energy and elbow grease that left our wives and mothers wilted and worn out at the day's end.

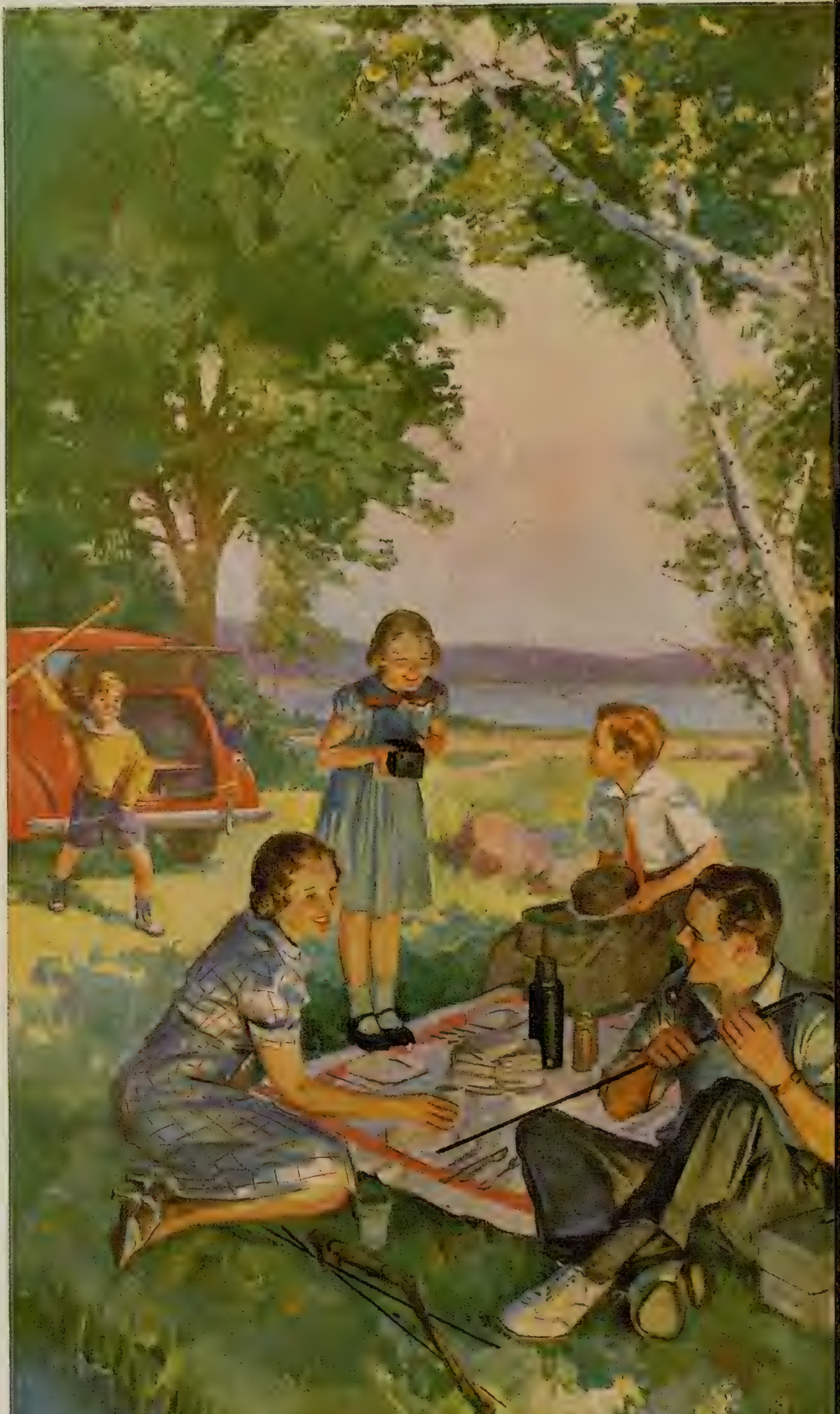


"We have every reason to be thankful for the marvels that have been wrought in our time... for the vision that conceived and the skill that produced things this generation takes for granted. What a difference they have made... the electric light, the motor car, the automatic refrigerator, washing machine, heating and air conditioning equipment. I am glad I have lived to see these changes in American life... to know that my countrymen have achieved a standard of living far above that of any other people.

"The time-payment plan of buying substantial things has given millions of honest, hard-working people their chance to turn dreams into realities."

* * *

THE Commercial Credit Company.. a great financial institution to serve the American family.. offers you a time-payment plan which enables you to invest regularly a small part of your income in durable possessions contributing to family health, comfort and happiness. This is a form of saving that pays dividends in better living. When you buy on time, ask your automobile, truck or home-equipment dealer to finance your purchase on the Commercial Credit Company plan and you may enjoy the advantages of low cost, courteous treatment with adequate protection.



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SANTA BARBARA

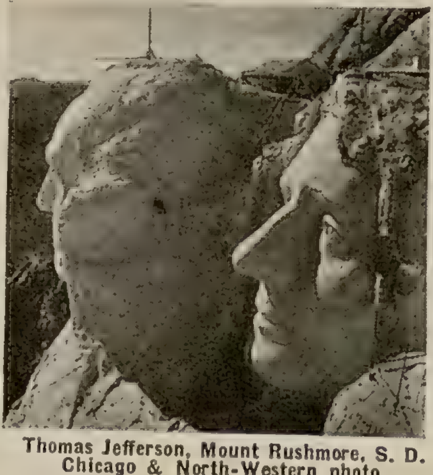
100,000 MILES FREE Vacation Travel!

NOW is the time to get into the vacation game and win mileage for a trip to that long-cherished destination. Vacation time is coming. It will soon be here ! Act now by solving the jumbles on Coupon 6 on this page and get started toward the finest trip you have ever taken. Each jumble can be rearranged into the name of a well known holiday center. For instance, YONLOWTESEL rearranges into YELLOWSTONE. Solve each jumble similarly. Now, if you have missed the first five weeks of the game, Liberty has prepared reprints of the material you need in order to bring your entry up to date. Write to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover the expense of handling and mailing. When these coupons arrive you can solve them at your leisure and file them away with Coupon 6, to be added to as the contest progresses. Save each coupon until your set of ten is complete.

Rocky Mountain National Park. Rock Island Lines photo.

Sailmobiling at Virginia Beach. Va. Con. Comm. photo.

Rhode Island birthplace of O. H. Perry. New England Council photo.


Thomas Jefferson, Mount Rushmore, S. D. Chicago & North-Western photo.

THESE SIMPLE RULES WILL GUIDE YOU TOWARD A GRAND VACATION

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 6...USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. BROARBRAH..................
2. ONECAGOVER..................
3. LLOKBSANDIC..................
4. TORNEBAMUINA..................
5. NOWGASHNIT..................
6. HAKMALT..................
7. OHETA..................
8. RACHNESTOL..................
9. COALSAPNE..................
10. AAFFGLST..................

Two kinds of clinics: one a boon to humanity, the other a pompous racket— A look behind the scenes into both

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

Doctors DON'T Tell

" Mr. Muchdoe, it's very fortunate that you came in at the time that you did."

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Look into any profession you can think of, except one, and you find its honest, reputable members free to admit that there are some incompetents and some crooks among their colleagues. The one exception is medicine. Because of the convention known as "medical ethics," doctors don't tell on one another—and this is what has moved the honest Dr. " George B. Raymond " to tell his own story with a candor that throws light on both medicine's sterling types and its unworthy ones. While he is stating facts, all names and places in his story are so changed as to be unidentifiable.

Last week he showed how the up-to-date surgeon and the old stager in general practice can co-operate without resort to fee-splitting. He told how he had disposed of an evil business proposition from an abortionist.

PART TEN—" GROUP MEDICINE," GOOD AND BAD

DIAGNOSIS is a medical jig-saw puzzle. If the signs and symptoms are put together correctly, we arrive at a correct picture. Sometimes that picture indicates surgery, sometimes medication. But the average fellow today tends to look at most medical cases from the point of view of their surgical possibilities.

This attitude is due in part to the awe in which a good surgeon is held by an admiring public. A more potent cause, however, is the fact that surgery pays the big fees. The fee is too often the underlying urge in translating medical cases incorrectly into surgical cases, with a resulting high mortality rate.

Many otherwise reputable surgeons encourage this conscious or unconscious manufacturing of unnecessary operations by offering to share their profits with the men who refer cases to them. In fact, almost every general practitioner lists his surgeons in three classes: Surgeons who do *not* split fees (increasingly rare) ; surgeons who *do* split fees; surgeons who collect their fees from the physician who refers the work, and leave him to collect a much larger fee from the patient.

But fee-splitting and operation-manufacturing are only two of the evils resulting from the increasing greediness of surgically-minded physicians. Gradually the thought grows up in their minds: Why should I be content with splitting somebody else's fee? Why shouldn't I operate myself, and get the whole fee?

This attitude is understandable. It is pretty hard for a young man to have to refer one of his patients to a surgeon, who receives fees of from $100 to $500, while the physician who sent the surgeon the work receives nothing but a few dollars for his house calls. This $100 to $500 operating fee looks awfully large to a struggling physician who has to work many days, make many calls, and send many bills to collect such an amount.

Overnight, therefore, he becomes a surgeon.

He may develop into a good surgical technician, or he may be a man who should never have been allowed to hold a scalpel in his hand. That is true, too, of doctors who practice surgery from the beginning. But it isn't the competence or incompetence of the individual physician which is the problem. It is the attitude of mind of the man who goes into surgery not because he believes he is a born surgeon and can help humanity but solely for the dollars and cents he can get out of it. Naturally he is always on the lookout for surgical cases. He operates when he shouldn't—and somebody has a funeral!

. . . . .

Dr. Larry Baker, who, by the way, developed into a very good " internal " man, had been trying for some time to sell me on an idea. "George," he would say, "you ought to have a clinic of your own. You'll kill yourself trying to do everything from vaccinations to brain operations. Your practice is getting too large. You should confine yourself to diagnosis and the more difficult surgery. You can hire fellows like me, or take them in as junior partners if you will, to do the rest of the work."

The idea was a tempting one. The greatest danger that even the moderately successful doctor faces is having his practice become too big for him to handle. His health may be able to stand it, but his patients' can't. In a big city I could have handled mine, which was now county-wide; but there in the country, where I had to do almost everything myself, I was beginning to feel the strain.

"The location here is ideal," continued Larry, "and the climate. You could have another Bingo's."

I took a low bow on that one. For "clinic medicine," or "group medicine," probably had its birth in this United States as a result of the great work done at Ardonville by Drs. George and James Bingo, who were exceptionally good diagnosticians and surgeons.

Years ago, their practice grew by leaps and bounds, and as it grew, they brought in assistants, good men, to help them in their daily work. Other excellent men gravitated to Ardonville. Some of these men stayed.

What evolved out of all this was a corps of doctors, topnotchers in their field, who could, and did, give expert attention to cases at the Bingo Clinic. Moreover, the Bingo brothers never lost the personal touch. They never went in for high fees for the poor man, nor did they turn him away, nor did they try to force unnecessary operations upon their patients.

The same high principles have governed others of the better clinics—Dr. Burrill's at Magellan, for example. But not all "group medicine" institutions are patterned after these. There are many other types. Some of them have a rather bad reputation with the profession.

Of course, the "Raymond Clinic," if there was one, would be just as good as I could possibly make it; but it would be difficult, I knew, to bring to a small place like Canaking enough young doctors who, combined with great specialized skill, had the character needed to resist temptations to commercialism.

YET something had to be done to relieve me from strain. So I did what I had always done when sore-pressed: went back to Duggan to see Uncle Billy Mann.

"Well, George, you know I'm a great believer in co-operation," he began. "I am familiar, of course, with the wonderful work done by the best clinics. But my own experience with medicine on a mass-production basis has not been very encouraging.

"Our Duggan Clinic, here in town, was started by Dr. John Gerson, an old assistant of mine, an honest, high-minded fellow. But John couldn't keep his eye on everything. The financial strain was pretty heavy. The fellows he had in with him became dissatisfied with their cut, and began stooping to all kinds of slick practices. John finally gave up. The slick boys took it over."

"What is it like now?" I asked.

"Well," drawled Uncle Billy, "there's a nice luxurious waiting room, in the center of which sits a young woman, very nursy looking, on whose desk stands a bronze sign, 'Registry.' This room is very impressive and gives an air of superefficiency.

"You, as a prospective patient, walk up to the registry desk. The girl gets out a card, asks you questions. She gets as complete a history of you as a careful detective would on a police case. Last but not least, she makes a pointed inquiry as to your occupation and—of course, as she explains, 'for record purposes only'—just how much salary or income you have. This accomplished, you are told to sit down. You do, and you wait and wait.

"Meanwhile the white-gowned inquisitor has taken your card and disappeared through a door to the secret confines of some office down the hall. She shows it to a young physician, who decides what series of physicians will look you over. She returns to her desk. In due time her phone rings. She motions you to advance. Then she says, in a tone of one granting a great favor:

"'Dr. Jones will see you now.'

"If, by chance, your inquisition has revealed that you are the possessor of a sizable bank account, she will herself accompany you to Dr. Jones' door and announce:

"'Mr. Muchdoe to see Dr. Jones!'

"You are now in Dr. Jones' office. And, by the way, your complaint is that you tire out early in the day, you don't sleep so good, your stomach gets upset, and you want to know what it's all about.

"Jones makes a deliberate examination. Looks at your tonsils. You have none. He seems disappointed, but you don't notice that. He looks into your ears; listens to your heart; puts you up on the table, pokes your abdomen, tests you for hernia, tries your reflexes, takes your blood pressure, and asks what the scar on your tummy indicates.

"'Appendicitis,' you say.

"He shakes his head—another disappointment.

FINALLY, after you thought your examination was at an end, he comes back to re-examine your heart. He affects great alarm. 'Well, well!' he says. 'I think I shall have Dr. Smith look you over.'

"You begin to say to yourself, 'So I really am ill! Bum heart!'

"So down the hall you go to Dr. Smith, who pricks your ear and makes a blood smear. Then a nurse cleans your arm on the inner side of the elbow. Zip! In goes a needle. He draws out a syringe full of blood. Then he gets a sample of urine, and disappears for ten minutes.

"'Mr. Muchdoe, I want Dr. Black to take an X-ray of your abdomen,' he announces solemnly, when he returns. 'Just a general check-up. While you are here, though, I think it would be a good thing to have Dr. Wells look over your nose and throat.'

"Then he picks up the phone, calls Black, with whom he has a most erudite and technical conversation, from which you judge that Dr. Black is too busy to take a picture today. Dr. Smith turns to you, asking:

"'Can you come in tomorrow at nine for some pictures?'

"You really shouldn't take the time from your business, but obviously you are a very sick man, so in self-pity you say 'Yes.'

"'Now,' he says, 'I'll take you down to Dr. Wells' office.'

"Dr. Wells is a nose and throat specialist. He takes a tongue depressor, gags you, flashes the light from his head mirror down your throat.

"'Good Lord! Who took your tonsils out?'

"'Dr. Simmons,' you tell him.

"'Thought so! They are regenerating. They're diseased, too. Better have 'em out.'

"Meanwhile Dr. Wells has darkened the room and has passed a milk-white electric bulb into your nostril.

"'Steady,' he cautions, while he peers intently into your nostrils and mouth. You hold everything.

"'Sinus a little moist!' he mumbles for your benefit. This is as sinuses should be, but you don't know it.

"Finally he finishes. Then, taking a pencil, he writes busily on the card which has accompanied you from physician to physician. Then he turns to you impressively.

"'Wouldn't leave those putrid tonsils in too long. Get them out. They don't do you any good. I—er—can arrange to take them out for you any time.'

"But you, fortunately, are conservative. You tell him you will let him know after your X-rays are complete."

Uncle Billy paused for much-needed refreshment.

"And what happens the next day?" I prompted.

"You arrive at the clinic, and are taken to the X-ray department immediately. You are going to be there all day and part of the next day. You find out about this after they start taking pictures.

"You are instructed to come back in four hours, then to come in again in eight hours, and the next morning at nine, for the last picture.

"By this time your thoughts begin to run to an undertaker's parlor. But you go back.

"The final picture having been taken, you are told to wait in the reception room. Again you wait and you wait and you wait. Again the nursy-looking lady motions you to the registry desk, where, in hushed and awed accents, she whispers:

"'Dr. Jones will see you now to report on your condition.'

"You trail the receptionist to Dr. Jones' lair.

"Dr. Jones comes in, pulls out a pair of nosepinchers, attached to which is one of those dignified, professional-looking black ribbons. He puts on these glasses, picks up your report card, which he scrutinizes carefully, and utters a few discreet exclamations as he reads. This, of course, is part of his act.

"If you could read the card and translate the medical terms, it would all spell nothing, plain nothing, except what you already know: that you have been a slave to your work and are run down.

"However, Dr. Jones is clearing his throat in a most ominous manner.

"'Mr. Muchdoe,' he begins, 'it's very fortunate that you came in to us at the time you did. Our findings show that you are suffering from slight frontal sinusitis; scarification and regeneration of the tonsillar parenchyma; slight elevation of systolic phase of cardia, with occasional extra systoles; slight spasticity of gastrointestinal tract, with suspected adhesions in the right ileac fossae; mild secondary anemia; and reflexes slightly exaggerated.'

"WHAT does this all mean?' you blurt.

"'Well, it means, Mr. Muchdoe, that you have neglected your health. We recommend that you have those vestigial and infected tonsil stumps removed, and those adhesions around your appendix removed. However, we must build you up first. It'll take about three weeks. Then I want you to come in and we'll arrange for those slight operations. Meanwhile, I'll give you something to take.'

"He hands you a bottle of black pills.

"You succeed in staggering home. You go to your room to take a look at yourself in the mirror, just to see for yourself what a really sick person looks like. You mope around the house for a few days. Then one morning the mailman leaves a letter. Languidly you open it. It's from the clinic. What? Impossible! You get your glasses. Yes, there it is:

"'To professional services, $250.'

"If you had gone to a good general practitioner, you would have been told the truth—that you were run down. He would have looked you over, advised you to correct your method of living, given you something to steady your nerves and build you up, and charged you five bucks.

"Well," Uncle Billy concluded, "you asked me what I thought of group medicine. Maybe, now, you have an idea!"

"Are you doctors really anything more than modern voodoo men?" It was Cleo, Dr. "Raymond's" own wife, who put that startling question to him! With his frank and enlightening answer, Doctors Don't Tell will be concluded in Liberty next week.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT WEST POINT
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOME OF AMERICA'S FUTURE GENERALS TODAY, CHUBBINS—ONE ESPECIALLY
DON'T TEASE ME ABOUT NED, DAD, YOU'LL LIKE HIM TOO
I'M GLAD TO SEE WASHINGTON'S STATUE HERE. HE DID SO MUCH TO GET THE ACADEMY STARTED
WASHINGTON
JUST THINK, CHUBBINS—IN THESE HALLS, OVER 11,000 YOUNG MEN HAVE LEARNED THE FINE TRADITIONS SET BY SUCH FAMOUS GRADUATES AS LEE, GOETHALS, AND MANY OTHERS
OH, DADDY—HERE COME THE CADETS NOW. LET'S GO LOOK FOR NED
I GUESS THE CADETS ARE LINED UP HERE FOR DRESS PARADE
OH, THERE'S NED. DOESN'T HE LOOK HANDSOME IN THAT UNIFORM?
JUDGE, THERE'S CONSTITUTION ISLAND WHERE, IN 1778, THE COLONIALS ANCHORED A CHAIN ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER TO PREVENT THE ENEMY'S FLEET FROM CUTTING THE COLONIES IN TWO
JUDGE, I'M PLANNING TO GET AN EXTRA-NICE PIPE PRETTY SOON. WHAT WOULD YOU RECOMMEND FOR COOL, MELLOW SMOKING?
WELL, NED, WE COULD TALK ABOUT PIPES FOR HOURS, BUT IT ONLY TAKES TWO WORDS TO TELL YOU HOW TO ASSURE A MILD TASTY SMOKE IN ANY PIPE — PRINCE ALBERT!

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INSTRUCTOR

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CAPTAIN

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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For better light-better sight, buy these new, brighter MAZDA lamps made by General Electric. New low prices on sight-saving sizes.

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For smaller single-socket table and bridge lamps.
75 WATT . . . . . ~~20¢~~ . . 15¢

IN I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT LAMPS
For I. E. S. table, bridge, and wall lamps, garage and laundry.
100 WATT . . . . ~~20¢~~ . . 15¢

FOR THREE-LIGHT LAMPS
Three-Lite bulbs for three-light I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps and three-light fixtures.
50-100-150 WATT ~~50¢~~ .45¢
100-200-300 WATT ~~65¢~~ .60¢

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For kitchens, home workshops, game rooms, I. E. S. lamps.
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15-25-40-60 watt, previously reduced to today's low prices . . . . only 15¢

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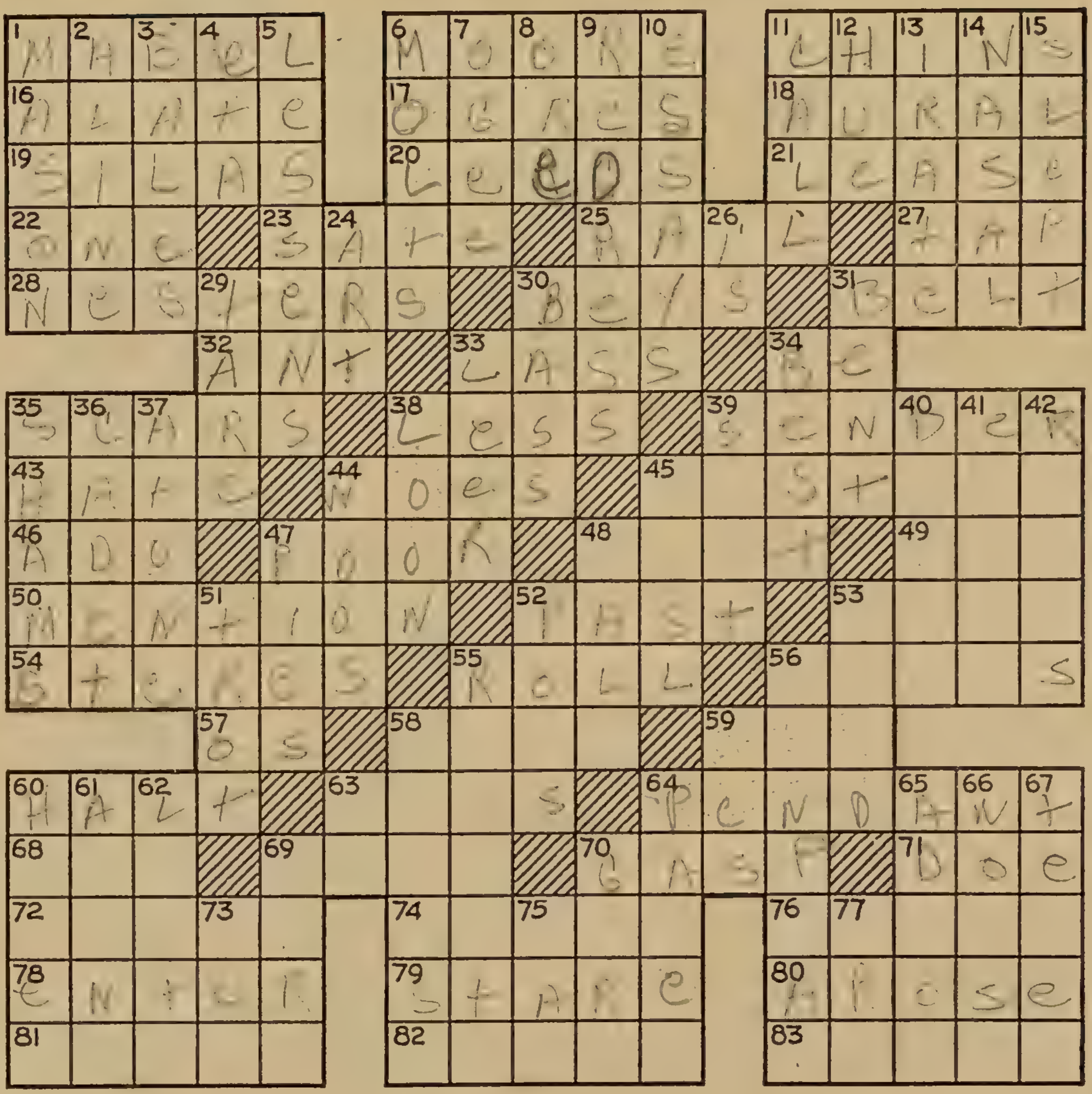
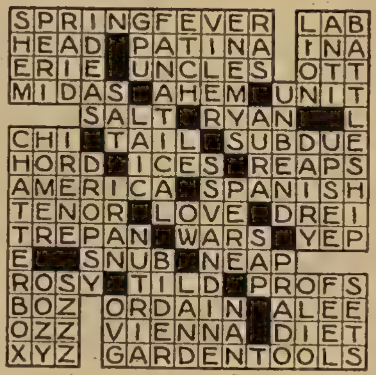


HORIZONTAL

1 Girl's name
6 Irish poet
11 Part of the head (pl.)
16 Winged
17 Hideous monsters
18 Of the ear
19 Man's name
20 City in England
21 Rent
22 Individual
23 Satisfy to repletion
25 A bird
27 Spigot
28 Squatters
30 Turkish governors
31 Girdle
32 Insect
33 Young girl
34 Part of to be
35 Cicatrices
38 Fewer
39 Transmitter
43 Detestation
44 Griefs
45 Give back
46 Commotion
47 Lacking in richness
48 Deed
49 American general
50 Name incidentally
52 Gone by
53 Measure of content
54 Metric measures
55 Roster
56 Defeats
57 Bone
58 Force
59 Hard subsoil
60 Stop
63 Fruit (pl.)
64 Something that hangs
68 Duration of existence



SPRINGFEVER LAB
HEAD■PATINA INA
ERIE■UNCLES OTT
MIDAS■AHEM■UNIT
SALT■RYAN■■L
CHI■TAIL■SUBDUE
HORD■ICES■REAPS
AMERICA■SPANISH
TENOR■LOVE■DREI
TREPAN■WARS■YEP
E■■SNUB■NEAP
ROSY■TILD■PROFS
BOZ ORDAIN■ALEE
OZZ VIENNA■DIET
XYZ GARDENTOOLS

Last week's answer

69 Notify
70 Breathe spasmodically
71 Deer
72 Compact
74 Duck
76 Select class
78 Penetrate
79 Gaze fixedly
80 Ascended
81 Rock
82 Warm
83 Ovules

VERTICAL

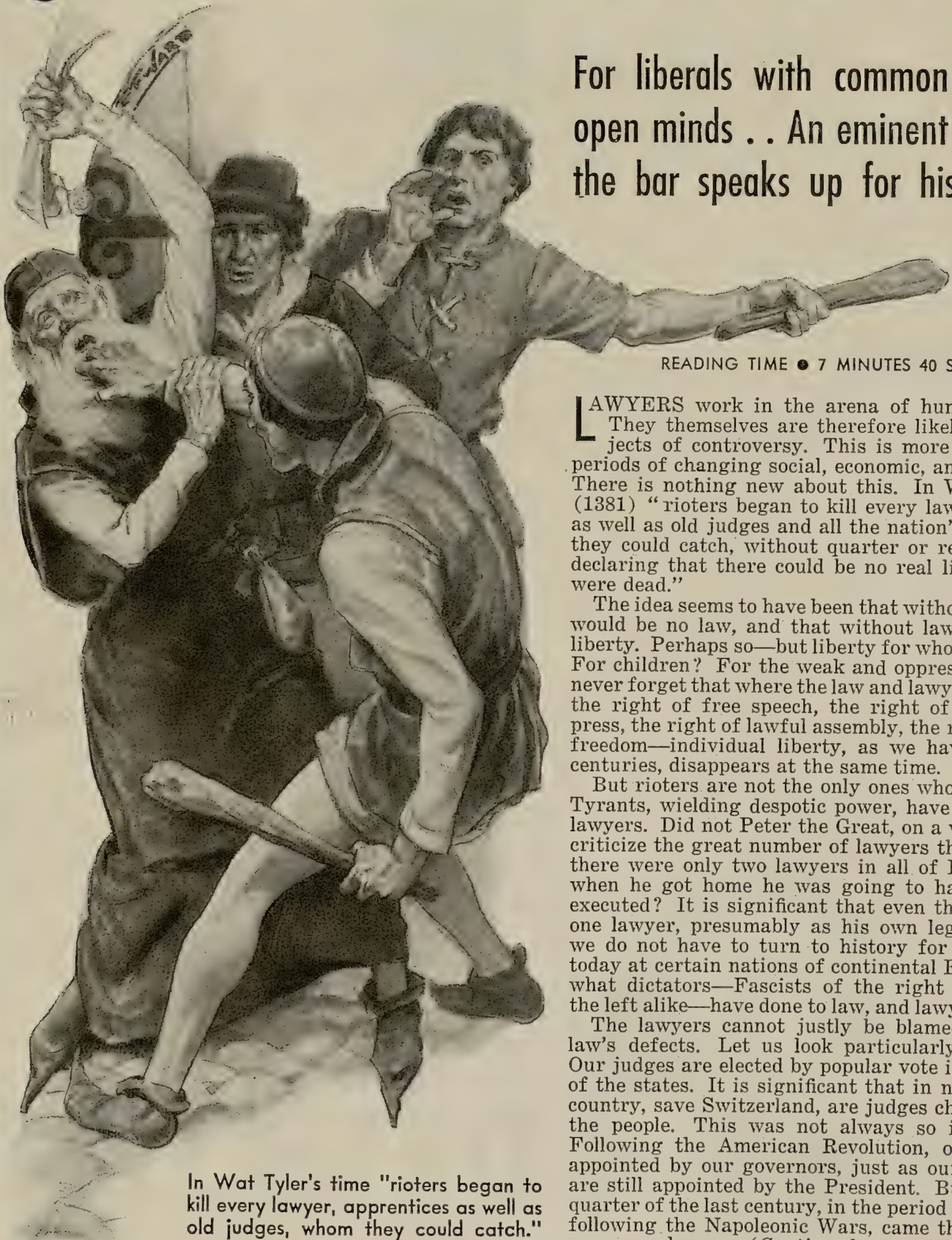
1 Bricklayer
2 Line up
3 Bundles
4 Greek letter
5 Abates
6 Sheds
7 Molding
8 Native metal
9 Reparation of wrong
10 Tries
11 Summon
12 Color
13 Angry
14 Of the nose
15 Slumbered
24 Craft
26 Form of to be
29 Weed
30 Fish
31 Made crooked
33 Sidelong glance
34 Superlatively good
35 Counterfeits
36 Military student
37 Expiate
38 Bird
39 Part of a valve
40 Deals out sparingly
41 Upstanding
42 Emits vapor
44 Courts
45 Remainder
47 Pastry (pl.)
48 Go hungry
51 Jog
52 Fasteners
53 Hang
55 Variety of coal
56 Addresses with jest
58 Most dreadful
59 Write
60 Hell
61 Deputy
62 Musical term
63 Note of the scale
64 Peeled
65 Spring up
66 Noticed
67 The years between twelve and twenty
69 Existed
70 Fairy
73 Japanese coin
75 Dibble
77 Lay of the land

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Why Blame the Lawyers?

BY ARTHUR T. VANDERBILT

President of the American Bar Association



In Wat Tyler's time "rioters began to kill every lawyer, apprentices as well as old judges, whom they could catch."

For liberals with common sense and open minds . . An eminent member of the bar speaks up for his profession

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LAWYERS work in the arena of human controversy. They themselves are therefore likely to be the subjects of controversy. This is more so than ever in periods of changing social, economic, and political ideas. There is nothing new about this. In Wat Tyler's time (1381) "rioters began to kill every lawyer, apprentices as well as old judges and all the nation's jurators whom they could catch, without quarter or respect of person, declaring that there could be no real liberty until they were dead."

The idea seems to have been that without lawyers there would be no law, and that without law there would be liberty. Perhaps so—but liberty for whom? For women? For children? For the weak and oppressed? We should never forget that where the law and lawyers are banished, the right of free speech, the right of freedom of the press, the right of lawful assembly, the right of religious freedom—individual liberty, as we have known it for centuries, disappears at the same time.

But rioters are not the only ones who dislike lawyers. Tyrants, wielding despotic power, have always despised lawyers. Did not Peter the Great, on a visit to England, criticize the great number of lawyers there, saying that there were only two lawyers in all of Russia, and that when he got home he was going to have one of them executed? It is significant that even the tyrant wanted one lawyer, presumably as his own legal adviser. But we do not have to turn to history for proof; a glance today at certain nations of continental Europe will show what dictators—Fascists of the right and Fascists of the left alike—have done to law, and lawyers, and liberty.

The lawyers cannot justly be blamed for all of the law's defects. Let us look particularly at our courts. Our judges are elected by popular vote in three quarters of the states. It is significant that in no other civilized country, save Switzerland, are judges chosen directly by the people. This was not always so in this country. Following the American Revolution, our judges were appointed by our governors, just as our federal judges are still appointed by the President. But in the second quarter of the last century, in the period of violent unrest following the Napoleonic Wars, came the notion that it was more demo- (*Continued on second page following*)

WHERE TRAGEDY STALKED

THE STORY OF THE LOVELY AMERICAN GIRL, JEAN De KOVEN, WHO WENT TO DANCE BUT MET A TRAGIC FATE.

A BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE IN TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

When lovely Jean De Koven, brilliant and exotic American dancer, vanished from her hotel in Paris the police of France were completely baffled. Even when her aunt, with whom she was traveling, received a note demanding $500 ransom authorities were unable to trace the message. Neither could they solve the mystery of her disappearance when the girl's travelers' checks began to appear in Paris banks. But the day did come when the strange case suddenly broke with an echo that was heard around the world. Once on the trail, brilliant sleuths speedily cracked the many baffling angles of the riddle, unmasked one of the most astounding murder monsters in the history of all Europe—and made possible the fascinating, book-length feature which is an outstanding achievement in the new May issue of True Detective Mysteries magazine. You may remember the startling newspaper headlines of this famous case. Now you can read the entire story of what went on behind the headlines. Seldom, if ever, will you read so amazing a detective case history! Get your copy of May True Detective now—at the nearest news stand!

Jean De Koven

TRUE DETECTIVE
MYSTERIES
MURDERING MONSTER and the EXOTIC DANCER
THE JEAN DeKOVEN HORROR

OTHER FASCINATING DETECTIVE EXPLOITS REVEALED DIRECT FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS IN THIS GREAT ISSUE.

RATHBOURNE'S CHAIN OF CRIME, a revelation of how they trapped America's Ace Swindler. This man demonstrated that he was about as shrewd as any swindler who ever lived. The Chief of Detectives in New York knew just how smart this master forger was and laid his plans accordingly. What Rathbourne did to escape capture and how he finally was caught makes an epic in detective work the like of which is seldom explained. Read the complete story in May True Detective.

TEN MISSING MEN, behind the scenes in Texas' Bizarre Blanton-King Case. The King ranch covers more ground than the State of Rhode Island. A Texas rancher and his son went hunting on the ranch—and never came back. Others had disappeared before them. A public clamor rose demanding solution of the case but difficulties arose to balk the investigators. Can you piece together this puzzle? Read the exclusive story in May True Detective.

Also included in the big May issue you will find THE ENIGMA OF WASHINGTON'S DOOMED BEAUTY; CHICAGO'S MOONLIGHT MURDER MYSTERY; HORROR ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE; MISTRESS OF DEATH—A Missouri Atrocity; THE CLUE OF THE CRIMSON SAND, and many other gripping features.

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

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(Continued from page 33)

cratic to elect our judges. Indeed, the notion went further: the more often the judges were elected, the more democratic they would be. With most of our judges under the necessity of prevailing periodically in a popularity contest, the wonder is that our judiciary is as efficient as it is. The credit for ameliorating the effects of partisan politics on judicial selections may properly be claimed by our bar associations. They have striven, more or less successfully, to eliminate or at least limit the influence of the politicians in judicial selection. The latest device is to have a judge, on the expiration of his term, "run against himself," i. e., let the people decide whether they want him reelected on the basis of his record. If they do not, the field is open.

ADDED to this popular election of judges is the frontier conception of a trial as a sporting event. If it is to be a real success as a spectacle, it must be a genuine contest between the two gladiators. The judge must not interfere except to prevent clinching which would otherwise spoil the show. Accordingly, in twenty-eight states the judge is prohibited from making any comment on the facts to the jury. The one entirely disinterested legal mind in the courtroom is precluded from advising the jury. In twenty-one states the judge's charge to the jury must be in writing, with the inevitable result of rendering it more ineffective. In twenty-two states the charge precedes the summations. What jury could remember the court's written instructions after being subjected to two barrages of opposing oratory?

It is inevitable under such a system, no matter how honestly administered, that miscarriages of justice must result. All too often they are laid on the doorstep of the lawyers. All too often each judge is a law unto himself, without any responsibility to any superior. But there is no reason now why the Chief Justice of each state should not be the head of the judiciary, and be empowered to supervise the activities of the judges and send them wherever they are most needed. Every business has a chief executive, except the business of administering justice. This lack inevitably makes for inefficiency and delay, for which the lawyers are generally blamed.

All of these things the people can change whenever they wish. We are now suffering for the mistakes of past generations. All the while our population has been expanding so rapidly, our social organization has been growing so complex, as to almost defy our best efforts to bring the process of justice in line with the needs of the twentieth century.

Can the bar help in solving these problems? Yes. By work over a period of years, the American Bar Association has built up standards of legal education and admission to the bar to replace the cruder notions of a simpler day, when it was fondly believed that technical training could be safely dispensed with and that every man could be a lawyer.

Similarly, the American Bar Association has promulgated Canons of Judicial Ethics and Canons of Legal Ethics which have come to have the force of law in the several states. These Canons prescribe for judge and lawyer rules of conduct which demand the utmost diligence, the highest good faith, and sound professional skill, for the benefit of client and court alike. No profession or business has higher standards. The American Bar Association has no authority to enforce these rules; that is the task of the state and local bar associations. It may be that here and there a guilty lawyer escapes—as do the guilty occasionally in every walk of life. But none can say that the standards to which lawyers are pledged are other than the highest. The American Bar Association has long been in the forefront of the movement to promulgate legal clinics, where the needy might obtain professional advice and legal services without charge.

There still remains the great task of improving the administration of justice and of bringing it in line with the requirements of the twentieth century. Here the bar cannot prevail alone. Lawyers may lead, but the fight can be won only with the wholehearted participation of patriotic laymen and farseeing judges.

An example of what persistence will do is to be found in the new Federal Court Rules which have just been submitted to Congress. For thirty years the American Bar Association, under the leadership of the late Thomas W. Shelton of Virginia, fought for simplification of the rules governing practice in the United States District Courts, but without success. Two years ago Attorney General Cummings espoused the cause; Congress promptly passed the necessary Act; the Supreme Court appointed a distinguished committee to work on the rules.

THE successive drafts of the committee have been submitted to the criticism of lawyers and judges the country over. The committee has at length submitted its report to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court has lodged the new rules with Congress. These new rules will greatly simplify practice in the federal courts and they will inevitably become the model for the promulgation of similar rules by the state courts.

This example points the orderly process for achieving results in the reform of our judicial procedure. It takes time, patient effort, and technical skill. When we become impatient, it is well to remember that you can't achieve liberty by eliminating law and lawyers, Wat Tyler to the contrary notwithstanding. Liberty is possible only in a state where the law serves the needs of all justly and equitably.

THE END

SEE THAT
REINDEER HUNTER'S
SMILE

Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life—yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter's teeth properly exercised—wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods—give our teeth too little healthful exercise.

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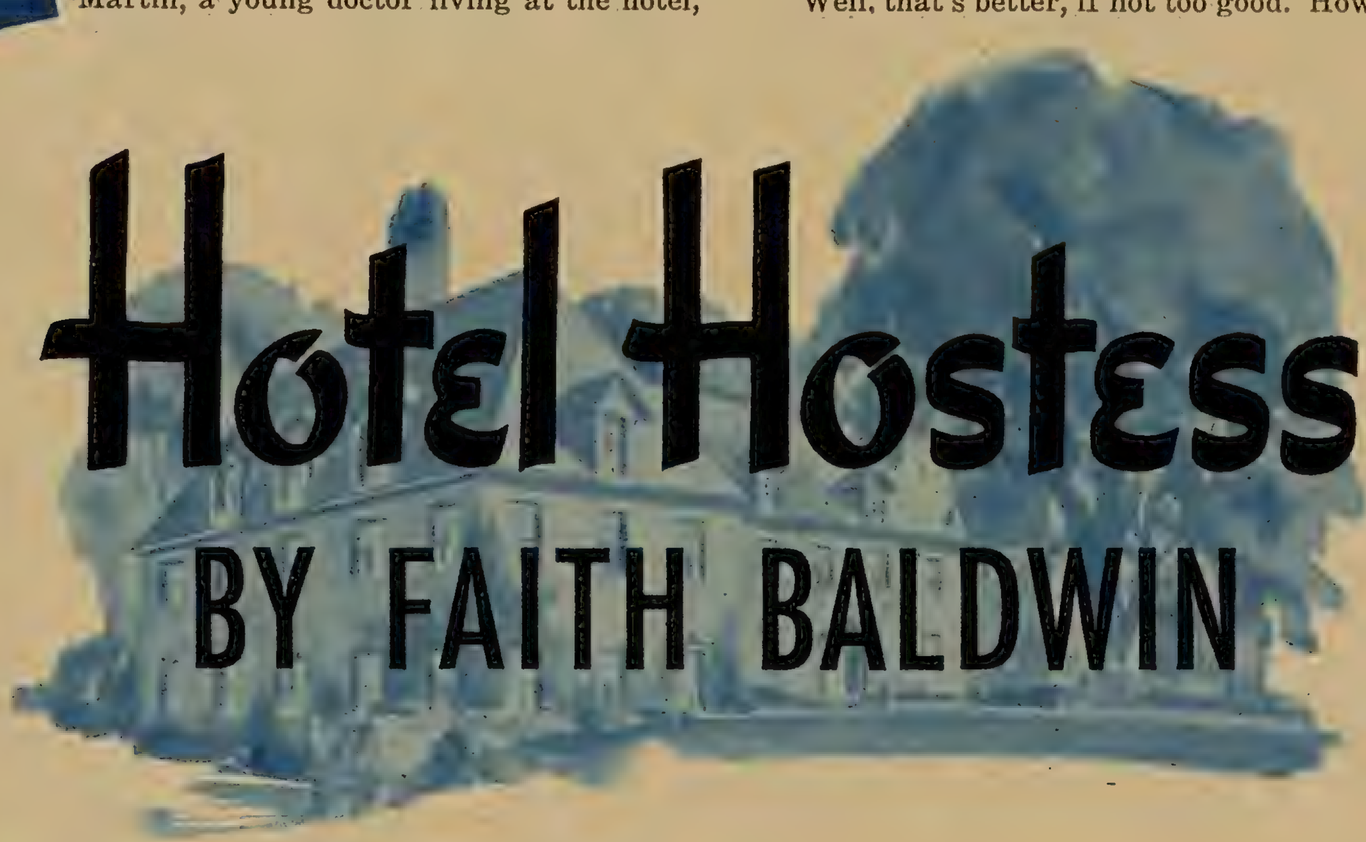
After her father's suicide, pretty Judith Gillmore has to earn her living. She leaves her mother with an aunt in Chicago and gets a job as hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh, a village where her family once had a summer home. Although young and inexperienced, she makes good, and Alex Corbin, the manager of the hotel, is delighted that she is a member of his staff.

But not so Corbin's pretty daughter Betty, who has a schoolgirl passion for Bill Martin, a young doctor living at the hotel, and who is jealous of his attentions to Judy. Recklessly, to prove she really doesn't care, Betty plunges into a flirtation with Saks Lewis, a young collegian who leads the orchestra at the Rivermount.

The real thorn in Judy's flesh, however, is Bert Wallace, playboy son of the hotel's financial backer. Bert knew Judy in the old days, but his attitude toward her has changed, now that she works for a living. After flying her in his plane one afternoon, he takes her out to dinner. Then, calmly, when the time comes to drive back to the hotel, he suggests that she spend the night with him in a roadhouse cottage. Before she can reply, he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Judy is too appalled to resist, and when he finally releases her, Bert remarks:

"Well, that's better, if not too good. How about it, Judy?"



Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

PART FIVE—JUDY GIVES ADVICE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

IT was a long way to Hillhigh. Judith had a swift idiotic vision of herself thumbing her way back. The picture was comic—and vulgar. She found her emotions difficult to tabulate. She knew that she was hotly angered, inwardly seething. But to give her rage expression must come later. There wasn't time now. And slapping complacent faces and hissing, "Sir, how dare you!" had gone out of style a good many years ago. There were other ways.

"That's a joke, I take it," she said calmly. "Anything for a laugh. Well, it just isn't funny, Bert."

"I'd hate to have you laugh," he informed her, "because it wasn't intended as a gag."

"It would be better—if still not in the best of taste—had you permitted me to believe it was," she told him. "And it's time we went back to Rivermount."

"O. K.," he agreed with infuriating cheerfulness. "Any man's entitled to one mistake, isn't he?"

He opened the car door for her, and presently they had pulled away from the Blue Monkey and were on their way. If he were sullen, if he were ashamed, if he felt anything at all, he concealed it expertly. He talked as if nothing had occurred; gossiped, harmlessly enough, about some of his fellow guests, recounted the news in his last letter from his mother, and speculated, not without malice, upon Miss Candace Howland.

"Woman without background. That would make a good title, don't you think? You can't place her, somehow. She appears to have plenty of money," he added musingly. . . . "Look here, you're pretty quiet."

"Did you expect me to burst into song?"

"Oh, come off it," he suggested, with a hint of impatience. "I didn't mean anything, Judy." . . .

"A few minutes ago you assured me that you did!"

"Perhaps I was just experimenting . . . trying to see how serious you were when you told me that maybe you were gunning for a husband."

"Do you think that a place like the Blue Monkey is the best start for a safari?" she inquired.

"It has been done," he informed her airily.

Judith turned a little, partially facing him. She couldn't see his features clearly in the little light from the dashboard. She asked quietly:

"Bert, hadn't we better get things straight? We've known each other a long time. Five years, four years, even two years ago, it would have no more occurred to you to make such a suggestion to me than—well, I give up," she admitted helplessly. "If the fact that I no longer live at Carcassonne or on Chestnut Hill, the fact that I am trying to work for my living, could so change the attitude of a man I've known since we were children together . . . it just doesn't make sense!"

"Listen," said Wallace, without rancor. "You haven't heard my side. Also you haven't grown up and aren't living in this generation. It's no longer a question of being on dining terms with a girl's family, and it hasn't anything to do with whether you earn your living or charge things to your parents' accounts. Not any more. It's merely a matter of how two people decide to live their lives. And no questions asked. You told me pretty plainly that you were on your own. You also told me that you were on the make for orange blossoms, slow music, and a platinum band. O. K., I wouldn't spoil your fun for anything. Or would I?" he added as if to himself. "The point is, I'm plenty crazy about you. I haven't the slightest wish to marry you or any one else. I like things the way they are. Some day I'll marry, I suppose—my old man's forever at me to settle down and find the right girl—or vice versa. His words, anyway." He laughed. "But there's time for that. And here's a grand summer

Now new faces appear and a new drama flashes in an enchanting, distinguished novel

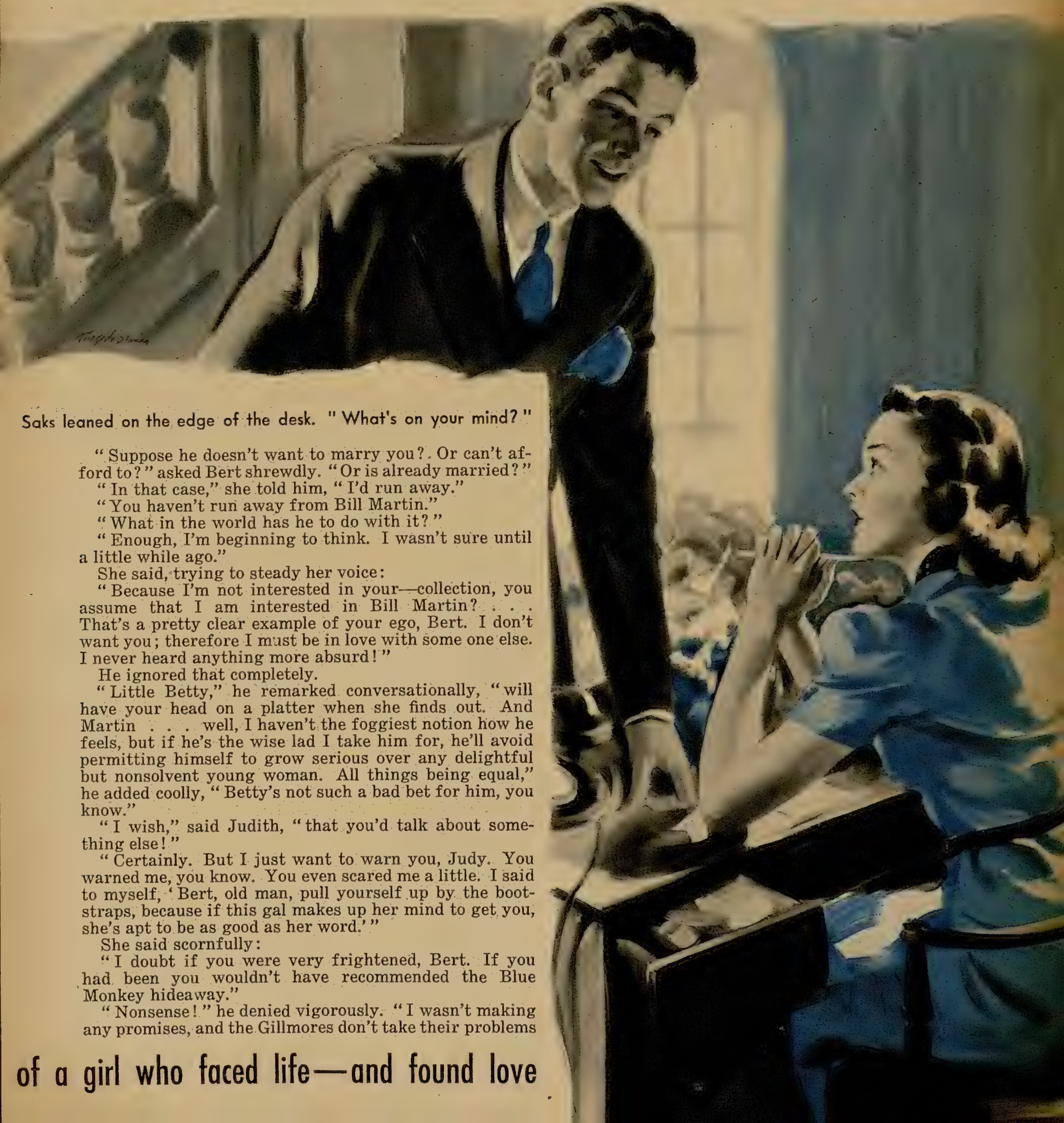
going to waste. If you liked me—and it's apparent that you don't—we could have a swell time together. . . . And if I'm the first man to suggest a sort of holiday partnership to you, I won't be the last; not by a long shot. There'll be plenty who'll size you up for a modern intelligent girl with plenty of what it takes, and who'll ask you up to see their etchings or water colors or collection of jade, or whatever it happens to be . . ."

She said coolly:

"I've no desire to be added to a jade collection."

"That's pretty neat." He chuckled appreciatively. "Of course not. Not to my collection. Because you don't like me, Judy, any too well. But some day a man will come along whom you will like. What then?"

"Then," answered Judith, "I'll marry him—if I can."



Saks leaned on the edge of the desk. "What's on your mind?"

"Suppose he doesn't want to marry you? Or can't afford to?" asked Bert shrewdly. "Or is already married?"

"In that case," she told him, "I'd run away."

"You haven't run away from Bill Martin."

"What in the world has he to do with it?"

"Enough, I'm beginning to think. I wasn't sure until a little while ago."

She said, trying to steady her voice:

"Because I'm not interested in your—collection, you assume that I am interested in Bill Martin? . . . That's a pretty clear example of your ego, Bert. I don't want you; therefore I must be in love with some one else. I never heard anything more absurd!"

He ignored that completely.

"Little Betty," he remarked conversationally, "will have your head on a platter when she finds out. And Martin . . . well, I haven't the foggiest notion how he feels, but if he's the wise lad I take him for, he'll avoid permitting himself to grow serious over any delightful but nonsolvent young woman. All things being equal," he added coolly, "Betty's not such a bad bet for him, you know."

"I wish," said Judith, "that you'd talk about something else!"

"Certainly. But I just want to warn you, Judy. You warned me, you know. You even scared me a little. I said to myself, 'Bert, old man, pull yourself up by the bootstraps, because if this gal makes up her mind to get you, she's apt to be as good as her word.'"

She said scornfully:

"I doubt if you were very frightened, Bert. If you had been you wouldn't have recommended the Blue Monkey hideaway."

"Nonsense!" he denied vigorously. "I wasn't making any promises, and the Gillmores don't take their problems to court. I know you *that* well, anyway. But what I was going to say is this: Sometime the man will come along who won't wind up behind the eight ball."

She asked him incredulously:

"Do you mean to tell me that you think all women—?"

"Most of them, my dear," he interrupted gaily, "most of them. I haven't had much reason to think otherwise. And if you're different, it's because you can't see me."

There was faint astonishment in his voice. She said, after a moment, "You are, I think, the vainest man I've ever known. I was—furious with you, Bert, awhile ago," she added thoughtfully. "I had all the normal reactions: anger at myself, that I could have placed myself in such a position; and at you for your crassness and lack of understanding; shame that you could think of me as you

of a girl who faced life—and found love

did. It's funny, but I'm not angry any more. I'm not even ashamed. I'm a little sorry for you, I think. You're so—*stupid,* so entirely without real intelligence, without even animal intuition. And you're right—I haven't liked you very much. I never have. I have even disliked you. But today, up until after dinner, I didn't dislike you. You were pleasant; you were even good company. I thought, If he stays like this the rest of the summer, I won't mind him at all. I may even like him—a little. Now I neither like nor dislike you," she concluded. "As far as I'm concerned, you simply don't exist."

Bert Wallace drew a long breath. He didn't mind women who lost their tempers . . . they got over anger. But a woman who spoke her mind like this . . . and who meant it! He was shaken with the urge to jam on his brakes, to drag her to him, kiss her, shake her, beat her . . . anything to force some response from her.

He had been perfectly truthful when he had told her that he was attracted by her. So he had been, in an utterly unimportant fashion. Nor had he actually expected that she would consent to his outrageous proposal. He'd wanted more than anything to see her reaction. Had she consented, he would have been utterly astonished. But now, with the memory of her cool-voiced words echoing in his memory, he was more than attracted to her. He hated her, he desired her, he wished to break her will.

He drove on, controlling his fury and the sudden exciting stimulation of his interest, and said, without the slightest sign of resentment:

"Well, you make it pretty clear. Indifference isn't nearly as hopeful as hatred, so I've heard. If I say I'm sorry, you won't believe me. So I won't. But I can promise you that—"

"No," she said; "don't promise anything!"

He achieved a very creditable laugh.

"Then," he said, "like the old song, 'we never speak as we pass by.' Is that how it's going to be?" . . .

"Don't be absurd, Bert," she said shortly.

"Look—would you rather I left Rivermount and went somewhere else? I will if you say so."

She didn't believe him, but she was startled nevertheless. She answered, after a moment:

"Why should it matter to me, Bert? I've nothing to gain by that and everything to lose. I know Mr. Corbin likes me. But what he feels for me isn't of any importance in comparison with the obligation he's under to your father. You can make things very unpleasant for me at the hotel. I suppose if you set your heart on it you could see that I was fired."

HER admission that he held a weapon against her was a bit of strategy which he was quick to admire. For it must all but disarm him. If any such idea came to him—and doubtless it would, in time—he'd be forced to dismiss it. He couldn't make an open confession of failure and rancor and hurt pride! Not that any one would understand except Judith; but she was the one person to whom he must not admit failure.

"I wouldn't get you fired, if I could. I find you much too interesting. Let's make a bargain. If we can't be friends, let's be civil enemies, shall we?"

"I don't feel strongly enough," she told him, "to be your enemy. But I can be civil—I hope. Why not?"

"Civilized girl," he murmured. . . . "Too civilized!"

He sounded, for the first time, sulky and disgruntled. And Judith burst out laughing. She couldn't help it. It was all so unlikely. And yet it was perfectly logical. She had never rehearsed the phrases in which she would refuse a gentleman desirous not of becoming her husband but of becoming her lover—during a holiday. Had she considered such an event, she would have found herself forming the conventional, rather melodramatic sentences one associates with such situations. But when it had really happened, she had remained—as Bert put it—civilized. Or had she been merely cautious because the circumstances demanded it? . . . But she hadn't been very cautious, after all; she had told him exactly what she thought of him, minus adornment or extravagance.

Well, it had been quite a day. She had rescued Aunt Hetty's cat. She had had her first airplane flight in some time. She had parried what was bluntly an attempt at seduction. She had tried all day to put Bill Martin out of her mind, and had not succeeded. He had been there like an undercurrent, an orchestra accompaniment. And now she was as drowsy as if she had been listening to Wayne King's soothing melodies beside a fire . . . although she'd made an enemy.

She had. But what she didn't know, and wouldn't know for some time, was that she had made of Bert Wallace the most dangerous kind of enemy—for his enmity included something which, for Wallace, passed for love.

They had reached the hotel.

"Thanks," said Judith, "for a very entertaining—and unusual—evening." She suppressed a yawn and looked at him squarely in the light from the veranda. "How fortunate," she added gently, "that we didn't run out of gas on the way home!"

THE next morning, at her desk, trying to figure three picnics and a luncheon party, wondering if it was her business to inform little Lily Dawson's mother that she had twice seen the sixteen-year-old child slip out of the hotel with Saks Lewis' pianist, when she should be in bed, Judith looked up to see Bill standing beside her.

"Top of the morning and all that," she said cheerfully. "You're looking very fit."

"It's more than I can say of you," he retorted. "You look like something none but a mother could love."

"I was trying to decide something," she said absently. As she spoke she decided it. She'd talk with Saks; Saks could speak to the pianist. She'd keep Mrs. Dawson out if she could.

"Well, have you?"

"I have." She looked at him again, looked away. "I'll admit it," she told him; "I have the grandfather of all headaches. I feel as if I had been thumped on the cranium with a couple of marble ninepins."

"So that's it! Well, come along to my office and I'll see if I can't fix you up."

He was off without another word. She didn't want to go to his office. She didn't want to do anything but put her head down on the desk and stay there and not move. But she couldn't. She had work to do.

Candace Howland came along, looking very smart in her white linen suit and sandals.

"I hate to trouble you," she told Judith mendaciously.

"No trouble," Judith assured her, as sincerely. "What can I do for you?"

"It's just that I expect some friends . . . this afternoon. They will be motoring by, and wired they might stop by at teatime. I'm going fishing with Mr. Wallace. If we should be late—or delayed—"

Judith knew all about the fishing expedition. Not only had Bert told her on the previous day, but she had found his note in her mailbox when she came to breakfast that morning. It had—for no reason that she'd been able to discover—added to her headache.

Dear Judy:
Off to fish, about ten thirty. Will you have them put up a lunch for three? Yours, BERT.

Well, anyway, he wouldn't get her fired till she'd seen to his lunch! For three—himself, Miss Howland, and the captain he'd hired along with the boat. Miss Howland, she deduced, might not enjoy the presence of a laconic chaperon.

"I see. You haven't told me their names," said Judith.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry! A Mr. Ellerton and some friends. I don't know their names," Candace added.

She thanked Judith with a smile, and drifted away. Judith thought, Ellerton? Ellerton? Then she sat up suddenly despite the discomfort it caused her. Mrs. Ellerton! The week-end Problem Child with a History. The divorcee who had lost her husband to a wicked brunette. Now, would one call Miss Howland a wicked brunette?

One might.

Thoughtfully and a little amused, Judith went, reluctantly, to Bill's office. She had to go. She couldn't get through the day unless he helped her.

She knocked and was admitted. Bill rose from his desk and motioned her to a chair. He then regarded her with, apparently, impersonal and very professional eyes. He asked her a number of questions. One of them was, “Did you have much to drink last night?”

“It isn’t that kind of a headache,” she said angrily—“at least I don’t think so, as I’ve never had too much to drink!”

“Well, all right. Calm down. But you will go racketing around at all hours of the night. Stomach upset?” he inquired briskly.

“It is not. Must we have a third degree? My head just aches, and that’s all there is to it.”

Bill rose and went around in back of her. “Relax,” he ordered, and she tried, unsuccessfully. She felt his hands on the back of her neck, gentle, impersonal.

“Nerve tension,” he diagnosed briefly. “I’ll fix you up.” He vanished into his tiny dispensary and came back with something that foamed in a tall glass. “Drink this,” he commanded, “all of it. Then, be quiet.”

She drank it, and obeyed, her hands folded quietly in her lap. Bill sat down again.

How about the rent?

“Tell me about Aunt Hetty and her cat,” he said.

She told him, smiling. “She isn’t as bad as she pretends,” she said. “She was nice to me. And she dotes on that animal. And you should see her kitchen; it’s as scrubbed as scrubbed!”

“Thanks, she doesn’t ask me in,” he said shortly.

“But she is interested in you, Bill,” she hastened to assure him. “She spoke about you. Said she’d seen me with you.” She paused, recalling other things Miss Martin had said, and found herself flushing, to her great resentment. “And she asked me to be sure not to tell you that she’d mentioned you,” she added hastily.

“‘It’s all very well to dissemble your love,’” quoted Bill gloomily, “‘but why must you kick me downstairs?’” Then he laughed. “Poor old girl,” he said, “I’m sorry for her. But there isn’t anything I can do about it. I’ve tried to unbend her, but she just won’t be unbent. I’ve even given up yelling at her as I go by. How’s the head?” he asked abruptly.

“A lot better . . . yes, it really is.”

“Can you get off for an hour?” he inquired. “If so, go to your room and lie down. Open the windows, pull down the shades, lie flat, shut your eyes, and rest. . . . By luncheon you’ll be a new woman.”

“I begin to believe you,” she said gratefully.

“How’d you get yourself into this nervous state?” he inquired. “You’re all tied up in knots.” He looked at her, looked away. “Anything unpleasant happen yesterday?”

She managed a smile and said, “No—just as I told you when I saw you before dinner: lunch, a really thrilling airplane hop, and after that dinner and home. But the day was perhaps a little long.”

“Sounds very social,” he said. “I’ve got to get along to the hospital now. Sure you’ll be all right?”

“I’m fine. Or will be soon—thanks to you.”

“It was nothing,” he said, but lingered, staring down at her as if he wanted to say something. But he seemed to think better of it. Judith rose, finding to her amazement that it had ceased to pain her to move. Her head still ached but not with that malevolent ferocity.

“I think I will go to my room,” she said.

“Good girl.” He opened the door and walked to the lounge with her. Near the elevator she was halted by one of the grillroom waiters, a basket in his hands. He said, “Excuse me, Miss Gillmore, but Mr. Wallace’s lunch—he isn’t in his rooms.”

“Oh, thank you, Fred. I think he’s down at the pier,” she said. “Yes,” she added, “there’s Miss Howland, going to join him. If you’ll follow her . . .”

“Thanks, miss,” said Fred, departing.

“So Bert,” mused Bill aloud, “is picnicking with the mysterious Miss Howland. Sure that isn’t the cause of your headache?”

Judith looked at him and turned away. There wasn’t any use trying to answer that one. She went on to her own room and lay across her bed and fell finally into a light sleep. When she woke it was noon. As she sat up, a little groggily, she found that her headache had vanished.

Guiltily she bathed her face in cool water, powdered, brushed her hair, and went back to her post. She sat down, picked up the house phone, and asked to be connected with Willow Cottage, where the orchestra men were living.

Saks Lewis answered.

“Saks? This is Judith Gillmore. Would you mind stopping by my desk on your way in to lunch?”

“Coming right over,” he assured her.

In a few minutes, cheerful and good-looking in his white flannels, Saks leaned on the edge of the desk.

“What’s on your mind?” he inquired.

“I wanted to ask you about your pianist,” she said.

“Pete?” He looked astonished. “What about him? He’s a good egg.”

“Hard-boiled?”

“Oh, a little. Why?” He looked troubled, suddenly. “Hasn’t been talking out of turn, has he?” he asked.

“It’s the Dawson youngster. She’s been going out to meet him after grillroom dancing is over. She’s only sixteen and as rattlebrained as they come. Her mother’s pretty formidable. Money, influence, everything. It so happens that she’s a contract fiend; plays till one or two in the morning. She hasn’t the remotest idea what the child does. But Lily’s been seen, and I was told . . . and I saw her myself. I don’t want to speak to her—she’d resent it bitterly—and I won’t, of course, say anything to Mrs. Dawson unless I have to. I know she’d pack up and go, and that wouldn’t be good for us. So I thought the best way out would be to ask you to speak to Pete himself.”

“I’ll speak to him,” muttered Saks, “if it has to be with a brick. He’s harmless,” he assured her, “and the Dawson kid looks a lot older than sixteen. Pete’s a dumb ox; he’s probably just flattered and lonesome. He’s got a girl, by the way, back in Maine. A nice one. Don’t worry, Miss Gillmore; I’ll put a flea in his ear!”

“Good—and tell me how you make out.” She smiled at him. “I’m ever so grateful,” she said.

“I’m the one to be grateful,” he assured her. “You don’t know how much this job means to me. If anything happened and we got fired . . . I’d never get over it.”

Judith waited. She saw signs of a confidence coming on. She didn’t want to listen, but it was part of her unofficial business to listen to confidences.

“Betty,” he admitted finally, with a deep sigh.

“Of course,” said Judith; “and she’s a darling. But she’s very young, Saks . . .”

“Not too young to be completely gone on Doc Martin,” said Saks unhappily. “She just thinks I’m amusing. I give her a good laugh. But with Martin . . .”

“Nonsense,” interrupted Judith . . . “all youngsters fall in love with their doctors.”

“And I,” said Saks, “am not what the doctor ordered!” He stopped suddenly, stared at Judith, and flushed. “Gosh,” he said, “I’m talking out of turn.”

Now it was Judith who felt the blood hot in her cheeks. For a moment she had forgotten the half sentence she had overheard from the pergola. . . . So Saks thought she was in love with Bill Martin, too! Thought? Knew! And how many other people? And Bill?

She said, trying to recover herself: “Of course not. But since you yourself approached the subject, Saks,

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Mr. Corbin is not very happy over your attentions to Betty—"

"He wouldn't be," said Saks. "I'm just a hired hand."

"That's not the reason," began Judith; "he—"

"What's disgraceful about leading an orchestra?" he broke in. "I'm going places some day. You watch! Some day I'll have the best band in these United States and I'll make plenty of jack—more than Corbin ever saw in his whole life. I can't afford Rivermount now unless I'm paid to stop here. But some day I'll come and hire the place for—for a garage!" he concluded, and then laughed at himself and at Judith's expression. "Now," he said, "I suppose you think I'm just adolescent."

"A little. Have you ever been in love before?"

"Before Betty, you mean? Oh, dozens of times," he said, and added with alarm, "but not seriously."

"Sure this is serious?"

"How could I help it?" he demanded. "She's the most marvelous, the prettiest . . ." He broke off again and eyed Judith suspiciously.

"You're kidding," he said sadly.

"No."

"I wish you'd put in a word for me," he said—"not that any one's word would do me any good."

"Mine wouldn't," she admitted ruefully, "even if I were so minded. Betty made quite a confidante of me, back in May. But not any more. . . . And I don't know why."

"Of course you know why!" he burst out. "It's as plain as the nose on your face, which isn't plain at all," he assured her hastily. "She knows Doc Martin hasn't a dime's worth of time for her when you're around."

Judith didn't color, thank heaven, this time. But she felt as if she paled instead. She said, "Look here, Saks; don't you think this is getting rather involved?" and then drew a deep breath. So that was the conclusion of that unfinished sentence. She didn't believe it; she had no evidence; but—

WELL, what of it, even if it were true? She'd been over that ground before, hadn't she? Where would it get them? Bill was too good a doctor to tie himself to a wife who wouldn't be able to help him get ahead. I wish I'd trained for a nurse, she thought, hardly listening to Saks' stammering apologies, but smiling at him beatifically—so radiantly that he stuttered into silence.

She would have made a bad nurse, she concluded, as Saks took himself off. In that capacity she probably wouldn't have met Bill, anyway!

Judith went in to lunch, comported herself like a human being, talked with Mr. Corbin; but her mind was certainly not on her work. Betty dashed in late, just as they were finishing. She began at once to talk enthusiastically about Candace Howland.

"I think she's keen," she said, glowing . . . "and, boy, can she wear clothes! . . . And she's nice, too—I mean she goes out of her way to be friendly. She's going to ride with me every day."

Her father looked thoughtful and Judith's dark brows were briefly drawn. She didn't, she was sure, approve of this new association for Betty, but it was certainly not her affair. The mention of Candace reminded her of the expected guests who might not find their hostess waiting for them. In fact, Judith was pretty certain that Candace had no intention of being back on time.

Nor was she. An elaborate car rolled up, and a tall lean man, with two other rather nondescript males, presented himself at the desk to inquire for Miss Howland. Following instructions, a clerk said blandly that Miss Howland had left a message for Mr. Ellerton with Miss Gillmore. Miss Gillmore was found, and, coming forward, made Candace's excuses.

SHE will be back any moment," reported Judith, hoping she was not lying. "She's out fishing—and she asked me if you would not have tea and make yourselves comfortable."

They gazed at her with appreciation. They accepted. In fact, before their cups were empty—and each was astonished to find that he held a cup and not a frosted glass—Mr. Ellerton had decided that there was no sense in pushing on this afternoon; they might as well stop the night.

Candace trailed in twenty minutes later, with Wallace conspicuously in tow. It was perfectly planned, thought Judith with admiration. She also thought that Mrs. Ellerton, poor Problem Child, had probably been mistaken. It did not look to Judith as if Miss Howland had been the one to say no. If so, why this parade of larger game?

Candace met Mr. Ellerton's friends and presented Wallace. She was delighted to learn that dear George and his guests would stop overnight. "I told you this was a charming place," she said.

George agreed, and added, his eyes on Judith, that Candace hadn't said the half of it. Tea being over, Judith rose to slip away. But Mr. Ellerton, muttering something about speaking to the manager, followed, and caught up with her near the desk. She was beginning to be adamant to astonishment; hence it was with a sense of familiarity that she heard him say jovially, this lean man with the weak mouth and roving eyes, "Suppose I come back—say, next week? I like this place. I might be induced to take a vacation if you'd be nice to me."

She wasn't the only one who heard. Candace and Bert, following hard on their heels, heard too.

Will Candace be jealous? Will Ellerton's interest provoke Bert to a still more persistent pursuit of Judy? Love and summer days move swiftly in next week's eventful chapter, and tragedy swoops down with a grim and sudden horror. Be sure to read the coming installment!

Treet Topics
YOU'LL LOOK LIKE THIS ~
-AND THEY'LL LOOK LIKE THIS ~
OOH-- HE'S HANDSOME!
UMM-- SO CLEAN-LOOKING!
~AND YOUR BANKROLL WILL LOOK LIKE THIS ~
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pleasant scheme seems heresy to our heroine, but it gets her, and Doug gets her too, in the end. It's that thing called love working its will, you see.

The tunes, by Jerome Kern, are smoothly tinkling. Young Mr. Fairbanks is ingratiating, and the mood of the whole piece is politely glamorous and amorous.

VITAL STATISTICS: This missed being called Joy of Loving by that much. . . . Towne and Baker have worked hard to make themselves the professional bad boys of Hollywood and succeeded. Theirs is the most picturesque language in Hollywood; they work in an atmosphere of cigar ashes, cuspidors, profanity gags, and walls covered with trick pictures, naughty rhymes and thoughts, caricatures of their employers. Towne is considered Hollywood's most devastating salesman, thanks to his terrific dramatic intensity when telling a story. They've sold over $150,000 worth of original yarns a year. . . . Eric Blore's a London boy; paw Blore was a Lunnon Board of Educationer; hoped Eric would be a great professor instead of a great valet. . . . Few recall that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was once deathlessly married to Joan Crawford.

★ ★½ SAILING ALONG

THE PLAYERS: Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting, Barry Mackay, Noel Madison, Alistair Sim, Athene Sayler, Frank Pettingell, Margaret Vyner, Peggy Novak, William Dewhurst. Screen play by Sonnie Hale, based on an original story by Selwyn Jepson. Directed by Sonnie Hale. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 90 minutes.

BRITAIN'S favorite dancer, Jessie Matthews, is the adopted daughter of the skipper of a barge which plies its leisurely way around the water fronts of London. The skipper's son, Barry Mackay, is very solemnly studying economics and will have none of Jessie's dancing, and scorns her hopes for a stage career. But tapping about on deck one day, she attracts the attention of Roland Young, an eccentric millionaire, who takes her to London, introduces her to Producer Jack Whiting, who—surprise, surprise!—falls straight in love with her. Jessie is about to become a brilliant musical-comedy success when she learns that Barry, with whom she has quarreled, is sailing away forever. Rest assured the English do not let you down. There's Jessie and Barry, right at the end, on that barge, alone, with all thoughts of wealth and fame and such stuff cast overboard.

Miss Matthews tosses her gay little head and her exquisite legs in her usual appealing manner. Mr. Mackay is satisfactorily gruff, Mr. Whiting dances agreeably, and Mr. Young is still Mr. Young, which is always delectable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Aside from a Hitchcock and Korda pic or two, and these Matthews musicals, British studyo life is practically at a standstill. Emmigration of Hollywood to London has ceased; in fact vice versa has set in and Hollywood Blvd. today looks a little like Piccadilly, judging from the faces one sees. Jessie Matthews refuses to accept Hollywood contracts, content to remain on her farm in the English sticks while her pix clean up in the American sticks. . . . Jack Whiting's by far the best hoofing partner Jessie Matthews has had in her five pix; there's talk of making them into an Astaire-Rogers combo. Besides his dogwork, Jack's a good clown, a singer, and a cheerful redhead. He's a Philadelphia lad who used to write, direct, act, and dance his own musicals, songs and all. Ziegfeld saw him in one, yanked him for the Follies. Jessie caught him in the London version of On Your Toes, wanted him immediately as hers. . . . Jessie Matthews' chief reason for hating to leave England for Hollywood is her farm down at Hampton-by-the-Thames, over Cornwall way, and bought in 1930 with proceeds from Evergreen in which she and husb Sonnie Hale starred. They have an indoor bar with a swinging sign that reads One Shy Cow; the farmhouse is veddy simple, only has four rooms and a kitchen, plus a dancing-work studio made out of an old barn for Jessie.

★ ★½ OVER THE WALL

THE PLAYERS: Dick Foran, June Travis, John Litel, Dick Purcell, Veda Ann Borg, George E. Stone, Ward Bond, John Hamilton, Jonathan Hale, Tommy Bupp, Robert Homans, Mabel Hart, Raymond Hatton, Alan Davis, Eddie Chandler. Screen play by Crane Wilbur and George Bricker, based on an original story by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Directed by Frank McDonald. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 70 minutes.

WARNER BROTHERS have a superlative touch for the melodrama of the underworld and even when they produce a busy little B like this one, that sure guidance becomes apparent and makes for speed and thrills.

Dick Foran gets framed into prison for a murder he did not commit. He tries to stay tough in stir, until an intelligent chaplain, aided by the boy's sweetheart, shows him the stupidity of his ways, and eventually helps him to prove his innocence.

The background for all this shows you glimpses of the prize-fight racket, the pin-game racket, the crooked double-cross, much fighting, and some bullets.

VITAL STATISTICS: Veda Ann Borg used to be a Boston model clotheshoss; got a contract by sending in her photograph. She still sews all her own clothes. . . . George Stone enjoys his 100th screen death, dying in bed for a change, after being caught and mangled in a stamping machine. George has been fried in the hot squat three times, been hung till dead twice, drowned only once, smashed up a half dozen times, stabbed twice, fell down an elevator shaft once. In Anthony Adverse he drove over a cliff in a carriage and four. Has never just sickened and died, has never lived through a movie, believes in reincarnation, expects to be a producer in his next. . . . Warden Lawes spends a lot of his time at his writing, has made Sing Sing quite an attractive place. Sounds ideal for a writer who wants to get away from it all. . . . To build up his fan mail, Nicholas Richard Foran has offered a free trip to Hollywood to the best fan letter writer. Look him over, fans, and tell him how marvelous he is. Dick's a Princeton grad. . . . June Travis is the daughter of the Chicago White Sox' vice-president.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door.

★★★—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About.

Hollywood Love—with Music

A melodrama of yesterday and an antic comedy of today engage the Misses MacDonald and Dunne in some matters of romance and song

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen, Leonard Penn, Priscilla Lawson, Bob Murphy, Olin Howland, Cliff Edwards, Billy Bevan, Brandon Tynan, H. B. Warner, Monty Woolley. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw, based on the play by David Belasco. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 120 minutes.

FOR MacDonald-Eddy enthusiasts we give this three stars. For others, we warn you that the production has about as much zip as a turtle who's had a busy day. Its two hours are definitely pleasant and sentimental but they do drag.

The usual MacDonald-Eddy ingredients (a passionate lonely love song for Jeanette, followed by a passionate lonely love song for Nelson, followed sometime later by a passionate love duet for the two of them) have been stirred here into a story as dated but as pretty as Grandma's wedding gown.

Jeanette is "the Girl." That is all the rough cowboys down at the saloon ever call her; but, gosh, how they respect her! And Nelson is the mysterious stranger, actually the feared bandit, Ramerez, a dangerous guy with a heart of pure platinum. Opposed to them is Walter Pidgeon as Jack Rance, the sheriff, who loves the girl, too. When Nelson steps in, you can see what a tidy, melodramatic little triangle is set up.

All this has been staged lavishly, with the color of young California at the turn of the century nicely captured.

The stars are both in excellent voice, and Miss MacDonald, despite her "you all" lines, makes an appealing figure of the untutored, lovesick Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: Belasco eaned the Golden Gal back in 1905, put her astage for $40,000, an unheard-of money squander for those days when butter came as high as 12c a lb. Blanche Bates and Robert Hilliard (who later Damaged Goods) had the leads; Frank Keenan broke in the boots Walt Pidgeon wears in this. . . . This is the fourth screen union of Eddy and MacDonald. Studio kept Eddy around idle for a whole year before timidly teaming him with MacDonald first time, three years ago. Now they're big moneymakers; have acted and sung in about 8 miles of film and almost as many millions of dollars of production. . . . Buddy Ebsen had to learn to shoe and ride a hoss for this part. He studied medicine in Florida till the depresh made him a drugstore cowboy at the Penna Station in New York, where Ziegfeld came one day looking for cowboys for Whoopee. His career onstage was terrific till Hollywood drafted him and sister Vilma for Broadway Melody of 1936. . . . Jenny MacDonald's Titian hair is her barometer: in fair weather her hair is normal; rainy or cloudy, the curls tighten; dampness, the hair softens; cold weather, it's filled with electricity; stormy weather, the curls disappear. During the recent flood, Jenny's hair almost fell out. She's of Philadelphia, a Ned Wayburnite. Her voice has improved as she's grown richer; she'll yet sing Metropolitan, I think.

★ ★ ★ JOY OF LIVING

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Jean Dixon, Eric Blore, Lucille Ball, Warren Hymer, Billy Gilbert, Frank Milan, Dorothy Steiner, Estelle Steiner, Phyllis Kennedy, Franklin Pangborn, James Burke, John Qualen, Spencer Charters. Screen play by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Allan Scott, based on an original story by Dorothy and Herbert Fields. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

THOUGH we have sinister doubts that Hollywood really cares, we hereby announce in large type that as a devoted moviegoer we are completely bored with addlepated mothers, dipsy-doodle daughters, and comedy butlers. They have gathered another bunch of them for Joy of Living, an idiot crew who are being supported in this instance by Irene Dunne.

Irene is Maggie Garret, the successful daughter of worthless actor-parents who live off her. She is overworked and always in debt. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., comes along, falls immediately in love with her, and proceeds to pursue her. She gets him arrested as a masher, only to have him paroled in her custody. Doug, as the youngest son of a sober banking father, prefers a tiny income and independence on a South Sea island to working monotonously. Such a lazy,

Reunion in California. The lyrical Eddy-MacDonald duo with cast.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

GENUINE *hula* music is made only with drums, and with flutes played by nose instead of by mouth. The ukulele was a Portuguese instrument originally. . . . Hawaiian *hula* girls scent themselves with a delicate native perfume called *Pikaki*. . . . One of the classic *hula* numbers tells a story closely resembling our Lady Godiva legend; but the Hawaiian Godiva rides a donkey, the movements of the dance demonstrating how she goes riding up hill and down. . . . A donkey, in Hawaiian language, is called a Kona Nightingale, so that's the name of the Godiva dance. . . . The pivot step in the regulation *hula* routine is known as *Around the Island.* It could be done politely in any ballroom, and should be fun.

I've just learned these *hula* facts from a lovely Hawaiian star, Princess Kuulei, now dancing in this country. Descended from old King Kamehameha, the Pacific Napoleon, she has been rigidly trained in the antique *hula* traditions. Every real *hula*, she tells me, represents an historic narrative from the folklore of her island homeland. "Most of our dances are gay," she said, "because our people used to be the happiest people in the world."

She tried to teach me the rudiments of the *hula*, but I wasn't nearly limber enough. To do the *hula*, you have to keep so many parts of your anatomy in motion at the same time. If practiced daily, the exercise would be grand, I'm sure, for any lady's figure. I understand that many fashionable American women, when they visit Hawaii, start taking *hula* lessons practically as soon as they arrive there.

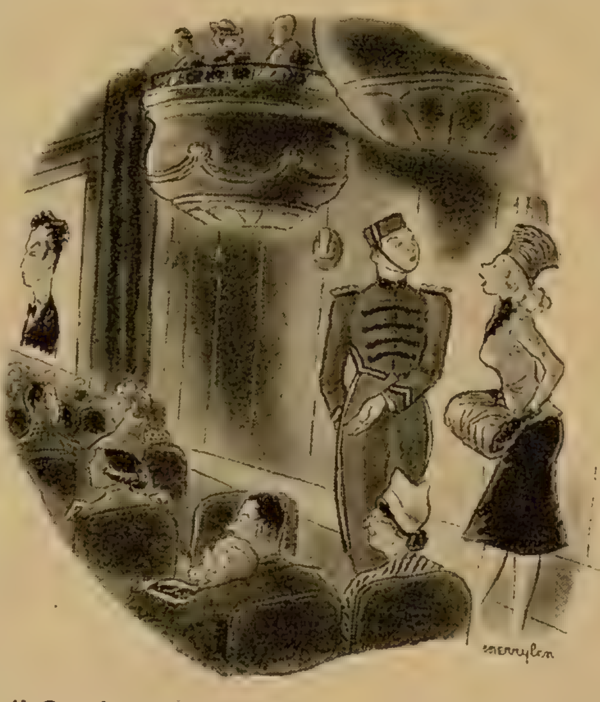
Like most girls of pure Hawaiian blood, Princess Kuulei is tall—she's five feet seven—and like most Hawaiians away from home, she yearns for her native climate. . . . The first time she danced here, her wreaths of flowers had been kept fresh all day in a refrigerator. When she put them on, that night, they were ice-cold.

"I did my *hula* with a shiver," she says. "That was something new."

☆ Springtime warning from Sir Josiah Stamp, one of the directors of the Bank of England . . . I heard him say this recently at a dinner in New York: . . . "*A banker is a gentleman who lends you an umbrella on a sunny day—then takes it back on a rainy day.*"

☆ *Some newest bathroom luxuries* . . . Bright-colored shower curtain of semitransparent fabric that looks like a stained-glass window emblazoned with Prince of Wales plumes, Irish shamrocks, Scottish thistles, Tudor roses. This new curtain is named *Exotic*. . . . Glass-and-chromium table with three tiers of shelves to show off all your creams and lotions in their pretty bottles and jars. . . . New soap set of almond-scented *Mem* in a delicious peach-ice-cream tint—one bath-sized piece, two hand-sized pieces, six guest size. Popularly priced. . . . Good present for a hostess to give herself.

☆ You seldom see two women matching coins or tossing to decide who shall pay the carfare, the soda check, or such small items of mutual expenditure. Men do it a lot—women almost never. Why? . . . At a party the other night I heard an argument about this. It was cited as proof that women are merely social gamblers, not natural-born gamblers who love any play of chance for its own sake. If we were, it was contended, we'd toss and match coins among ourselves the way the men do. . . . "Nonsense!" scoffed a male voice. "Women don't toss a coin because they know they'd probably drop it on the floor, and get mussed up scratching around for it. The girls like to gamble just as much as the men—only they're too butterfingered for coin tossing." *Not* a complimentary observation. I wonder if it's true.



"Can't you get me a seat where Robert Taylor doesn't look mashed?"

☆ Latest strike with which I find myself in sympathy is one being conducted by sewing-circle ladies in a small town. They refuse to sew any more until their minister apologizes publicly for having referred to them, from his pulpit, as a school for scandal. While I have only heard the feminine side of the case, it seems more than likely to me that the good man doesn't know the difference between scandal and gossip. Few men do. Scandal implies malicious intent, whereas gossip is merely an interchange of curiosities. What group of women, anywhere in the world, can work together without gossiping?

☆ Enjoyed reading Irene Kuhn's autobiography, Assigned to Adventure. True round-the-world experiences of an American newspaper girl. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

☆ For a small dinner between friends, try these *Lamburger Steaks*. They're inexpensive, delicious, easy to prepare. Best accompaniment is a beet-and-lettuce salad with mustard dressing. . . . Use 1¼ pounds shoulder lamb, not too finely ground. Mix 1 tablespoon bread crumbs moistened with 1 tablespoon top milk, 1 whole egg and 1 extra yolk, salt and pepper, and ⅛ teaspoon mustard. Shape into balls the size of a large egg, then flatten slightly and fry 12 minutes in hot butter. Serve around a mound of fluffy mashed potatoes. Pour the pan gravy over the meat.

☆ The ancient religious thoughts I've been quoting from time to time have met with approval. A newspaper, the Journal-Gazette of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has editorialized at length about one of them, and a New York advertising firm has adopted another as an office motto. So I'll keep on. This week's is from the Gautama Buddha of olden India. . . . A stranger met Buddha on the road and asked, "What are you by birth, sir?" Buddha answered, "*Ask not of birth; ask of the course of conduct.*" . . . What words could better express the spirit and dignity of democracy?

MURDER LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

HALF an hour after her marriage to Harry Hanneman, a rich California politician, the beautiful Laura Lane seeks out Les Burns, her former newspaper buddy, to tell him that he is her one and only love. Though Les is crazy about her, he is appalled at her cold-blooded deception. Laura laughs and goes on her honeymoon to New York.

Managing editor of the Times-Star Hack Doyle deplores the loss of his clever protégée Laura. But neither his wife, Mimi, nor June Taylor, their close friend, regrets her going. Instead, they express sympathy for the bridegroom.

Gentle June Taylor is in a bad spot herself, trying to help Jake O'Hara in his losing fight against booze. Just recently he has been fired by Stacey Moise, who had engaged him as his publicity man in his political campaign against Hanneman. And the job is offered to Les, who accepts it, with the proviso that the fired Jake still gets the salary. Les is very fond of June and wants to help her save her sweetheart.

It fairly takes his breath away when he receives a wire from Laura urging him to meet her plane when it arrives at the Oakland airport. Evidently she is alone. Apprehensive, he goes to meet her. Laura informs him that her husband returned home last night by himself. Reaching the Hanneman house, they find Harry dead on the floor. Has he killed himself, and why? His bride-widow takes it coolly; says that now she and Les can go on a golden road together!

Les is horrified, and suspects Laura of having a hand in Harry's death. Immediately, Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine are on the case. They show that they suspect Les. However, the newspapers treat Harry's death as suicide. Unperturbed, thinking of herself, Laura calls up Les, tells him she needs a lawyer to look after her estate, and suggests getting Moise, the shyster.

PART THREE—"DO YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?"

A SURGEON in white cap and gown, rubber gloves, and a mask, poked his head out of the door to the operating room. I lurched to my feet, only to have Sergeant Delaney and Inspector Levine jerk me roughly back on to the hard seat.

The surgeon shook his head. "Just wanted to see if you were still here, sergeant. Don't leave. She may regain consciousness any minute."

I said, "Look, doc. If you need blood for her—if I have the same type—I'd like—"

The surgeon stepped back into the operating room and closed the door. Joe Levine grunted derisively.

"Can you tie it, Ed? First he cuts the dame's throat, and now he—"

I wasn't even listening to him. I was thinking again . . . back over those bitter days. . . .

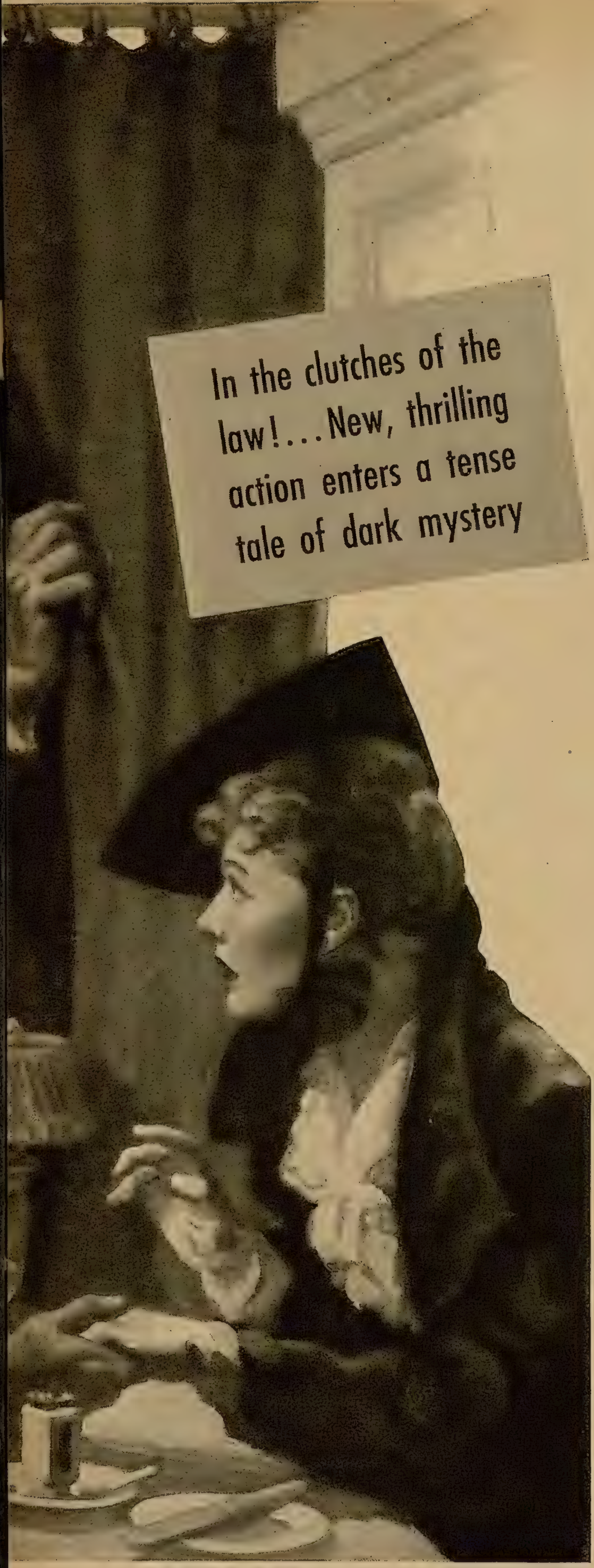
LAURA had called me at ten o'clock that morning, asking me to take her to lunch at one. She wanted to talk to me about a lawyer, and the lawyer she wanted to talk about was Stacey Moise!

I picked up my hat and walked over to Moise's office. I didn't have any definite plan in mind, any more than to sound him out about Laura and ask his advice. Then, if I could find an opening where I could put it over subtly enough, I'd suggest that he shouldn't even see her.

After all, Moise knew something of politics. He'd know it would be politically dangerous for him to accept as a client the wife of his late opponent who had just died, a suicide under more or less suspicious circumstances.

Peggy was behind her desk in the reception room, and

The brass rings of the booth curtain clattered shrilly on the rod. Inspector Joe Levine was standing in the entrance.



In the clutches of the law!... New, thrilling action enters a tense tale of dark mystery

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

a stormy look came into her dark eyes as she saw me.

"Hello, babe," I said. "Where is Dark and Handsome?"

"Mr. Moise to you, big boy."

"Oh. Feeling hard this morning?"

"Mr. Moise's gone to a meeting."

"Fine."

I went over and locked the outer door, dragged a chair up beside her and sat down. When she started to protest, I said:

"Don't get me wrong, babe. This isn't melodrama. If it was, I'd put the key in my pocket. I merely want to talk to you a minute and I don't care to have any of Moise's cheap friends walking in on us. How long have you been in the big city?"

She had a sulky, sultry look about her now that made me want to spank her.

"Listen, mister," she said. "What's your racket?"

"My racket? Getting you in a spot with Stacey Moise where he'll have to marry you. Didn't we agree on that last night?"

She considered a minute, still pouting, and said finally: "Maybe I don't want him to *have* to marry me. Maybe I want him to *want* to marry me."

"Either way, babe, your technique is awful. I asked how long you've been in the big city."

"Two weeks."

"Where are you from?"

"A little town down in the valley—Sanger."

"Lived there all your life?"

"Oh, I've been around."

"Well, *take it easy.* You've made a decision. You're probably of age and that's your privilege. You've decided you'd like to marry Stacey Moise. Right?"

"I didn't think of anything else all night."

"But you're not in love with him?"

"I guess I'm not."

"Oke. Then take a tip from a guy who—well, who knows Stacey Moise. If you had gone up to his apartment last night, what would have happened? Several things probably, but right now we're concerned only with the last of the sequence. This morning he'd have fired you."

"How do you know so much?"

"Because I know Stacey Moise. And politicians."

PEGGY thought about that for a while. "O. K., Beatrice Fairfax. What do you suggest?"

"I suggest you wait for the breaks. Keep out of compromising situations with Moise until you have witnesses, and the right witnesses. Got it, babe?"

"I guess so," she said sulkily.

"Good. Now keep it. When will the Big Shot be back?"

"This afternoon. He didn't say what time."

"All right. I'll be in later. Now, don't brood because I seem to have taken your Teddy bear away from you. Things'll work out. You'll see."

I went from Moise's office to the City Hall to drop some copy in the press room. The half dozen reporters in the room stopped talking when I came in, and Red Campbell was the only one who answered my greeting.

What's wrong? These fellows are my friends, and yet they're acting like I was something the dicks had dragged in on a kidnap charge. What's the angle?

"Cool today, huh?" I said.

No answer. Well, I should have scrammed then and there, only I'm not built that way.

"Say, what's wrong with you guys?"

"You shouldn't have hit him, Les," round-faced, kindly Howie Rush said heavily.

"Shouldn't have hit who?" My mind was so far away I'd completely forgotten last night's episode at June Taylor's.

"Jake O'Hara," somebody said.

"Oh! Jake O'Hara, huh? Why shouldn't I have hit him?"

"Because he was drunk," Johnny Purcell said.

"Well, blow me down! When did you guys join the Y?

Never hit a drunk, huh? Well, that stops me. I'm defeated. I'm on the floor. Never hit a drunk. Just stand by and watch him knock a swell little girl around, huh?"

"Jake O'Hara never knocked a girl around in his life, swell or otherwise," Pep Coombs declared.

"Were you there, Sharlie?"

"No, I wasn't there," Coombs retorted. "But I saw June Taylor awhile ago, and if anybody was knocking her around he had on twelve-ounce gloves and pulled his punches."

"O. K., smart guy. Did you happen to ask June why I pasted her boy friend?"

"We didn't have to ask her, Les," Howie Rush said reasonably. "Jake told us all about it. And, while Jake is a drunk and a bum, I've never known him to go around peddling dirty lies. He says that while he was wandering around the Hill promoting himself a drink last night, you moved in on June. And when he came back he found you in—well, call it a compromising situation."

WELL, that slowed me. I was so mad I could hardly see, but I realized that Jake had misinterpreted that "compromising situation" and that June had later been in no mood to explain it.

I walked out before I took a poke at somebody.

Those dirty bums, sitting in judgment! A crowd of newspapermen, no better and no worse than anybody else, telling me I was a louse because I had smacked Jake O'Hara!

Then I heard some one running behind me and swung around just as Red Campbell came up.

"Look, Les!" he said. "Don't pay any attention to those fellows. One of the bail-bond brokers brought in a quart of bum Scotch a while ago and they've been hitting it up a bit. It doesn't mean a thing."

"No, not much!" I said bitterly. "It just shows me what a swell bunch of friends I have around this town. I handle Jake's work with Moise, and turn the check over to June Taylor for him. I—"

"I didn't know that, Les."

"Why should you know it? It's none of your business anyway."

"Now don't get sore at me too."

"I'm sorry, Red. I didn't mean it that way. But here I do my best for Jake, and this is the thanks I get. Well, it doesn't matter. I'll get along. But just for the record—between you and me alone, because I don't care what those guys think—Jake made a crack last night, and June slapped his face, and he was about to haul off and slam her when I popped him. And if that makes me a heel, all right, I'm a heel. So what?"

Red swallowed, looking unhappy. "So you broke his jaw, Les."

"I—I *which?*"

"He came in this morning about eight. He had a swollen jaw and an awful hangover. And no dough. Pep Coombs loaned him a buck and he went out and bought himself a few drinks. When he came back he seemed fairly sober. He told a pretty straight story, and you know, yourself, Jake isn't one to shoot off his face except when he's so cockeyed he doesn't know what he's saying.

"Anyway, he said his jaw was giving him hallelujah, and finally Coombs ran him down to the Emergency and had it X-rayed. It was busted, all right. On both sides. So Coombs brought him back to the Hall, and phoned June. She came and took him to the hospital to have it wired up."

I felt sick all over, like I'd been caught knocking down a cripple and putting the boots to him. I didn't care so much about Jake, though it was bad enough to think of the poor devil eating through a tube for six or eight weeks. But that poor kid June!

I ran down the corridor to the phone booths and started calling the hospitals. I found Jake and June at Merritt.

I grabbed a cab, because my own car was in the garage, and when I got out there, Jake was still in the operating room. In a little waiting room down the hall I found June. She was all alone, turning the pages of a magazine without looking at them.

She glanced up, saw me standing in the doorway. Her lips started to tremble.

"Oh, Les! How did you find out? I didn't want you to know till later."

"Why?"

"Well—you've got enough on your mind—with Laura—and everything. I didn't want you to worry."

That was June. With all her own troubles, she didn't want *me* to worry.

I went on into the room, shaking my head, bewildered. I couldn't quite realize that anybody in the world could be so utterly unselfish.

"June, I can't tell you how sorry I am. As if you hadn't had enough trouble with him already, I have to—"

"Please, Les. Please don't worry about it." She smiled wanly. "My troubles, like most every one's, are my own making. If I feel I have to play Salvation Nell, the angel of Broadway, that's my misfortune. I suppose"—she laughed softly—"I suppose I'm just a masochist at heart, after all."

"Masochist! You're the grandest person in the world! Now, look. I don't want you worrying about Jake's bills here. I—"

"I'm not worrying, Les. Jake will pay his bills, every last cent of them. A broken jaw, you know, isn't going to keep him in bed and it *is* going to keep him sober. I hope so, anyway. If it doesn't, I'm through. Absolutely through. He has that check of Moise's and a little more money he doesn't know anything about. And in two or three days he's going back to work. So we won't worry about the bills. Have you seen Laura today?"

"No. I'm taking her to lunch later—after I take you back downtown. They'll keep Jake here for a few days, won't they?"

"Yes, I think so. They gave him ether. They didn't want to, because if it makes him sick it won't be so nice, with his jaw wired. But he made such a row—being drunk," she interpolated bitterly, "that they had to put him out. But you needn't wait for me, Les."

"Why shouldn't I wait?"

"You said something about lunching with Laura."

"Oh, Laura."

THE way I said it must have been very offhand. June gave me the oddest look. Now, thinking back, I know what was in her mind, I know she must have been saying to herself: *Good heavens, is the poor old worm turning at last?*

An interne came in after a few minutes and said:

"Mrs. O'Hara?"

"No. Miss Taylor. Is Mr. O'Hara out of the operating room?"

"Yes. Will you step this way?"

"I won't be long, Les. But you still needn't wait."

"I still want to wait."

I sat down and looked at a magazine, and within five minutes she was back.

"Is he out of the ether already?" I asked.

"Practically. Enough to understand me when I told him I was leaving. He didn't want me to stay anyway. He's terribly sick. It must be awful, being sick like that, with your jaws wired."

"Awful! It makes the sweat come out on me even to think about it. I know what a head he must have—ether on top of a week's drinking."

"You were nice to wait for me."

"Yes, I'm a very lovely person, so kind to children and drunks. Oh, let's try to forget it for a few minutes, even if Jake can't. I want to buy you some lunch."

"I couldn't eat."

I took her arm down the steps of the hospital. It was so thin it was pathetic. Her face was thin, too; she'd looked tired for a long time. And yet, when I'd first known her, three or four years before, she'd had the fresh bloom of a schoolgirl.

Feeling sorry for the poor tired kid, I didn't think of Laura for fully an hour.

I took June to a restaurant, got some food into her, and saw her back to work. Not until then, at two o'clock, did I recall I'd had a date with Laura for one.

I rushed over to the Times-Star and up to Hack Doyle's office. He was alone.

"Laura been here?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "But you didn't show, so she went out. She said she'd be back later. What's new?"

"I suppose you heard about Jake O'Hara."

"And how! I haven't heard anything else all day." He grinned. "Gad, you're a heel!"

"I've been told that by experts—those bums in the press room."

"Best thing that ever happened to Jake," said Hack. "When he gets on his feet again he ought to come around and thank you. But he probably won't. Personally, I think he's too far gone. But does it matter?"

"Not to anybody but June," I said. "And not so much to her. Forget it."

"All right. Look. Anything new on the Hanneman case?"

He stared at me. "New?"

"What do they say around the Hall?"

"I don't get you."

"I mean, has Meek accepted the suicide theory?"

"I thought it was more than a theory."

"Meek was plenty suspicious last night. I saw him after I left your place."

"Where?"

"Over at Harry's. He and Levine and Delaney were sitting around there, talking things over. And that glass that Harry had evidently been drinking out of was gone. So was the gun. One of the other dicks must have taken them down to headquarters to check the fingerprints."

Hack reached for a cigarette. "Well, that's routine, isn't it? What are you worried about?"

"Did I say I was worried?"

HACK lit his cigarette and tossed the pack across the desk. "Going back there to talk to Meek wasn't too bright, Les."

"I know that."

"And if you keep nosing around, people are going to think you *are* worried."

No, I'm not worried. Not much! My hand is so shaky I can hardly light this cigarette.

"Look here," I said. "You know all the facts, at least all the dicks are putting out, and you've had time to turn them over in your mind. What do you think?"

Hack breathed in a deep lungful of smoke. He didn't look at me and, when he spoke, I knew why. He was just trying to ease my mind. He said flatly, unequivocally:

"I feel absolutely certain that Harry killed himself."

Hack Doyle was never good at subterfuge, and he wasn't fooling anybody now. He had known Harry Hanneman a good many years, and he felt, as all of us who had known him felt, that Harry was not the type to take his own life. No, not for any reason at all.

I sat there across the desk from Hack, smoking his cigarette and feeling my heart sinking into my stomach. *If I figured out that Laura could*

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have been in town night before last, Hack Doyle can figure it out too.

I was glad when some one came in from the art department and handed Hack a layout to O. K. It gave me time to get my breath, to get a grip on myself. When we were alone again, I said:

"Laura said something about getting an attorney."

"Yes. She spoke of it to me. I told her to talk to you about it."

"She mentioned Stacey Moise."

"Did she? Well, Moise is tops at that kind of work."

"Yes, and Moise is bottoms at another kind of work. Dirty work. But skip it. It seems odd to me that she'd start talking lawyers before the poor guy is even buried. When are they holding the inquest?"

"The coroner says that's up to Captain Meek and the D. A."

Cripes! Is the D. A. being dragged into it?

"Did you happen to ask Meek?" I queried.

"No," Hack said steadily, still not looking at me, "I didn't happen to ask Meek. And I think it just as well that you don't ask him either. The more anxious you—or anybody else—appears—well—"

He didn't go on. I'd asked for it and now I was getting it.

"Hack," I raged, "if you think you're putting anything over on me, you'd better guess again and then quit. I know you're just as suspicious as Meek and those night police reporters and everybody else. Now put it on the line. What do you suspect? *Who* do you suspect?"

He said very calmly: "I suspect that Harry killed himself."

"You're a liar! You know somebody murdered him! Who do you suspect?"

"Whom, Les," he corrected. His grin was so exasperating I was practically nuts.

"Answer me, will you?" I fumed. "Do you think I killed him?"

He stopped grinning. "Don't be a sap, Les. Why should you kill Harry Hanneman?"

"Because I love Laura Lane. She belongs to me. She even said so herself on the night she was married—on the very night she was married. I love her, see? And she loves me."

I GOT my breath after that outburst and added, more calmly: "Well? Who had a better reason than I for wanting Harry out of the way?"

Hack shrugged. "Nobody, probably. To an outsider who doesn't know you, you're sitting in a very sweet spot right now. One of the loveliest girls in the world is crazy about you, she isn't grieving too much for a husband of a week whom she never loved in the first place, and she will shortly come into something like a million dollars. What a beautiful spot to be in!"

He shook his head, changed his tone. "I wouldn't want it myself and I know you don't. That money, Les, is a mountain just a little too high for you to climb—and keep your self-respect."

"Don't I know it!"

"And Harry's death, under even faintly suspicious circumstances, isn't exactly a molehill between you and Laura."

"Are you telling me?"

"Yes." He smiled and reached across the desk and slapped me on the shoulder. "You asked me if I thought you killed Harry. I'm telling you why I know you didn't."

"All right, I didn't. Then, who did?" I waited a moment and, when he didn't answer, I said: "Laura?"

He looked hard at me and a slow frown came over his rugged features. "This business—Jake and Harry and everything—is getting you, Les," he said slowly, reasonably. "Remember, Laura was in New York the night Harry died."

I let it go at that, but he still wasn't fooling me.

Laura came in after a few minutes, looking very cool and lovely and not at all like a woman who has just been made a widow under shocking circumstances. This, like everything else, she was taking right along in her stride.

I said, "Hello, Laura."

"Darling!" she said. She came over and took my arm and gave it a little squeeze. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting. But you weren't here at one, and I ran over to the bank. The president wanted to talk to me, and I couldn't break away."

HER smile would have lit up a city block on a dark night, and I felt my heart come up out of my stomach and lodge in my throat. I couldn't say anything. I just started toward the door—basking.

To have this woman's love, whatever kind of love it may be, is the most wonderful thing in the world. I don't care if she did kill Harry Hanneman!

Out in the hall, waiting for the elevator, Laura stepped in front of me and stood smiling, waiting.

"Aren't you glad, sweet, I don't use lipstick?"

I was still kissing her when the elevator door began to rattle.

We found a booth in a quiet restaurant and gave our orders. The waiter went out and drew the curtain. She leaned across the table, smiling, provocative.

"I still don't use lipstick."

"Does this go on forever?" I asked as I kissed her.

"I hope so," she said happily. And then, when she saw I wasn't smiling: "Don't you, darling?"

I hoped so too—but there were those two barriers, and no way I could see of ever surmounting them. Still, today she belonged to me and tomorrow might never come. Platitudes, of course, but a man in despair hasn't much but platitudes to fall back on. I said:

"You know I do, Laura."

"Well, darling," she said brightly, "where have you been all day?"

"In hell, or so I thought until a

few minutes ago. Now it doesn't seem to matter. From now on, nothing else matters but you."

"But what was it you thought did matter?"

"Then you haven't heard about Jake O'Hara?"

"Is Jake still drunk? That isn't news, sweet."

"Jake is in the hospital."

"Even that won't make page one. Is it d. t.s?"

"No. A broken jaw. I broke it."

"Really? Good for you." She seemed actually pleased. "Let's talk about us." She waited, smiling, and then said: "Oh, if you're going to pout, let's hear it. But unless you hurt your hand on his jaw, I'm not greatly interested in Jake O'Hara."

I told her the whole story. When I came to the part about Jake's walking in and finding me with my arm around June, she stopped smiling. When I'd finished, she said, in a tone more of bewilderment than censure:

"While I was at Hack's, almost in hysterics after the shock of finding Harry, you run casually across the street and make love to June. I don't understand it."

"You know why I went out, Laura. I couldn't stay there and let Jake start a brawl with me."

"Yes, I see that, but—but why did you have to go over and make love to June?"

"I had to go some place, and her light happened to be on. I thought I'd hear Jake lumbering up the steps and slip out the back way. And I wasn't making love to her."

"You just said she was in your arms."

And still she was reasonable, patient, seemingly more puzzled than angry.

"No, I said I had my arm around her," I explained. "I was feeling sorry for her and was only trying to comfort her."

NOW, looking thoroughly hurt, she was beginning to turn on the charm. "You know, darling, feeling sorry for a woman is the first step in falling for her."

"Laura, look here," I pleaded. "Do you think there is any room in my heart for another woman?"

"Not now, of course," she said reasonably.

"Nor any other time, Laura."

She shrugged, very prettily.

The waiter came in with our orders and we didn't say anything while he fluttered around. But when the curtain was drawn again Laura said, with a small hurt smile:

"You weren't even at Hack's office at one o'clock."

"Neither were you," I hazarded.

"But I was only a few minutes late. And then I had to go to the bank and—"

"Well, I'll forgive you this time," I said.

"*You* will forgive *me!*"

And then we were both laughing, and friendly, and loving each other again.

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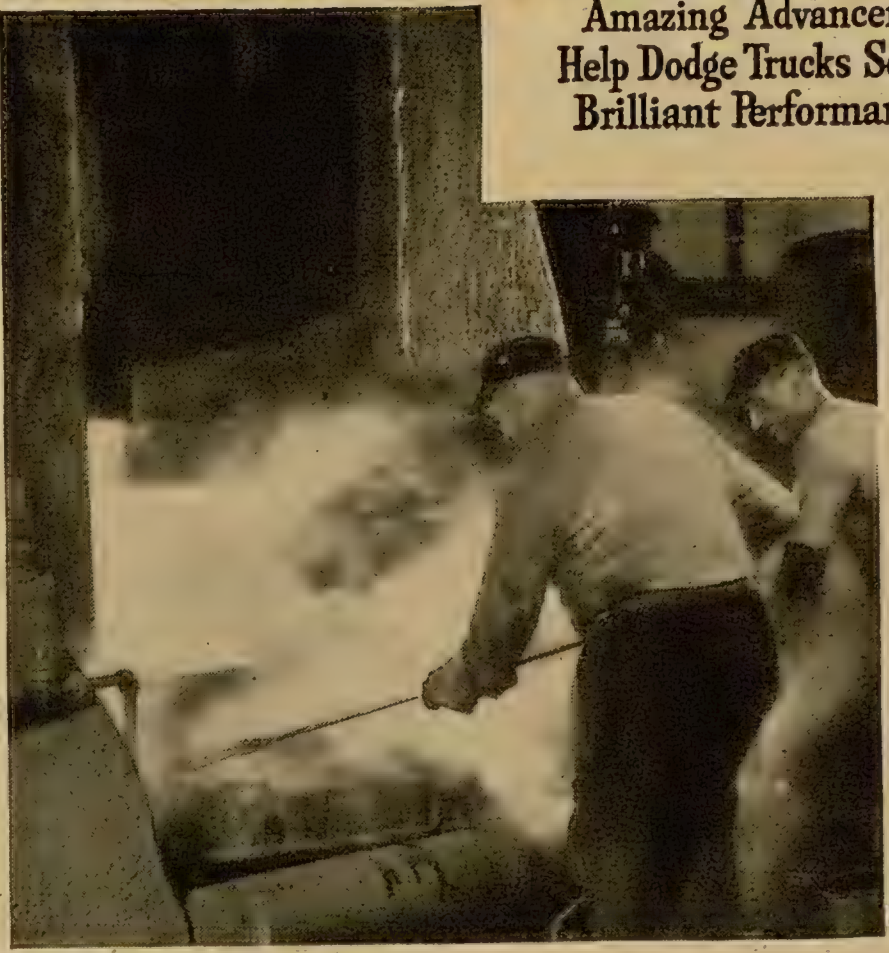

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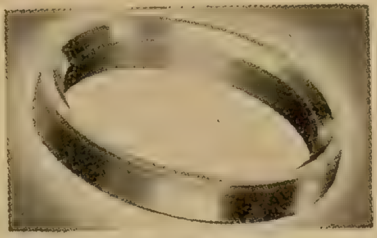

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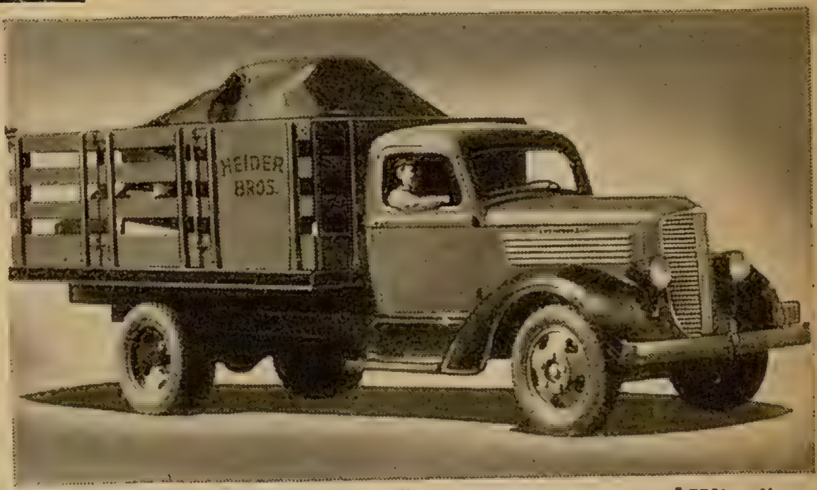

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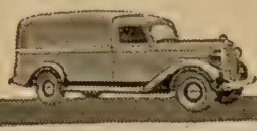

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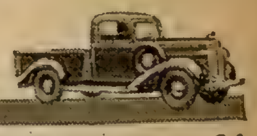

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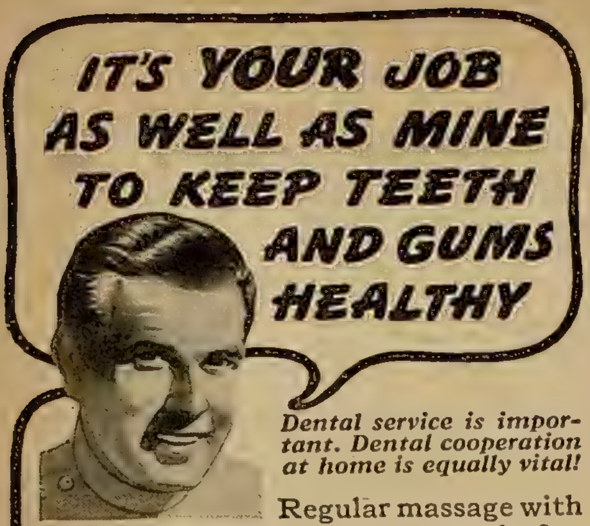
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"Tell me about Stacey Moise," she said after a while. "I don't recall ever meeting him."

"Moise? Well, he's a big handsome egg, with brown eyes and a marcel and—"

"Oh, I know what he looks like, silly. Is he a good attorney?"

"Good! He's perfect. Once he gets his fingers in an estate, the legatees never get a dime."

"Why don't you like him?"

"You know his reputation, Laura."

"With women, you mean?"

"Certainly not with women!" I retorted. "We're talking about the man's abilities in court!"

I drank half a cup of coffee, slowly. Laura could be exasperating at times and I was in no mood to be patient.

"Stacey Moise has been up before the Bar Association three times within my brief memory, on the blanket charge of being a disgrace to the legal profession."

Laura sighed. "And this is the man who is going to Congress in place of Harry."

"By a freak of fate, yes. Moise entered the campaign in the first place, like nine men out of ten who run for public office, solely to get a lot of cheap publicity. Now—with Harry gone— Well, it nauseates me even to think of it." I finished my coffee. "Care for some dessert?"

"No—no, thanks, darling." She was quiet for a minute, tracing a pattern on the tablecloth with a burned match. "See here, sweet. Will you take me up and introduce me to Stacey Moise?"

"Laura, there are at least twenty attorneys in town just as good or better at probate work than that rat."

"Will you?"

"Laura, you might at least wait until Harry is buried before you hire a lawyer to grab his estate. You're bound to get it anyway, and why you have to go plunging—"

Her gray eyes were flashing now. "Do you want to make an issue of this?"

It was the last thing in the world I wanted to do. To make an issue over anything with Laura was one sure way of losing. I lowered my voice, said with an unhappy shrug:

"Laura, if you insist on associating yourself with that guy, I'll take you up there and toss you to the wolf."

SHE laughed softly, reached over and patted my hand. "Knowing, of course, that if you don't take me I'll go by myself."

My smile must have been pretty feeble. "Do you have to go right this minute? I want to talk to you. I want to know where you plan to live. I—"

"Why," she broke in, "I plan to live in the home that Harry built for me. Where else? You know I gave up my apartment and moved everything out there the day we were married."

"Well, I suppose it's all right. Only it seems odd. That great big beautiful house that Harry—".

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't live in a great big beautiful house?"

"No, none at all. Only—well—I know if you were dead and Harry were alive, he'd never set eyes on the place again."

She sighed impatiently. "Harry was a sentimentalist. That's why he killed himself."

"And you're not a sentimentalist. How well I know it," I said wearily. All right. You're going to live in the big house on the hill. Whereaway from there?"

She sat for a long moment without speaking, her chin cupped in her locked fingers, her lovely gray eyes staring straight and steady into mine, her full wide lips curved in the faintest of sardonic smiles.

"You know what I want, Les," she said very softly. "You know what I have always wanted."

I COULDN'T meet her eyes any longer, nor could I keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"Yes, I know, Laura. A fine old California name like Hanneman. A brilliant journalistic career in Washington. A million dollars."

She repeated, in that husky whisper that always made my heart pound:

"You know what I've always wanted."

I didn't speak, didn't look at her; I just sat there like an oaf, listening to the pulses throbbing in my brain.

"You!" her one word came softly, poignantly.

I raised my eyes, met hers. They were misty now. The long curving lashes were wet. Her smile was no longer sardonic. It seemed to me in that breathless moment that her whole heart was in her eyes.

"My darling," she murmured, and leaned slowly toward me across the table.

The brass rings of the booth curtain clattered shrilly on the rod. Inspector Joe Levine was standing in the entrance.

He took off his hat, fumbled with it an instant. Everybody, even the toughest dicks, stood more or less in awe of Laura.

"Hello, Miss Lane—I mean—Mrs. Hanneman," he said diffidently. "How are you these days?"

"I'm all right, Joe."

He cleared his throat. "Sorry about Harry. He was a great guy—one of the best."

Levine cleared his throat again, raised his eyes and looked at me. There was no diffidence in his tone when next he spoke. There was only the hard authority of the law.

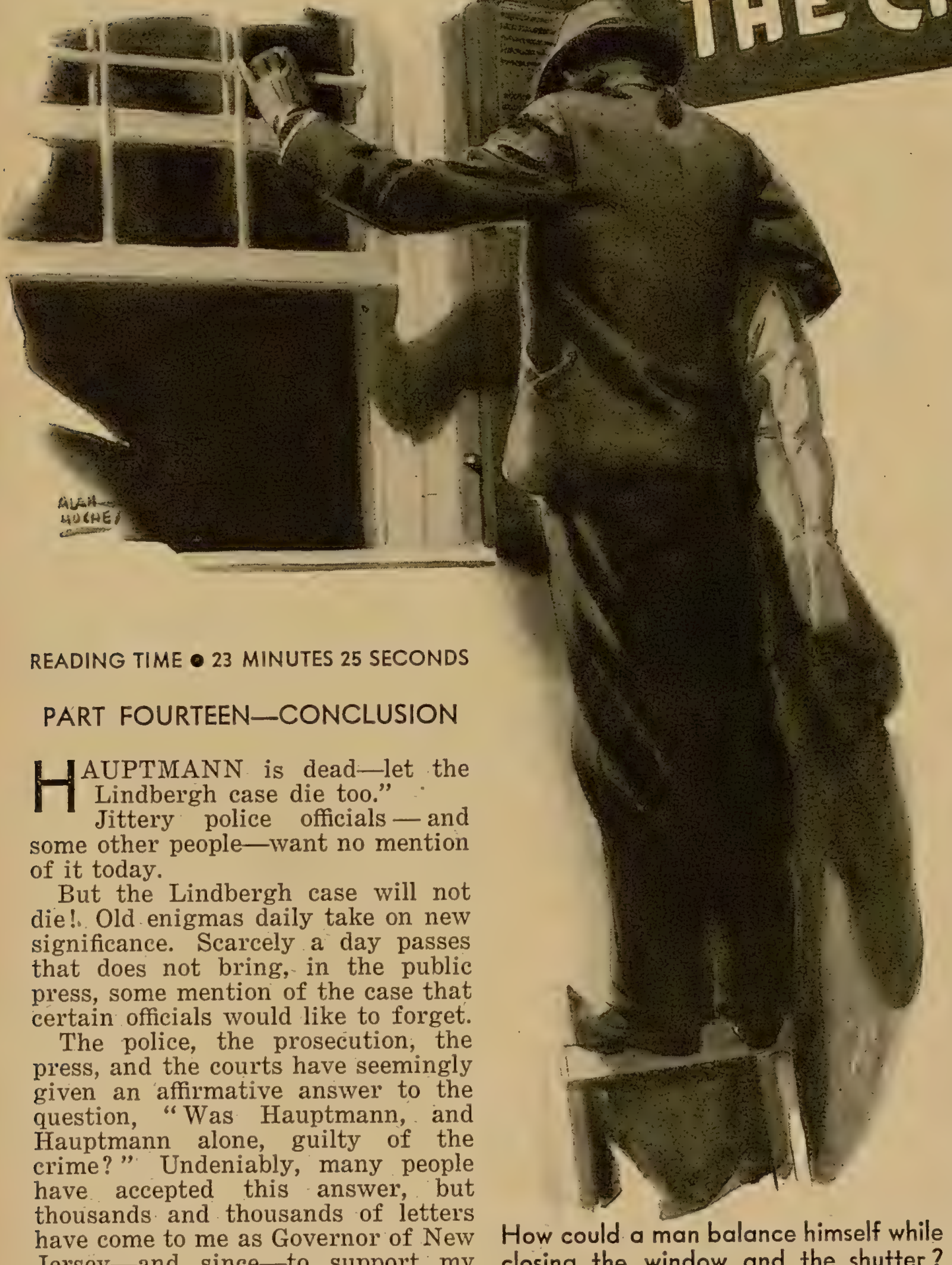
"We been lookin' all over for you, Burns. Come along. The captain wants to have a talk with you."

If Les is going to be grilled as a suspected murderer, will it force Laura to speak? What dark secret is hidden in her callous heart? Will she reveal what was behind her tragic honeymoon? Events move fast and furiously in this thrilling mystery story in next week's Liberty.

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

by Former Governor
HAROLD G. HOFFMAN
of New Jersey

THE CRIME—THE CASE—THE CHALLENGE



How could a man balance himself while closing the window and the shutter?

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART FOURTEEN—CONCLUSION

"HAUPTMANN is dead—let the Lindbergh case die too."

Jittery police officials — and some other people—want no mention of it today.

But the Lindbergh case will not die! Old enigmas daily take on new significance. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring, in the public press, some mention of the case that certain officials would like to forget.

The police, the prosecution, the press, and the courts have seemingly given an affirmative answer to the question, "Was Hauptmann, and Hauptmann alone, guilty of the crime?" Undeniably, many people have accepted this answer, but thousands and thousands of letters have come to me as Governor of New Jersey—and since—to support my belief that a majority of persons in the nation would give a similar answer to one of these other questions:

"Was Hauptmann innocent?" "Was Hauptmann guilty of extortion but not of kidnaping or murder?" "Was Hauptmann guilty, but aided by others?" There are hundreds of thousands of people unwilling to believe that a lone man could have plotted and executed successfully the diabolical crime without inside information and help; that a single criminal could have possessed the skill, the cunning, and at the same time the unbelievable stupidity, that must have been Hauptmann's—as was pictured by the prosecution.

If Hauptmann was innocent and sent to the chair by police connivance and perjury, there has been an irreparable miscarriage of justice that will forever be a blot on the history of American criminal investigation and jurisprudence. If he was guilty of extortion alone, he deserved punishment — severe punishment — and there are many who will hold that he deserved even the penalty that he paid. If he was guilty of kidnaping and murder, but was aided by others, he merited, under the law, the fate that was his.

But, in any of these three events, justice has not been satisfied. The search for all the real murderers and kidnapers should have been continued; all other participants in the crime should have been tracked down and punished. That is still the job of the police. The death of Hauptmann in the electric chair at Trenton did not stop the wave of kidnaping and murder that swept the nation. The mutilated body of the little Mattson boy, the ruthless taking of little Peter Levine—and a score of others—furnish pathetic evidence that criminals, following the same pattern, look upon the Lindbergh kidnap as a *successful*, not an *unsuccessful*, crime.

I have tried faithfully to obtain some of the answers to questions that are in my own mind. Hauptmann's story that he received a portion of the ransom money from Isidor Fisch, who died in Germany, that he did not know that this currency had been paid over for the return of the then dead Lindbergh baby, was greeted with jeers from the press and the prosecution. Yet, believe me, there are many facts in the files that would tend to corroborate this story, maintained by Hauptmann to be true until the electric current stilled his voice forever.

What are some of the questions that have caused so many of our citizens to believe that the Lindbergh case has not been completely solved? I want to list some of them for you in this, the last of this series of articles for Liberty. Some of them are old questions, asked almost continuously since the news of the kidnaping reached a shocked world. Some of them have been asked by other writers—Alan Hynd, one of the better informed journalists who worked upon the Lindbergh case; Lou Wedemar of the International News Service, who, over two years ago, asked in Liberty fifty questions that have as yet been unanswered; Gerald Duncan of the Daily News; Charlotte Johnson of the Atlantic City Press. Many of them I have already asked in this series; many of them, as far as I know, have never been asked before, since they are based upon information in my files.

I am informed that there is already in preparation a book or series of magazine articles to answer my statements upon The Crime—the Case—the Challenge. I hope that this is so, for I welcome an opportunity to prove any assertions that I have made.

The motive of the crime, it was said, was to collect a ransom of $50,000. If the body of the child had been found prior to the payment, of course the money would not have been paid. That being so, *why would the kidnaper, knowing that there would be an intensive world-wide search, deposit the body almost within sight of the home, where it might have been found, and should have been, within a few days or a few hours?*

The Lindbergh home was isolated, a number of miles from the nearest police station. A delay in notifying the police would have given the kidnapers at least another hour to make a getaway. *Why weren't the telephone wires cut*, in line with accepted criminal practice?

Mrs. Lindbergh and Betty Gow both said that they had been in the nursery; that they had both pulled down the window, which had been stuck. Frank Kelly, state fingerprint expert, said he dusted the whole nursery for fingerprints. *Why were none found? Had the kidnaper stopped to wash off all fingerprints? Or had some one on the inside performed this task?*

BETTY GOW said that on the kidnap night the child went to sleep "more quickly than usual." He apparently made no outcry as he was, allegedly, lifted out of his crib by a stranger. *Could something have previously been given to the baby, who was ill, to produce this drowsy condition? Why didn't the nurse, Betty Gow, turn on the lights in the nursery?* She said that she stood by the crib, when she entered at ten o'clock, and when she did not hear the child breathing she felt all over the crib for him, and discovered that he was missing.

If she felt all over the crib, why were the bedclothes still "standing stiffly" when Lindbergh came in?

Why did the kidnaper enter the nursery between eight and ten o'clock, with the home full of life and light, and with every chance of detection, when by waiting until the household was asleep he could have had several hours to make a getaway?

Why were there so many discrepancies in the stories told to the police by the members of the household? How would a Bronx carpenter know that the Lindberghs, with their baby, would be at Hopewell on a Tuesday night, when on all previous visits they had remained only over Saturday and Sunday? How did the kidnaper know where the baby slept? How would he have known, without inside information, that the particular window was unlocked? How would he have known that the shutters at that particular window, because of a broken catch, were unfastened?

How could a stranger have opened the window, climbed across the broad windowsill, upon which was a musical stein, over the suitcase (on top of which was a toy), made his way across the dark nursery, unfastened and replaced the safety pins (according to Jafsie), removed the child, and made off with his bundle, alive or dead, over the same route, without betraying his presence to some member of the household?

The rickety ladder, placed where the ladder prints indicated, only reached a point thirty inches below the window, and to the right of that window. *How could a 175-pound man, climbing out of the window with the baby, weighing thirty pounds, and with his feet covered with stockings or burlap, balance himself on the top rung, directly at the top of the ladder, with a toe hold of only three inches, and support himself while closing the window and the shutters?*

Why, if Hauptmann fell, as claimed, crushing the skull of the baby, wasn't there an imprint of his body in the soft earth where the ladder was located?

Why did the father, Colonel Lindbergh, wait over two hours before he allowed the police to open the sealed envelope found on the windowsill? The note most certainly contained important information. *If the Colonel thought of the possibility of destroying fingerprints, why didn't he draw on gloves and open the letter?*

Why would Hauptmann, a carpenter, build a ladder that would not bear his weight? Why would the kidnaper, after the ladder had broken, and with the fear that the noise had been heard, stop to remove the ladder and, while still holding the baby, carry it to a point seventy-five feet distant to deposit it on the ground?

The butler, Ollie Whateley, said that he had gone out in a car toward Hopewell to get some flashlights, but that upon meeting Officers Williamson and Wolfe, who said they had flashlights, he turned back to the house. Detective Bornmann, of the State Police, when testifying at Flemington, was asked if he had measured the butler's foot to see if it corresponded with the footprint found on the ground below the nursery window. *Why did Bornmann answer that he hadn't—that he "took the butler's word that he hadn't been outside the house"?*

Why weren't bloodhounds used? Why were offers of Princeton students and Boy Scouts to form a chain and search the woods for several miles rejected? Why was Murray Garsson, a well known and successful investigator of the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, recalled to Washington after he had started to question members of the Hopewell household?

Much was told upon the stand about the muddy footprints on the floor. The reports were conflicting, but there was quite general agreement that there had been a smudge on the suitcase, one on the wooden floor directly beneath the suitcase, and a muddy footprint in the center of the room. There were at least six feet between the print near the suitcase and the other, giving rise to the question, *Was the kidnaper a giant, taking strides of six feet, or did he have mud on only one foot? Why wasn't lawyer Robert H. Thayer, friend of the family, called as an important witness?* Thayer wrote that "There was a clear footprint of a stockinged foot on the suitcase. Footprints on the floor were later proved to be those of Mrs. Lindbergh, identified by three indentations of knobs on her golf shoes." It was also Thayer who received the telephone message from Doctor Condon. *Why couldn't Colonel Lindbergh, on the stand, remember who took this important message?*

WHY did Corporal Wolf of the State Police write in his official report, directly after the crime, that outside the house *"there were two sets of fresh footprints, leading off in a southeast direction," and then on the stand, when asked, "How many footprints did you see?" answer, "I saw ONE"?*

Was there collusion and perjury at Flemington? Read this from the official report of Trooper N. De Gaetano, of the State Police: "Then Colonel Lindbergh, myself, and Lieutenant Keaton and Corporal Leon went down into the yard and examined the ground under the window and traced the footprints to where the ladders were laying. . . . We traced rubber boot or overshoe impressions from the ladders down an old road toward the chicken coop on the Lindbergh estate. The footprints went across the road and appeared to stop alongside some impressions that appeared to be from an automobile and then further trace ceased." *Why, on the witness stand, under oath, did De Gaetano change his story, making it fit with the changed story told by Wolf?* Reilly asked De Gaetano, "Some man came along . . . and only made one footprint?" De Gaetano answered, as had Wolf before him, in direct contradiction to both of the signed statements made to the police and now in my possession, "That is all I saw."

And when De Gaetano was asked if he had seen any mud on the ladder, he answered Reilly, "No, sir, I didn't." No other police officer reported seeing mud on the rungs of the ladder. *How could the kidnaper have climbed that ladder without getting mud on the rungs, yet have left muddy footprints in the nursery?*

Why was Doctor Condon, a stranger to the Lindbergh family, allowed to sleep in the nursery, full of evidence, on his first visit to Hopewell? What right had Doctor Condon, by "French leave," to take such important evidence as the safety pins from the baby's crib? Why did Condon change his story on the stand, after a recess, and say that he did not open the sealed letter addressed to Colonel Lindbergh until he was instructed to do so? What happened to change the earlier opinion of Lindbergh, *Schwarzkopf, Walsh, et al., that Condon was not reliable?*

Is it logical to believe that the kidnaper would place a ladder up to the window of the nursery directly in light streaming from the library window on the ground floor—a library in which Lindbergh was sitting?

Why didn't Hauptmann talk, when by so doing, even if *he had confessed to being a lone kidnaper, he could have saved his life, and could have received from newspapers a sizable fortune for his wife and child?*

Why would Hauptmann, if guilty, express an eagerness to submit to the lie-detector or any other test known to science? Why was there reluctance to give these same tests to Condon and other prosecution witnesses?

I do not know much about handwriting, but I would like to ask what I believe to be one or two pertinent questions. *Is it not true that courts have repeatedly held that the testimony of "handwriting experts" represents the lowest degree of evidence? Is it not true that the ransom notes and Hauptmann's writings represent two different systems of handwriting? Is it not true, as I have been advised by students of handwriting, that the ransom notes are written in the vertical round-hand system, and Hauptmann wrote in the Palmer-Zaner system? And is it not true that experts, including Mr. Albert D. Osborn, have written that in a lifetime of effort a person cannot change successfully from one system to another?*

How was the baby killed? What single iota of proof was presented that the baby was, as claimed by the state at various times—*killed by a blow from the chisel? Smothered in its crib? Killed in a fall from the broken ladder? Crushed against the house when the ladder broke?*

Why did Condon, on the stand at Flemington, swear that he had shown to "John" the safety pins and that "John" had identified them, and yet tell the Bronx Grand Jury, when he was also under oath, that he had never shown these pins to the kidnaper? Why did he fail to tell dozens of investigators about "John's" identification of these pins? Why, in the story entitled Meeting the Kidnaper at Woodlawn Cemetery, written in Condon's own handwriting for the federal investigators, did he fail to mention this important happening?

Why did Condon tell the Bronx Grand Jury that "John" had climbed a fence fourteen or fifteen feet high, and later reduce the height to eight or nine feet? How did "John" lose the continuous hacking cough and the face that showed "the inroads of pulmonary disease" between March, 1932, and January, 1935? How did "John" lose his "very noticeable almond eyes" and acquire "very large ears" during this period? How did "John" lose the "unusual fleshy development at the base of the thumb," described to investigators by Doctor Condon, before he went on trial?

Colonel Schwarzkopf, in his conference with federal agents, said, "*The Doctor saw John,* who was standing near a new grave, where we got a good footprint." *Why wasn't that plaster cast—for one was taken of this footprint—produced at the trial? Why weren't plaster casts made of the footprints at the Lindbergh home, and why, if they were taken, if they matched Hauptmann's feet, weren't they submitted in evidence? Why wasn't Robert Riehl, the cemetery guard who frightened "John," as reported by Condon, produced as a witness?*

Why did Condon change his stories so many times about his conversation with "John" at Woodlawn? At St. Raymond's? Why were there continued discrepancies in the stories about the delivery of the note by the second taxi driver on the night of the ransom payment? Why wasn't this second taxi driver found?

Why were the frequent references to a "gang of kidnapers," made by Lindbergh, Schwarzkopf, Wilson, and others, changed to the singular "kidnaper" between the Curtis trial and the Hauptmann trial?

Why had a sick baby, shown by the records to have been visited frequently by the mother and nurse on the two prior nights, been allowed to remain alone in the nursery without a visit for at least two hours?

Why did Violet Sharpe commit suicide? What reason had she for lying to the police about the people with whom she went out on the night of the kidnaping? Why

ALIKE AS TWO PEAS
BUT IT'S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!
YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!
NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?
FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW. LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH
MARY, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOBODY IN THE WORLD'S AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!
THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE--I'M MARY!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND MARY'S SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

did she tell a different story after conferring with Arthur Springer, secretary to the late Dwight Morrow? Why did Schwarzkopf issue a press release saying that her suicide had gone a long way toward the solution of the crime, and then attempt to deny it on the witness stand?

Why did Millard Whited give to the police, within two months after the crime, a signed statement saying that he had seen no suspicious persons in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home prior to March 1, 1932, and then later identify Hauptmann as a man whom he had seen twice prior to that date?

Why did Lindbergh suddenly drop Jafsie and enter into negotiations with Curtis? What information did Curtis offer to convince Lindbergh that he had actually been in contact with the kidnapers?

Do the police still deny prior knowledge of the plans to pass the ransom money at St. Raymond's Cemetery on the night of April 2, 1932? If so, Condon then swore falsely to the Bronx Grand Jury. *Why didn't the police capture "John" as he accepted the ransom money?*

ALAN HYND raises an interesting question concerning the ransom payment. *How would "John," a kidnaper and a murderer, have dared to meet Condon alone in the cemetery, when he had no knowledge that the baby's body had not then been discovered? If it had been, he most certainly would have walked into a police net. Is it alleged that "John" had an accomplice at Hopewell, watching the grave of the murdered child?*

What about accomplices? None, says the state. What about the stoop-shouldered man with the handkerchief, who repeatedly passed Colonel Lindbergh on the night of the ransom payment? What about the possessors of the Italian voices who, according to Doctor Condon, were heard over the telephone giving instructions to "John"?

Why was the ransom money paid over with no other identification than a sleeping suit which Schwarzkopf said was never accepted as being the identical suit worn by the child the night of the kidnaping?

Why was Isidor Fisch pictured at the trial as an honest, hard-working, poverty-stricken person, when the police had knowledge that he had been engaged in several fraudulent ventures? That he had sold stock to friends in a defunct pie-baking concern? That he had defrauded a widow, Mrs. Hile, out of the proceeds of a $4,500 mortgage? That he had repeatedly borrowed large sums of money and paid back these amounts, with exorbitant interest, prior to sailing for Germany?

Why was it denied that Fisch's books were found at Hauptmann's home, when the report of Detective Sergeant Wallace shows that he found three books bearing Fisch's name? Why would Fisch, pictured as borrowing quarters from his friends, have a safe-deposit box in the Bowery Savings Bank? Why would that box have been found empty? Why wasn't Marie Helfert, who informed the police that she had repeatedly made out for Fisch bills in thousands of dollars for "furs," on the billhead of a "phony" firm, Klar and Miller, called as a witness? Why was not the letter from Pincus Fisch, stating that Isidor, when dying, had called out Hauptmann's name, seemingly wanting to tell his relatives something about him, produced at the trial?

Why was the Fisch family brought at great expense to the United States from Germany, and only one member of the family, Hanna Fisch, called to the stand? She testified that before dying her brother had asked her to burn certain papers that he had brought from the United States. Asked what those papers were, she said that they represented a record of money sent by Fisch to his family from the United States. *Why was it necessary to destroy those papers, when hundreds of other papers, seemingly unimportant, were left undisturbed? Why did letters from members of the Fisch family, sent to the United States after Isidor's death, reflect a belief that he had property or money in this country, and express the hope that he had "been in an honest business"?*

No other persons than Hauptmann involved in the crime! *Then who was the mysterious "J. J. Faulkner," who could not by any stretch of the imagination have been Hauptmann, and who, giving apparently a fictitious name and address, exchange $2,980 of the Lindbergh ransom gold bills at the Federal Reserve Bank?*

Should Hochmuth, the old man with failing eyesight—Rossiter, who gave a description of the wrong man and the wrong car—Perrone, who described over a dozen different people each of whom he thought to be the man who gave him the note to deliver to Condon—be believed, in view of the information I have given?

Would Hauptmann have gone into his own attic, to save a few cents, and created evidence that would always exist against him, when he could have obtained a board suitable for a ladder rail in his yard or at a lumber yard? Would he, knowing that the money was Lindbergh ransom money, have told the filling-station manager, "I have a hundred more home like these"?

If, as alleged, Hauptmann had all the $50,000 of the ransom money, and spent it (under what seems to me to be very weird accounting by the prosecution), why hasn't the remaining money—over $30,000—ever been produced? If he found it possible easily to dispose of $30,000 of this currency in the market, without its being detected or traced, why didn't he also get rid of the remaining $15,000 found on his premises?

Why did the search for the Lindbergh bills stop after Hauptmann was picked up? Wasn't it important to continue the search in the hope of apprehending accomplices, or of getting further proof against Hauptmann?

Dr. Dudley D. Shoenfeld, the psychiatrist, writing upon the Hauptmann case, says, "Because of the number of handwriting experts and the repetitive nature of their testimony, much of it was lost by the spectators as the prolonged repetition dulled their interest." Hence the question develops: *How much of such testimony was understood by the Hunterdon County Jury?*

Why did Schwarzkopf, when advised by J. Edgar Hoover that large numbers of five-dollar Federal Reserve bills of the kidnap series were available for inspection at Philadelphia, wire that the New Jersey Police were not interested and "suggest that any identified notes be taken out for destruction"? Why did Corporal Wolf of the State Police write in his official report, "The kidnapers consisted apparently of a party of at least two or more persons"? How could the thumb guard, found by Betty Gow and Elsie Whateley twenty-nine days after the kidnaping, have remained on the path a short distance from the house, bright and shiny, without being discovered? And how could this thumb guard have been found in a different direction from that shown by the footprints to have been taken by the supposed kidnapers?

Why were there important differences in the symbols on the nursery ransom note and on the succeeding ransom letters, as admitted on the stand by both Lindbergh and Condon? Why were a copy of the original nursery note and the original second ransom note permitted to be taken to New York and shown to representatives of the underworld? From this blundering could a successful extortion plot have developed?

Was Schwarzkopf mistaken or deliberately misleading the federal agents when he told them that on the night of the ransom payment in St. Raymond's "John" left Condon and "went off to two men standing in the background"? Why did Condon, on the stand, deny knowing the name of the man—Samuelsohn—who made the box to contain the ransom money?

Why did Betty Gow, asking Lindbergh if he had the baby, add, "Please don't fool me"? Had the baby ever been missing before, as the result of a practical joke?

Why were no photographs taken of the mud smudges and footprints in the nursery on the night of the crime?

Why did Lindbergh tell the Bronx Grand Jury, "It would be very difficult for me to sit here and say that I could pick a man by that voice," and yet, at Flemington, positively identify Hauptmann as the man who said, "Hey, Doc"? Why did Lindbergh express to United States Agent Larimer the opinion that "the crime had been committed by hardened, experienced criminals"?

Why didn't any one of a dozen or more New York City and New Jersey Police officers and detectives and several Department of Justice investigators who visited the Hauptmann attic to search it between September 19 and September 26 notice the significant board sawed out of the attic flooring?

Why did Betty Gow, in a statement to the police on March 10, 1932, say that when the baby was found to be missing, " We searched all around the house, the closets and the drawers " ? Is there any significance in the statement made by Betty Gow that on the night of the kidnaping, as the baby was being prepared for bed, Mrs. Lindbergh came into the room and " stayed with us until I asked her to go downstairs for some thread and scissors to make a little flannel shirt for the baby " ?

Why did Condon say that on the night of the kidnaping he knew that Johnson was innocent? How did Condon know, as he wrote to the New York Times, that the kidnap ladder cost fourteen dollars? Why did Condon, when asked why he did not follow " John," whom he saw from a bus, say, " It was none of my business "? Why would Hauptmann have written Condon's telephone number on the inside of a small dark closet, when the nearest telephone, a pay station, was almost two blocks away, and when Condon's number was listed in every Bronx telephone directory?

Why would a brutal murderer cry, as reported by Condon, when the Doctor spoke of his mother? Why should he accommodate Doctor Condon by turning down his coat collar so the Doctor could get a good look at him? Why would he so readily accept Doctor Condon's plea that Colonel Lindbergh was not a rich man and reduce by $20,000 the amount that was available for him?

Why was not " Red " Johnson, who upon several occasions had visited the Lindbergh Hopewell home with Betty Gow, recalled from Norway as a witness? Where are the other garments that were upon the baby the night of its disappearance?

Why were metropolitan newspapers, maintaining editorially and in news columns that Hauptmann alone was guilty, that the case had been completely solved, and I was wrong in looking into it, continuing investigations, costing thousands of dollars, long after the conviction of Hauptmann, in the hope of " breaking " the case?

During the course of the so-called investigation, long after Hauptmann had been convicted, I had an opportunity to contact a man with important underworld connections. " Tell me," I asked, " do you really think that Hauptmann committed the Lindbergh crime? "

" Don't be silly," was the interesting reply. " Why, the poor sap didn't even have an alibi. Any one in the snatch racket who is goin' to pull a job has an alibi arranged in advance. This feller Hauptmann even had two more years, but when he was picked up all he could think of was that on the night of the snatch he must have gone to the bakery and home with Annie, like he always did on Tuesday nights. I don't know who did the job, but I know it wasn't that Dutchman."

The trail of the Lindbergh case, in spite of the money that has been spent and the threats that have been made in order to produce a " dead end," will, in my opinion, go on and on. Some day some one may supply the definite and irrefutable answer to the question molded from all the enigmas of the Lindbergh crime:

" Did the wrong man die in the electric chair? "

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Edward G. Robinson.
2—The Kentucky Derby.
3—Merry Wives of Windsor. Othello. Twelfth Night.
4—Jack Benny.
5—The Christians.
6—Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
7—The Nizam of Hyderabad.
8—High rank or birth.
9—Wakefield.
10—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with but 480 crimes for each 100,000 of population.
11—The sheatfish.
12—Sheeing.
13—The Filipinos.
14—Germany's Secret State Police.
15—William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63).
16—Greece.
17—One thirty-second of an inch.
18—Jacques Cartier (1494-1557).
19—The autogiro, which can let itself down without operation of its controls.
20— Floyd Gibbons

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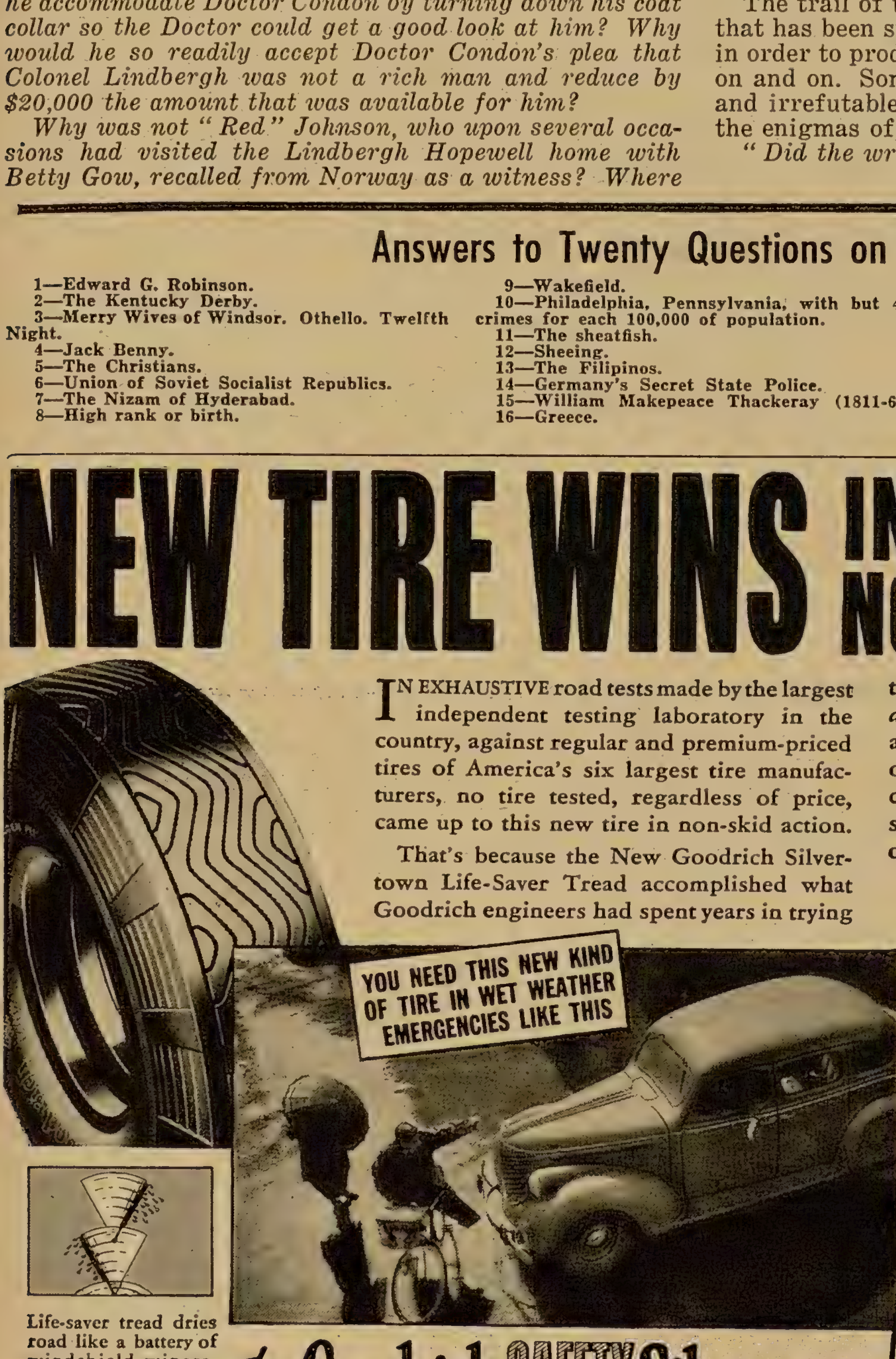
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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Doctor Takes the Public to Task

PARIS, ILL.—I have read Dr. Cronin's book, and I am reading Dr. "Raymond's" articles in Liberty. The revelations made by both of these doctors are, I admit, in a general way true. Yet Dr. Cronin showed only by implication the other side of the picture, and Liberty's contributor has, so far, not presented it at all. I refer to the public's attitude toward the doctor, which, I believe, continually fosters quackery and discourages ethical idealism and honesty on the part of the medical profession.

In the first place, people seldom use the same judgment in selecting a physician that they use in buying a car. As a rule, they don't look under the hood. The doctor's educational and scientific background, even his character, are not taken into account by them. Usually it is his personality, manners, dress, the recommendation of a friend, or the amiability of the doctor's wife that influences them. So it often happens that the best doctors in a community are not the most popular.

Another thing: As a matter of fact, most sick persons do not want frankness on the part of their doctor. They are grasping for comfort, encouragement, promises. My preceptor used to say that doctors who promise the most usually accomplish the least. This is tritely true, but the ailing public will not let itself believe it.

And, too, psychology and pathology are so intimately interwoven that the physician who bluntly makes an unfavorable prognosis is apt to lessen the patient's chance as well as injure his own reputation.

A delicate task, the doctor's, and a grave one. He must have sympathy, tact, understanding; and be as honest as he can conscientiously, without being cruel. I sincerely believe that the welfare of his patient is uppermost in the mind of most medical practitioners. But his popularity and reputation must be safeguarded if he is to make a living.

Recently I heard an eminent professor lecture on pneumonia. He told how to type pneumonia at the bedside. If the case proved to belong to Type IV it was almost sure to prove fatal, in spite of treatment; and the doctor could so warn the family. "John is not very ill yet, but he will most likely die," the doctor assures the worried wife. So what? The frank doctor is discharged forthwith, and Dr. X called in—the cheery, optimistic Dr. X, who lacks science but exudes confidence. John probably goes on and dies. But, at any rate, he is not scared to death. And his widow will always think that Dr. X did all that could be done to save him. Her only regret will be that she did not have Dr. X in the first place.

The practice of medicine, which was originally founded partly on astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft, remains as much an art as a science. In the minds of the laity it smacks of magic still. Small wonder that the struggling doctor is sometimes tempted to play up to popular credulity and thereby cash in. Doubtless virtue is its own reward, but it is a darned poor meal ticket.

I insist that if there is insincerity and quackery in the medical profession, it is because the people unwittingly demand it.

As to the mistakes of doctors and their occasional incompetence, which Dr. "Raymond" sees fit to stress in such a sensational way, it is a tragic fact that these mistakes sometimes occur. Being human, doctors err now and then with disastrous results. But so do judges, statesmen, generals—even Presidents. And do any of them voluntarily admit it, or tell?—*Dr. "Raymond B. George."*

[Many doctors, nurses, and laymen wrote us on our Dr. "Raymond's" series. Among them were: C. D. Voorhees, M. D., Clearwater, Fla.; H. T. Prideaux, M. D., Cresson, Pa.; G. R. Clayton, M. D., Lafayette, Ind.; E. L. King, M. D., New Orleans, La.; John E. Hall, M. D., Miami, Fla.; Alice B. Burke, M. D., Alameda, Calif.; Garry R. Burke, M. D., Alameda, Calif.; Henry A. Struck, Chicago, Ill.; R. W. Simpson, Miami, Fla.; H. Kenneth Scatliff, Chicago, Ill.; J. Valen Brown, Kansas City, Mo.; Robert L. Bestoso, University, Ala.; J. G. Sims, Jr., Fort Worth, Tex.; George A. Bauer, D. C., Columbia, S. C.; Margaret Alice Jennings, R. N., Rochester, N. Y.; L. C. Furman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Alfred Mozen, Philadelphia, Pa; H. R. Meagher, Hyattsville, Md.; Samuel Friedman, Soap Lake, Wash.; George Maynard, Narberth, Pa.; Cecile Beal, Buffalo, N. Y.; Otto Kasik, M. D., Chicago, Ill.; Margaret B. Priddy, Kansas City, Mo.; and William J. Kremer, Beardstown, Ill.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

MR. MACFADDEN GETS FATHER AND SON

DETROIT, MICH.—Your Vox Pop contributors seem to derive great pleasure praising and panning the editors and authors of Liberty, but I can't recall ever having seen a comment on your advertisements.

Last year an advertisement appeared in Liberty about Castle Heights Military Academy, owned and operated by Mr. Macfadden. This year, due to that "ad," our fourteen-year-old son is now a cadet at C. H. M. A.

If I continue to purchase Liberty until a Republican is sleeping in the White House, and even though the articles are not worth their weight in ink, I'll still consider myself away ahead of the game.

Mr. Macfadden is not only a great editorial writer—he also is a great builder of young Americans.—*Ray S. Findlay.*

"THE UNBREAKABLE MRS. DOLL"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I would like to stir up a little controversy about the serial, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, by Grace Perkins, which was concluded in March 12 Liberty. It admirably fulfilled its promise to be a daring and dramatic story in every way, and I find no fault with the talented author. But I am taking her to task, as well as your magazine, for writing and publishing such questionable literature.

There are some good things in this story, but they are entirely overshadowed by the immoral character of the heroine, Mrs. Jefferson Doll.

This fictional Mrs. Doll is all too real to be overlooked. But the story adds nothing whatever to the advance of civilization.—*John J. Trotter.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just completed one of the most beautiful human stories that I've ever had the pleasure of reading. It was The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll.

Mrs. Doll is a prototype of a more or less rare kind of human being. They are often misjudged by the world. Through no fault of their own, every one who comes in contact with their fire of life is burned.

I believe that this story has helped to a better understanding of human nature. I am only sorry that it has reached its conclusion.—*Edward Surine.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, by Grace Perkins, is one of the finest stories Liberty has ever published.

I would like to see it made into a technicolor picture with Janet Gaynor as Glory, Clark Gable as Jeff, Melvyn Douglas as Donald Frick, Leo Carrillo as Joe Lopez.

How is that for casting? Pass it along to Miss Perkins, and let's hear what she thinks.—*L. Wollenberg.*

JUST PLAIN OLD-FASHIONED JEALOUSY

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Why, oh, why do those conceited males, including Beverly Hills (if it is a he), continually pick on Bob Taylor? I diagnose the trouble as just plain old-fashioned jealousy.—*Nancy Gearhart.*

COMMENDS DE LOSS WALKER

CAMDEN, N. J.—I have just returned from hearing your associate editor, Mr. De Loss Walker, address one of our luncheon meetings in Camden, and may I extend my congratulations to your organization for the contribution which you are making through this work.—*R. M. Budd, Assistant Advertising Manager, Campbell Soup Company.*

SLAUGHTER OF OLD BALLADS

NEWARK, N. J.—Something should be done about the way some of the swing bands are murdering the beautiful classics and old ballads. It is sacrilegious, the way bands like Benny Goodman's slaughter these beloved songs. It is my opinion that swing music is killing itself because of the loud, offensive way most of the bands are playing it.—*Margaret Robbins.*

LOCH LOMOND

CREW OF S.S. MALLARD PROTESTS EDITORIAL ON MERCHANT MARINE

PENSACOLA, FLA.—I am writing in behalf of the crew of the S.S. Mallard to inform you that 80 per cent of our crew of thirty-one men were buyers and readers of Macfadden publications until March 5 Liberty carried the editorial Our Merchant Marine Smells to High Heaven.

We wish to protest, as members of the National Maritime Union, this unwarranted and unjustified attack on American seamen. We wish to learn from what sources Mr. Macfadden obtained his information for this editorial. As American seamen we wish to state that we doubt if such conditions as he describes can be proven true on any American ships. We are familiar with American seamen and ships and know that these conditions are not true.

We have placed under official boycott all Macfadden publications and have established a system of fines for those of us who may forget and buy or read these magazines. This boycott remains effective until the Macfadden magazines carry a public retraction of these false and misleading statements. Our friends ashore have been asked to aid in the boycott until we get justice.—*Arnold W. England.*

G-MEN ON NICKELS

CHICAGO, ILL. — The press reports that Thomas Jefferson is going to replace the American buffalo on our well known nickel. What do you think of the idea of creating some symbolic design for G-men and utilizing this particular design on our nickel?

This should appeal to our youngsters, and it might serve as a gentle reminder to every gangster, whenever he has occasion to use a nickel to telephone, that our G-men, like the famous Royal Canadian Mounties, always get their man.

Let's hear from Vox Poppers.—*J. L. Lambin.*

ENGINEER CRITICIZES WATER-POWER PLANT PICTURE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—March 12 Liberty had a drawing of a water-power plant, illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's story of the New Deal, that is quite unusual from an engineering standpoint.

It can be seen that the intake to the penstocks leading to the turbines is on the same level as the overflow gates, rather than from the lowest point in the dam where the power plant would have the advantage of the static head.

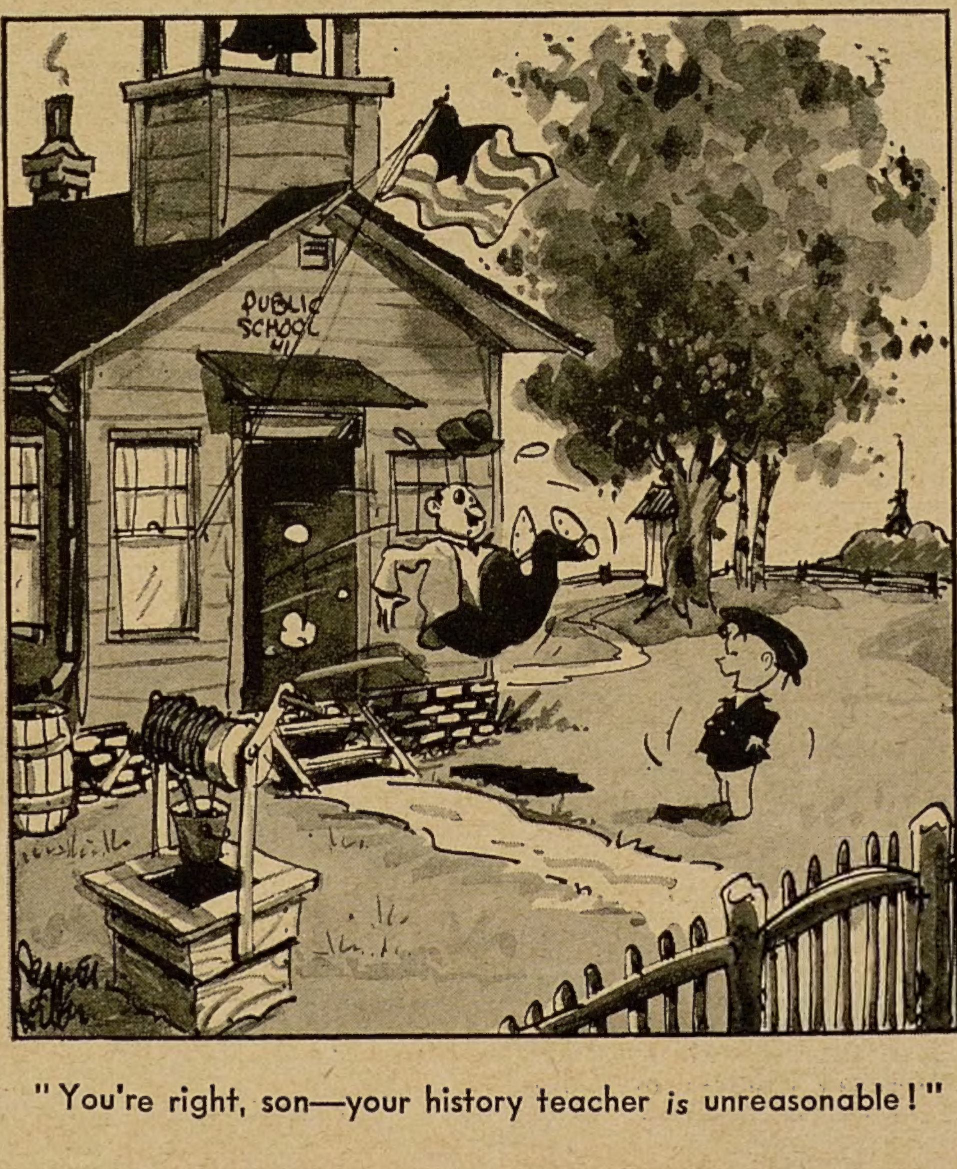
It would be interesting to know if the picture represents artistic license or if it is the New Deal conception of a water-power plant.—*W. G. MacNaughton, Engineer.*

DOUBTLESS THEY WILL

EL PASO, TEX.—I may be wrong, but I had an idea that one had a right to his own life.

How about letting the Windsors plan their own life?—*Aileen Reichl.*

"HARDTACK"

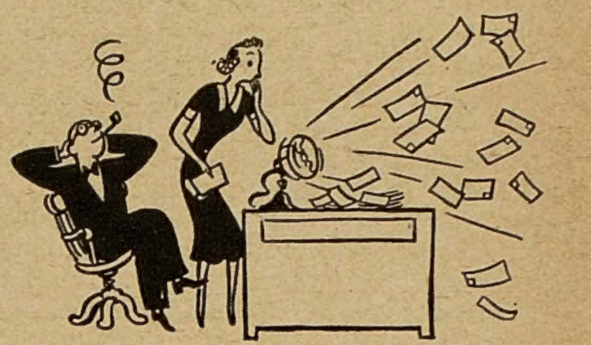


"You're right, son—your history teacher *is* unreasonable!"

HOW HE PAYS BILLS

DENVER, COLO.—Do you know how my boss pays his bills? Every month he puts the letters from creditors on his desk in a stack, then has an electric fan turned on them. Those that blow farthest away are the soonest paid and those that stick tight have to wait.

If he has any reason for this curious procedure he won't divulge it, and I am dying to know. Can you guess?—*Anna K.*



"MISTER" IN THE U. S. ARMY

FORT MCDOWELL, CALIF.—To correct H. E. Harpster (March 26 Vox Pop), who so anxiously corrected Borden Chase (January 8 Liberty): The word "Mister" is used in the United States army as a title of respect to warrant officers in the service and not as a reproach to the second lieutenants. I'll bet our good friend Harpster catches helanblazes from the second looies.—*James H. Blackler.*

SPRING IS HERE—SO IS LOVE!

SHREVEPORT, LA.—I notice in March 19 Vox Pop the definition of love as given by one of your readers. I always thought that—

"Love is a feeling that you feel when you feel like you are going to have a feeling that you never felt before."

At least, that is the way we feel in Louisiana.—*An Ardent Subscriber.*

TED SHANE'S PUZZLE BOOK

FERNALD, IA. — Why doesn't T. S. make up booklets, for sale, of the Cockeyed Puzzles which have appeared in past issues of Liberty?

Few are the fans who have not missed some issues, and even fewer, I think, who could remember all the answers to the goofy definitions he gives. I buy puzzle books regularly and would be glad of a chance at such books by Shane.

To me, he is tops. Ask him, will you please?—*Mrs. C. E. Adkins.*

[We did ask him, and he says that he has published some of his "Cockeyes" in a book.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

Face to Face with Mussolini

SOME YEARS AGO we published an article about women which created quite a stir among the readers of Liberty. . . . The title of the article was Church, State, and Sex, and the author was Benito Mussolini, chief of the Italian government. . . . Since then Mussolini and Hitler, whose views we also published, have become the most powerful figures on the world scene. . . . When we saw the newsreels of Mussolini and Hitler riding fraternally down the avenue of Unter den Linden in Berlin, we thought: "There go two old contributors to Liberty!" . . . A few weeks ago we were received by Mussolini in a private interview at his palace in Rome. . . . We talked frankly of international affairs, of war and peace, and the way to better understanding. . . . Mussolini gave us permission to publish our talk. "You need not send me the manuscript," he declared. "I trust you!" . . . So next week you may read our conversation in an article called "I Am Not a Dictator. I Want Only Peace!" . . . We hope you will like it. . . . YOU WILL CERTAINLY be interested in many of the features. . . . First, let us mention Max Baer and the Lust to Kill, a report by a psychoanalyst that will give one pause, whether one is or is not a fight fan. . . . Also What Happened to Ellis Parker? . . . Here is a man whom we once considered America's outstanding detective. . . . He solved nearly sixty murder mysteries. . . . Yet in his old age he is facing prison in connection with the kidnaping of Paul Wendel, who told his own story in Liberty last year. . . . Here is more than a crime story, it is an intensely interesting study of the strangeness of human nature. . . . There will be a good selection of other articles and short stories and installments of our serials. . . . KEITH MORGAN, the man who wrote the million-dollar life-insurance policy (or was it half a million?) on President Roosevelt, writes to thank us for the help in the birthday-celebration campaign. . . . Ethel Doherty and Louise Long, Los Angeles young ladies who write good stories, also happy about the illustrations for their story . . . "more than we can say. You see, being old studio hands, the only words we know are 'stupendous' and 'colossal.' So now things just leave us speechless!" . . . Robert Berkov, who was assistant United Press manager when we were in Shanghai, sends us Strong Man of China, his new book. . . . It is not only a clear biography of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek but it is also a fine history of China in the last twenty-five years. . . . WE HAVE OFTEN EMPHASIZED in this magazine the value of the Big Brother movement. . . . Just so you won't forget, let us quote from a letter just received from their headquarters: "'Don't shoot, don't shoot, we're only kids.' Two small frightened boys climbed out of a store window, dropping a typewriter on the floor. What is behind this? A broken home—an older man giving the boys $2 for each typewriter they stole—a boy-gang hangout in a basement—boys influenced by crafty skulkers on their street whose shadows darken the future of these youngsters. Boys at a Dead End. Our boys are of good likable material. To bring them under the constructive influence of the right Big Brother—to let them expend youthful energies in a Big Brother club (until they will fit into the regular organized community center)—to put a ray of faith and hope into their lives—can you know what this will mean?" . . . From Edith Perryman, 2105 Eighteenth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee, comes this interesting comment: "Now I'll turn to your recent articles on young people. I took special note of what the author said about ministers of the gospel not doing anything about conduct of our young people because they are afraid of losing their jobs. I am sending the article, along with Judge Miller's article on divorce, to my presiding elder, with the suggestion that he read both articles at the next meeting of the local ministers. I am also suggesting that he recommend the reading of Liberty Magazine to every preacher in the city. I have an idea that very few preachers read your magazine. I mean Nashville ministers. They are too busy worrying over church finances to 'weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen.' I am also sending a copy of this week's issue of the magazine to the superintendent of schools, with the suggestion that he take the matter up with all the local schoolteachers. Maybe they can do something to improve the situation. Why wait until the millennium? The sooner we get started, the better it will be for all concerned. Now you get some one in your city to go after the parents, the ministers, and the teachers and see what they can do toward starting a crusade in New York City."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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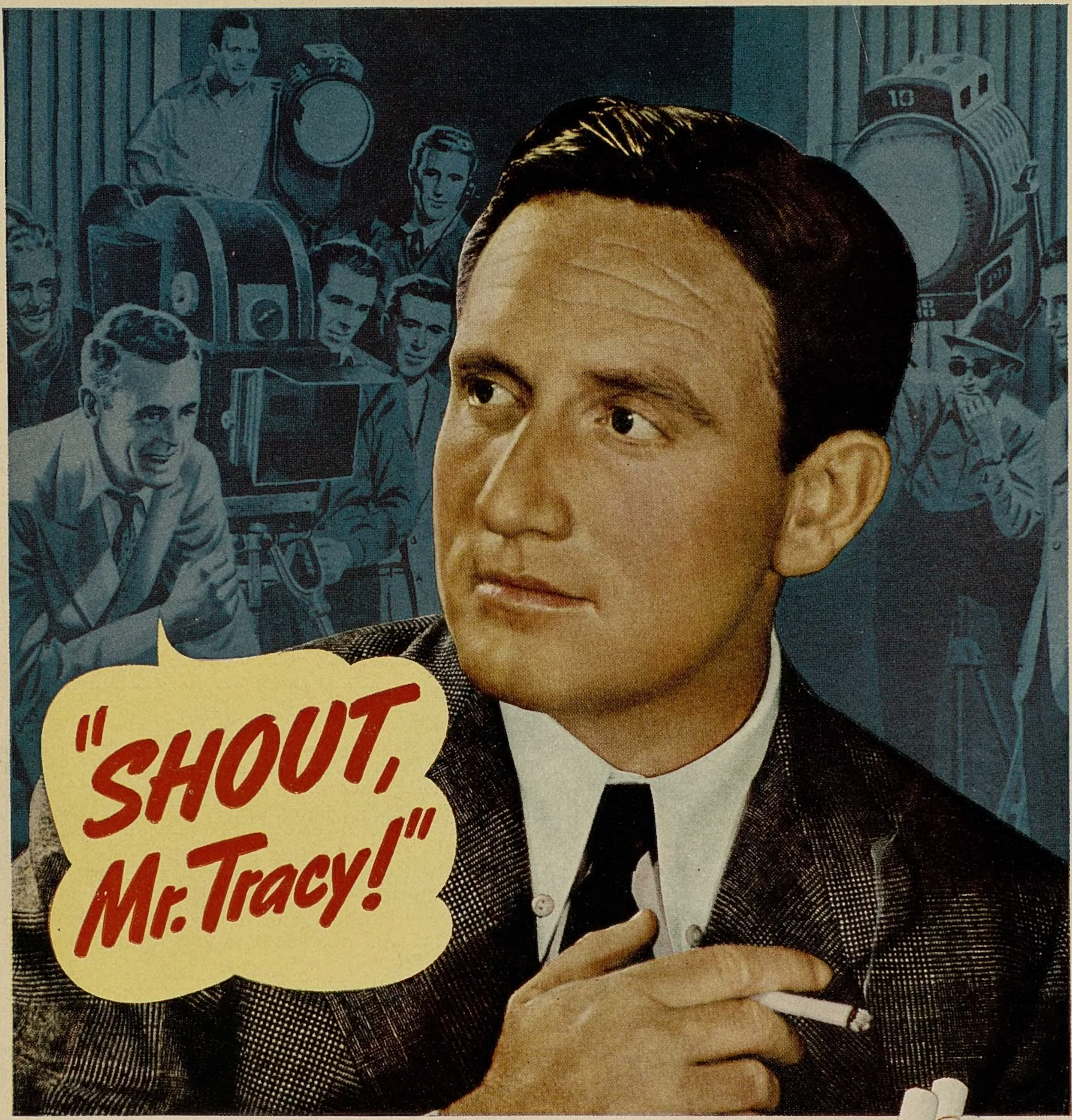
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY MICHAEL DOLAS


"SHOUT, Mr. Tracy!"

Even after throat-taxing scenes, Spencer Tracy* finds Luckies easy on his throat! And so will you!

"SHOUTING" for hours is tough on throats. *You* try it and see. Yet Mr. Tracy says: "Even when my throat is completely tired out from acting, Luckies still get along with it fine!"

You try Luckies, too, and see. We think you'll agree with Mr. Tracy, because the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco. This makes Luckies a light smoke.

We think you'll agree with the tobacco experts, also. Among independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—not connected with any manufacturer—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

*SPENCER TRACY, CO-STARRING IN M-G-M PRODUCTION, "TEST PILOT"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

Sworn Records Show That—

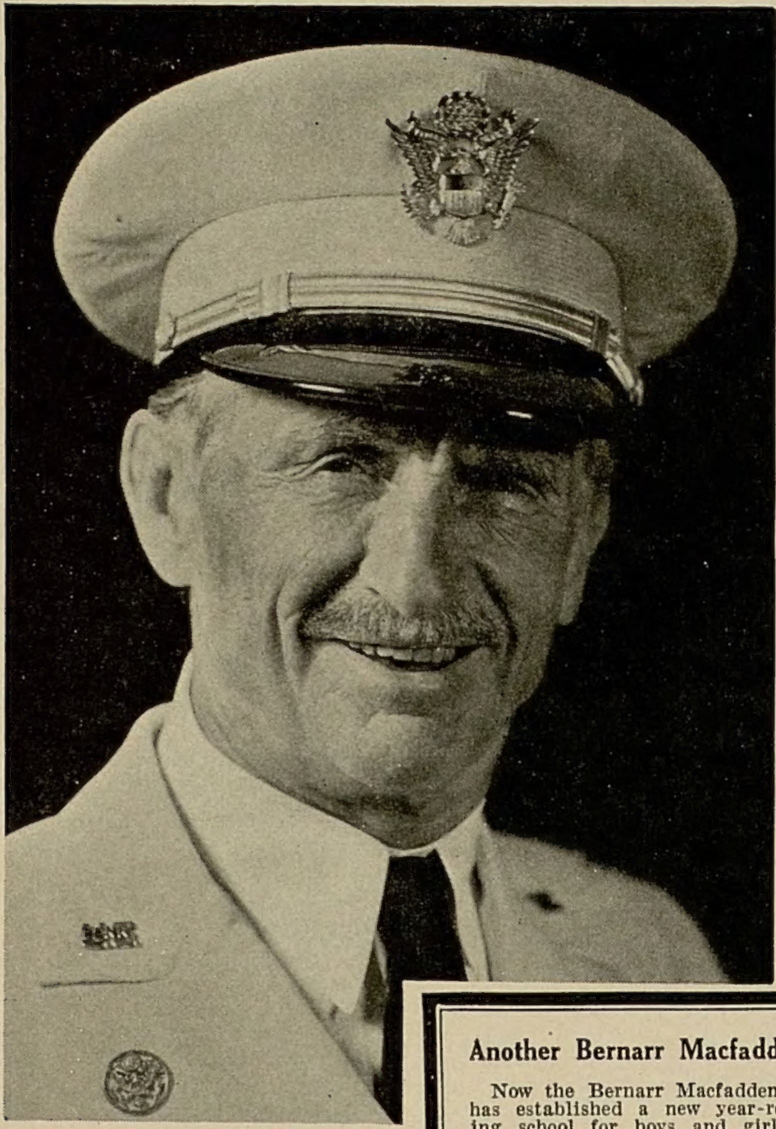
With Independent Experts—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Lebanon Tennessee

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY ACADEMIES

(Conducted by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation)



Bernarr Macfadden, creator of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, whose patriotism and interest in education have won him the commission of Colonel on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee.

FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

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Castle Heights Senior Academy is situated on a delightful 150 acre campus in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains. The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone.

Class work is aimed not only to teach subject matter acceptably, but to develop character as well. An honor system administered by the cadets and reinforced by fine traditions maintains high standards of conduct.

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A modified program of military training, the requisite amount of school work, long periods of play in the open air, instruction by men teachers, meticulous care by competent house-mothers, and special stress upon character training are the fundamentals upon which the school is based.

Because Castle Heights is a part of the generously endowed Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the tuition is very low. The rates are $675.00 for the Senior Academy, $575.00 for the Junior Academy, with provision for monthly payments—there is only a comparatively small extra charge for uniform and incidentals.

Another Bernarr Macfadden School

Now the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation has established a new year-round boarding school for boys and girls from two to eleven years of age. This completely equipped, non-profit school is situated atop a commanding ridge in beautiful Westchester County—less than an hour's drive from New York City.

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Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School
Briarcliff Manor, Westchester County, N. Y.

(Left) View of the Junior Academy building.

For further information mail coupon at right.

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President, Dept. L 4-30
Castle Heights Military Academy,
Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy.

My boy is............years of age.

Name..

Address..

City..........................*State*.............